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THE

COURTS OF EUROPE

AT THE CLOSE

OF THE

LAST CENTURY.

31869

BY THE LATE

HENRY SWINBURNE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN SPAIN, ITALY," &c.

B. 250 1.

EDITED

BY CHARLES WHITE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE BELGIC REVOLUTION," &c.

LIB
OF
BOM
BRANC
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LETTERS

FROM THE

COURTS OF PARIS, NAPLES, VIENNA, &c.

July 16.

THE Venetian senator, Prince Rezzonico, dined with me at Mr. Wilkes's *petite maison* at Kensington Gore, a most elegant box, with Messrs Woronzow and Barthelemy, and Stuart, the author of the History of Scotland, or Mary Queen of Scots, and compiler of the English review. In his 459th page of last month, he tells us of all the wonderful qualities requisite to make an historian, viz. "It is the gift of God; a man must be born an historian as well as a poet; it was bestowed in an eminent degree upon Livy and Tacitus, among the ancients,

upon Bossuet and Vertot, among the moderns, and upon Stuart and Logan, among the living historians!"

N. B. Logan is his colleague, and author of Elements of the Philosophy of History.

I have had a visit from the famous Count Cagliostro, who harangued us for three hours in bad French, taken from the Italian, entirely about himself and his sufferings; sometimes entertaining, generally tedious, and like a charlatan; but better than I expected from the accounts I had received. He is a little brown man, with an ignoble face, good eyes, high forehead, and bald. Nothing jewish. He boasts of his wealth and disinterestedness, and talks of himself in the third person—"Le Comte de Cagliostro." He promises in six months to publish, gratis, a full account of his life, in English, French, and Italian, in six octavo volumes—a dreadful threat.*

* The real name of this celebrated charlatan, whose pretended knowledge of magic and magnetism gained for him so great an influence at one period, was Joseph Balsamo. He was of low extraction, and born at Palermo in 1743. He contrived to marry one of the most beautiful women in Italy, named Lorenza Feliciani, who to a good

It is supposed the Duke of Rutland and Mr. Pitt are both favourable to the Catholics. The latter is said to be religiously inclined. A person in office told Wraxall an anecdote which he thought illustrative of the different ministers. When, in 1783, some concession from Russia arrived, which was very unexpected, but about which they were extremely anxious, (I believe some assistance the empress agreed to give with regard to her fleet,) this person had to deliver the intelligence. On hearing it, Pitt's exclamation was, "Thank God!" Rose said, "No, has she indeed!" and Lord Caermarthen, "The devil she has!"

Lord George Gordon has been about, trying to excite riots, and is outlawed from the parish of Marylebone.

We dine often with my cousin, Sir Harry Englefield, and his mother, who have a pleasant house, and draw together *les beaux esprits.* Wraxall, Sloane, Isted, Knight, Lady Cadogan, Lady Mary and Mr. Churchill, Horace Walpole,

family added a considerable property. Through her aid he ended by making a large fortune.

and the Misses Berry, are the general society there. Sir Harry has an unpleasant way of haranguing, and declares he does everything by the rule "*of thumb.*" I have not yet been able to ascertain what he means by that expression; something very scientific I make no doubt, but beyond my comprehension.*

August 2.

The king has been stabbed, but not dangerously, as he got into his carriage, by Margaret Nicholson, a mad woman. She was seized immediately, but he insisted upon her not having any further punishment than being conveyed to Bedlam. "She must be mad, she must be mad," he repeated, "to want to kill me." I presume Louis Quinze did not feel the same certainty of

* Sir Harry, being a great antiquarian, alluded probably to the custom of sculptors, who are in the habit of passing the thumb nail over the surface of their works, in order to detect inequalities. I remember in later years to have seen Sir Harry, then quite blind, descanting upon the beauties of his splendid collection of Etruscan vases, and following the contours of the figures by the aid of his thumb.

madness in a similar case, when Damien was drawn asunder by four horses. *

TO SIR EDWARD SWINBURNE.

Paris, Sept. 17, 1786.

Dear Brother,

We arrived here safe and well, after staying a week in Normandy. Our passage from Brighthelmstone was pleasant enough, though not a short one, having lasted above fourteen hours. The custom-house officers were easy and indulgent, and the journey, without exception, the most delightful that can be made in France. Yet, in spite of all these advantages, I do not think I shall ever go the Dieppe way again. There is

* Robert François Damien, who attempted to assassinate Louis XV. on the 4th of January, 1757, was the son of a porter at Arras, and a man of such bad character that he went by the name of Robert le Diable. The tortures which this wretch endured, in order to make him confess his motives and accomplices, exceed all belief. His flesh was torn to pieces with red-hot pincers. Boiling oil and lead were thrown upon the wounds; his limbs were cut off in detail, and he did not expire until the last was hacked from his body.

no harbour on the English side, and one must submit to be tossed about in a boat, for the space oftwo miles going or coming; with the chance of being perhaps thirty or forty hours beating across the Channel.

I have taken a campagne at Le Menil, about a league north of St. Germain, just above Maisons. The house is well furnished, with twenty acres of pleasure and kitchen garden, and all possible conveniences. There is a door that opens into the forest, and the finest view imaginable. We shall remove to it the first week in October, but mean to have a small *pied à terre* at Paris, where we may come for pleasure or business.

This city is not quite such a desert at this time of the year as London, yet it is ten to one you do not find the person you want in town. The *Spectacles* are in a very poor plight, both as to actors and compositions.

The improvements made and making in the buildings are astonishing, though not always in the chastest taste. Thirty millions are just borrowed for the purpose of building a new bridge

at the Palais Bourbon, making a new quay, and demolishing the houses on the bridges.

I find the environs more agreeable than ever I did, as I have horses here, and ride out frequently. On foot, or in a carriage, is quite another thing, for the distance one can reach is not sufficient to get out of dirt and dust.

I have not been at court yet, as the king is at Compiegne, and the queen lives retired at Trianon; but I shall be presented before the voyage de Fontainbleau, and have already been at Versailles to deliver my letters, and dined with Mr. Eden, our minister for the commercial treaty. There are English here, but none of any note, or of my acquaintance.

I have been with M. de la Borde, to see Monsieur Vaillant's collection of stuffed African birds. He travelled among the Hottentots, and has brought home the skin of a cameleopard, which is fawn colour, with white crosses.

Dupaty has got into a scrape with the parliament, for attacking the criminal jurisprudence in general, on account of three men condemned to the wheel, who are asserted by him to be in-

nocent. This affair will come on after the vacation, and in the mean while gives him a great deal of trouble and anxiety.

[Mr. Swinburne here continues his correspondence in the form of a diary.]

Oct. 21st. Arrived at Fontainbleau, by invitation.

22d. Was presented to the Princesse de Lamballe, and supped there.

23d. Dined at the Marquis de Talaru's, premier maître d'hôtel de la Reine.

24th. Went out boar-hunting with the king; uniform, blue and crimson, velvet cuffs, with broad gold and silver lace. There was a little good galloping. The forest is so well opened, and the woods so well cleared, that there is nowhere any danger except among the rocks and crags. The parade of hunting is very great.

Dined at Mr. Eden's, and went to the court

theatre, where the admission is gratis. All foreigners are seated sideways, on benches behind the orchestra, on account of the king's chair, which is placed in the middle of the pit, and nobody must turn their back to it. Before us sat the ambassadors, and a bench is left for princes of the blood. Opposite to us sat, on similar forms, *the ladies of easy virtue of Paris!* When there is an abundance of foreigners, one is forced to push and run for places, in a very disagreeable manner, as there are, in fact, only sixteen places.

The introducteur came to the salle des ambassadeurs, where we were all assembled, and ushered the foreigners to their seats some time before the play began; he then fetched the corps diplomatique. The queen sat in her box, supposed to be incog., as was the king, high up opposite. Monsieur *representoit*, and when he entered the piece began. The spectacle was very fine, especially the dances and decorations. The music was not very good. Each new opera acted at Fontainbleau costs the king one hundred and fifty thousand francs. This theatre is

awkwardly built for seeing, being a long parallelogram; and it is not well lighted.

25th. Went to a boar-hunt with the Comte d'Artois. The uniform is green, crimson and gold. The queen came in a calèche and six, with her ladies in other carriages; the Princesse de Lamballe on horseback. We found in the thickets above Melun, and ran very hard across the plain and heath—an excellent hunt. The boar attempted to take to the forest, but the dogs pressed so hard that he had not time to break through the trellice, and so ran along it to the first gate, passing close to the queen's carriage. Nothing could be finer than this scene; the day bright and warm, and everything beautifully set off by the presence of so magnificent a company of hunters. After the boar got into the forest, he was so frequently headed, that he only hopped from square to square, till at last he was seized and brought down by the dogs, and shot by the Comte d'Artois. The latter part of the hunt was not very amusing.

26th. Dined at the Comte de Vergennes, minister des affaires étrangères, with most of the

corps diplomatique. Then to the new opera of Phedre. Supped with the Baron de Breteuil, ministre des affaires intérieures. His daughter, Madame de Matignon, did the honours. Those of the corps diplomatique whom I met there were the Comte de Mercy (Imperial) very starched; Sumapis, (Sardinian); Staal, (Swedish); Timolin, (Russian,) who is ruining himself in his old days with Madame Albert; Suffrein, (Malta,) a distinguished admiral, very fat, with a good-natured face; Goltz, (Prussian,) very stupid; and Blome, (Danish,) very dirty.

I hunted this morning with the Duke de Bourbon.

27th. Hunted with the Marquis de Polignac—too many stags, and no sport. Dined with M. de Talaru, and supped at the Maréchal de Segur's, ministre de la guerre. His son is envoy at Petersburg. His wife, whom he left behind, is a most charming little woman.

28th. Boar-hunt with the Comte d'Artois; no good running. Dined at Eden's; supped at the Maréchal de Castries, ministre de la marine. He is extremely polite and attentive.

29th. At court, dined at the Comte de Vergennes; supped at the Princesse de Lamballe's. The queen, Monsieur and Madame, Comte and Comtesse d'Artois, came after supper, and played at cards *sans façon.* Monsieur is *in cicesbeatura* with Madame de Balbi, quite à l'Italienne.* This is the only thing of the kind I saw at court, where everything is *de la dernière décence.*

The Comte d'Artois plays deep at quinze and whist; he has lost much, and on that account hazard is forbidden. The games in use here are billiards, trictrac, quinze, whist, reversi, and trente et quarante, which concludes the night. At the *jeu de la reine,* which is held from seven till nine on Sundays and Thursdays, all the court comes, to crowd a room too small for such an assembly. A lotto table is formed, of ladies in

* A daughter of Count Caumont de la Force, who married Count Armand de Balbi, of an illustrious Genoese family. She was "*dame d'atours*" to Madame. Her beauty, which had been remarkable, was disfigured by the small-pox, but this in no degree tempered the affection of Monsieur, (Louis XVIII.,) whom she accompanied to Coblentz. Their intimacy did not terminate until the restoration. I believe she fell a victim to the cholera in 1834.

hoops, for the amusement of Madame. Other small parties are made in the corners. The king's brothers play whist; the queen plays trictrac in a window, but she is continually staring about, talking, and laughing. Her voice is not musical; her size of the fullest: she is very fat, and her features begin to be strongly marked. Madame d'Artois looks like a starved witch. At the end, the queen rises and speaks to the ladies; all play ceases, and away she walks to supper at Madame's, where the royal family always meet to sup, unless the king has a supper in his cabinet.

The courtiers meet daily at l'Œil de Bœuf about nine, and then crowd the king's bedchamber a moment before supper. If he has a *souper de cabinet*, a valet de chambre comes out with a list of twelve names in the king's own handwriting, which he calls over, and the favoured ones go in.

The king walks out early, every morning, in a great-coat. He is very much attached to his wife. The Duc de Fronsac, son of the Maréchal de Richelieu, kept the little Zaccari, of the opera. One night he heard the king, who sel-

dom takes notice of anything, praise her very much. This raised ideas in his head of making her mistress to his majesty, and thereby building favour and power for himself. In pursuance of this scheme, he, as gentleman of the bedchamber, contrived to place her in the king's way, and as H. M. passed, said, "*La voila, sire, la petite Zaccari.*" Louis turned to him with scorn, and exclaimed, *Allez, Fronsac! l'on voit bien de qui vous êtes fils.*"*

The Comte d'Artois pretends to know a great deal of the history of France, and the other day, to please him, the Duchesse de Cossé asked him if he could inform her who was the last Comte d'Artois. "*Surement je le sais,*" said he; "*c'était Robert sans peur, fils de Richard le diable.*"

30th. Hunted with the king. The Marquis de Tourzel was run away with, and had his skull fractured in the woods.

31st. Walked for some hours, and took a view of the valley of Fontainbleau; supped with the Maréchal de Segur.

* The Count de Fronsac was son to the celebrated Maréchal de Richelieu.

Dec. 26. I have spent a week in Paris, and had some pleasant réunions. A splendid dinner at Laborde's (*Garde du tresor,*) with much company. The most *recherchée chère* I ever saw. I was introduced by the Duke of Dorset to the Maréchal de Noailles. An evening at Madame de la Marck's, whose apartments at the Tuileries are magnificent.

Feb. 6th, 1787, went to Paris; spent the day at Abbé Tersan's, consulting books on gardening, and looking over prints.

7th. To Versailles for the queen's ball. The salle de bal is very elegantly fitted up, but the colonnade is massive and gloomy; it hides the boxes and company too much. The area for dancing is too low, and the dancers are seen to great disadvantage. The men were plainly dressed; some even appeared in mourning. All that danced wore large hats with white plumes, very unbecoming. The assembly was full, but by no means brilliant in dress; indeed, the ladies who did not dance seemed to me quite *en déshabille.*

The king walked about and talked to several

people, without ever sitting down. The queen played at trictrac in the ball-room. There was no gaiety. Madame de Polignac, who was dressed like a chambermaid, came long after the queen, handed by the Comte d'Artois. The queen whispered to her for a long time, but the duchess did not remain near her, and passed most of the night looking over the Comte d'Artois, who was playing at whist. The supper was good and well conducted, in a large hall, where every one forms his own party to fill a table, after which all is cleared away, and a fresh supper served to another set.

The queen hates orange-colour, and has declared that she will receive no one who approaches her with that colour; for which reason no lady goes to Versailles with orange-coloured ribbons, although they are very common at Paris.

Lately the Duc de Normandie being taken suddenly ill, Madame de Polignac called in the physicians, who ordered leeches. She did not tell the queen, who was at that time in a critical state of health, two months after her last con-

finement, but told the king, who approved. The leeches were applied with great medical apparatus, when by chance the queen came into the room, and saw her child covered with blood, surrounded by physicians, surgeons, and attendants. On learning the cause, she fell into the most violent fury, and vented her anger without reserve on Madame de Polignac. Madame de P. stood unmoved, after having in vain attempted to justify herself. At length she left the room, and returned with a cup and saucer, stirring some sugar in it, and offered it to the queen, saying, "Your majesty had better drink off this orange-flower water." The queen drank it, and was silent; but twenty-four hours passed in the quarrel, until at last the queen made it up with her.

When Madame de Polignac gave up the Dauphin to the Duc d'Harcourt, it was remarked that the child never showed the least concern on parting from her, not even so much as to take leave of her.

13th. M. de Vergennes died this morning. He was the first French minister that received

presents from foreign courts on the conclusion of treaties. A cunning fellow! for he persuaded the king that it was to his honour, as it proved how much the whole world approved of the minister his majesty had chosen.

14th. Went to Versailles, dined with the d'Osmonds, and then to the queen's ball.

March 6th. Took Mrs. S. to Versailles, to wait upon the queen by appointment. Dined at Madame de Talaru's, and returned at night.

16th. The Duke of Orleans ran a deer into Paris, and killed it in the Rue Royale, Place Louis XV.

20th. Went to see the queen hunt roebuck in the Bois de Boulogne; a heavenly day, and gay sight; innumerable horsemen, whiskeys and calèches, but no sport.

I visited the Comtesse d'Albanie, relict of the Pretender, and was introduced to her by d'Hancarville.

April 2d. Rode toward Poissy. There is a beautiful point of view up and down the river, from a hill beyond it. The ruined tower of Belmont has a fine prospect. It is a charming

tract of country. On returning, I overtook Madame d'Osmond, bewildered in the forest, where her coach had stuck fast in the sand, as she was coming to spend a week with us at Menil.

The Archbishop of Narbonne (Dillon) was conversing with the contrôleur-général, Calonne, on the deficit in the finances, which is now the great subject of discourse and surmises, and he expressed a desire to know when and how this deficit was to be prevented for the future. Calonne, very cross at being pressed on this subject, said he could not tell, but that it was no such mighty matter if the king remained in debt a few years longer; "for who is there that is not in debt?" said he; "there is scarcely a nobleman who is not overwhelmed with a load of it. *Et vous-même, Monseigneur, vous devez plus que vous n'êtes gros.*" "*Pour vous, Monsieur de Calonne,*" replied the prelate, "*vous deviez, mais vous ne devez plus.*"

8th. Calonne turned out of office. Paid a visit at the Val, and found the Maréchal de Beauveau at home.

17th. M. Necker exiled twenty-one leagues from Paris. He is allowed to stay at Marolles till further orders, with his wife. Calonne is exiled sixty leagues off. There is a vast scene of iniquity laid open. He had paid to the Comte d'Artois one hundred and seven millions, which was to be from thence divided among the gang; and if the king found it out and complained, his brother was to declare that he would replace it hereafter, but at present it was necessary to patch up his affairs, and prevent an *éclat*. This prince, who has three millions a year, has for many years spent twenty-one millions yearly. The seizure of the papers of his fugitive treasurer Bourdon has let this secret escape. The Comte d'Entragues made a protest in favour of the contrôleur-général, and against the proceedings of the Prince de Conti's bureau, which the bureau refused to receive.

The Marquis de la Fayette has signed a remonstrance, and delivered it to the bureau for the king, setting forth the alarms of the public at his majesty's supplying the stockjobbers with money to support their gambling; also at the

extravagant prices paid for L'Orient and Sançerres, and the absurdity of the king's buying estates at a time when he proposed to sell the domain. It is a bold letter, and forcible, but not well written.

There have been strange doings in the Sançerres business; a job by which the Baron d'Espagnac, the proprietor, gained prodigiously. The contrôleur-général had five hundred thousand francs, Madame de Polignac three hundred thousand, and so forth.

May 3rd. Rode to Madame de Laborde's at Ormesson. In an acre or two they have crowded several pretty things, *en jardin à l'Anglaise.*

To Bellevue with Mrs. S., where Madame Adelaide received us, and was extremely civil. We dined there. The princess is thin and wizened; she walks about the gardens in a dress made like a riding-habit, and a man's round hat.

May 4th. The Archbishop of Toulouse (Brienne) is taken into the ministry.

6th. Rode to Bellevue, and took a view from one of the cabinets for Madame Adelaide, according to my promise.

14th. Our north-country friend, Charles Williams, arrived on a visit. Mentioning to Mrs. S. that a large party of her friends had gone together to Bath, she naturally wished to know who were the persons who composed it. "I will try and recollect," said he—"there were George Clavering and his wife, then there were Mr. and Mrs. What-dy'e-call-em, there was Miss What's-her-name, there was Mr. Thingamy, then two ladies from Durham, and another whose name I cannot recollect."

June 24th. We dined at Choisy with Madame Campan. The Comte and Chevalier de Parny there, the latter a poet. M. Le Moine came to us.

July 4th. Dined at the Val, and went with the Beauveaus and the Comte de St. Priest to visit the Comtesse du Barri at Lucienne. She was not at home. The house seemed in that disorder which characterises people of her former profession, dirty but magnificent. There is a fine bust of her. The gardens are regular. There is a pavilion admirable for the view and interior decoration, but the outside is plastered over, and out of repair. The balconies are ridi-

culously small and inconvenient. The stucco is fine, but the painting by Vienet abominable. The gilding of the bronzes is curious. Upon the whole it is a delightful costly *vide bouteille.*

It is a curious thing, that by a very lucky hit, Mattheiu Lansberg, the conjurer, almanac maker of Liege, foretold Madame du Barri's fate, under the month of May 1774. He said, *une grande favorite jouera son dernier rôle.* The almanac at the preceding Christmas was denied a license on that account, and was obliged to be altered before its sale was authorised at Paris. Louis Quinze died May 10, and Madame du Barri was sent about her business.

July 6th. Dined at Le Val; Mesdames de Boisgelin et d'Usson, the Princesse de Poix, &c. All at court are in a bustle, because the parliament of Paris will not hear of new taxes, till the king lays before them a state of his debts and expenses, that they may be convinced of the necessity of fresh impositions. Calonne, who has fled to Rotterdam, has written to the king that he is gone off to have liberty to prepare for his defence, as the Archbishop of Toulouse is doing all

he can to deprive him of the means of justifying himself.

July 19th. At the Chambre des Comptes the other day, where the Comte d'Artois went to enregister by force the *edit du timbre, et de l'impôt territorial,* he was hissed and hustled; but on somebody calling out "*aux armes!*" the cowardly mob fled in an instant, and many people were lamed. The first president, Nicolai, made a very vigorous speech, ending by these remarkable words: *On veut nous forcer à passer une loi la plus oppressive, mais jamais nous ne le ferons;* then raising his head and voice, he repeated: *Non, monseigneur, nous ne le ferons jamais!*

Monsieur was accompanied by loud acclamations, from the Luxembourg to the Cour des Aides. After the princes had retired, each court remained assembled, and the Chambre des Comptes came to a determination to address the king for the return of his parliament, to declare the edicts illegal, and to forbid their execution; since which the king sat at Versailles, *en lit de justice,* or *Séance,* and had the edicts enregistered before him. The parliament was sullenly mute, and

the king angry. As soon as they returned to Paris, the parliament assembled and came to very strong resolutions, containing a doctrine of fundamental rights and primitive contracts, and national consents, that the kings of France seem long to have lost sight of. On the 15th they were exiled. The day had been fixed for the 17th, but the parliament being convoked to assist at the anniversary of the vow of Louis XIII. on the 15th, it was apprehended there might be some riots; so their exile was hastened by two days. They were sent to Troyes.

The abuse bestowed on the king and queen and the Archbishop of Toulouse is incredible. It was proposed in parliament that the deputies should return *en corps*, and, throwing themselves on their knees before the king, implore him to have pity on his people, and recall the odious taxes, and perhaps they might touch his heart and convince his reason. It is said that clubs and salons are prohibited.

20th. La Cour des Aides is as stiffnecked as the other courts. The populace have given the king the nickname of *Louis le timbré*. The par-

liament of Rouen was ordered to go into exile at Libourne, but the people have risen and kept them by force in the city. The parliament of Rouen, being summoned to Paris, have returned for answer, that they have upon their hands business of the highest importance, which they cannot leave.

21st. We met this evening, at the Val, La Maréchale de Mirepoix, a surprising woman of past eighty, without any infirmities but a shaking of her head. She does not look more than fifty.

29th. L'Archevêque de Toulouse is made prime minister. I went to the salon of pictures, or exhibition, which is infinitely superior to that of London; several excellent landscapes by Vernet, Huet, &c.; some charming portraits by Madame Le Brun; Madame Adelaide, full length, by Guitard; the death of Socrates, by David.

12th Sept. Met the Archbishop of Toulouse at the Val. They say of him at Paris, "*qu'il a trois gouvernantes*, (Mesdames de Grammont, de Montesson, et de Boisgelin,) et *pas une bonne*."

25th. Spent the day at Sevres with Mr. Eden.

27th. Dined at the Val with the Duc and

Duchesse de la Rochefaucault, Comtesse de Boufflers, and the Comtesse Amelie, &c., and had a delightful walk home by moonlight.

28th. Went to Paris to see for a house; met Laharpe and Lalande at dinner at Laborde's.

29th. Went after dinner with the Beauveaus and Jarnacs, to visit Madame du Barri. She received us very amiably and merrily. She looks a very happy dame.

30th. The notables have their heads so filled just now with the sound of deficits and millions, that they can think of nothing else. The Duc d'Havre having written a pressing letter to his steward for a supply, the agent thought proper to come to Versailles himself, instead of writing an answer. He showed the duke his own letter, and it appeared that the duke, who required five hundred louis d'or to be sent him without loss of time, had written to order five hundred millions, and his steward, thinking his master cracked, came to make inquiries into the case.

Oct. 1st. Rode to Paris. Dined with Princesse Lubomirska. At night the populace were making bonfires, and burning Calonne in effigy.

Oct. 4. The Princess Lubomirska (now staying with us) tells me there is at present in France, on his travels, an illegitimate son of the Empress of Russia. He has all his father Gregory Orlof's fortune, and an unlimited credit wherever he goes. He had only been born three days, when Catherine completed the revolution by which her husband was dethroned. Princess Daschkow obliged her to mount her horse, and she remained on horseback nearly twenty-four hours.

Simolin, the Russian ambassador, was lately sounding the praises of Catherine, which only met with an air of dissent on the countenances of the company. "*Au moins,*" said he, "*on doit convenir que c'est une femme très rare.*"—"*Heureusement!*" said one of the bystanders.

The animosity of the Poles against the Empress Catherine is very great, and bursts out frequently. Mrs. S. was saying that she should be very glad to hear of the empress being at Constantinople; upon which a Polish gentleman exclaimed, "I would rather hear of the *Grand Turc* being at Petersburg. However, I should not object to her being at Constantinople—a prisoner."

7th. Dined at the Val. Villagers danced on the lawn. Mad. de Beauveau has a pretty little negress called Ourika, whom the Chevalier de Boufflers brought her as a present from Africa. She brings her up as her own child. The poor girl may be happy now. Query, whether she will be so when she grows up? *

There is a foundation at Le Meril, of eighteen livres a year, to be given to the married woman of that village whose first child is not born till nine months are complete from the day of her marriage. The curé tells me there have not been above six claimants in twenty-one years!

9th. I set out from Paris, traversed the Parc de Vincennes, and rode along a new road to Neuilly sur Marne. The meadows of Chelles are handsome, extensive, green, and pretty about Lagny. We passed near Pont aux Dames, (Bernardine nuns,) where Madame du Barri was exiled on Louis Quinze's death. It is situated on the banks of the river, and approached by fine

* It was from this girl that the Duchess de Duras took the idea of her novel, entitled "Ourika."

avenues in the vale to Crecy, a small town under the hill. I then ascended a considerable height along the road of Coulommiers, and descended to Lacelle, where I was educated. All appeared unaltered, except in the persons that inhabit the place, now no longer a college. There still remain three monks to perform service.

10th. I walked about the country to visit the haunts and scenes of my boyish, careless days, and recognised them with excessive pleasure. Some of the old labourers remembered me. The situation is admirably rural. The church was never finished; the choir only was completed. It is of large dimensions, with a lofty steeple. The mansion consists of a spacious cloister, and has many courts and gardens enclosed with a wall, and surrounded by the river, over which is a two-arched bridge. The village is straggling at the foot, and upon the sides of the steep, beautiful hill that overhangs the river and abbey on the south side. As the houses only peep here and there through the foliage, and clumps of trees crown the summit, nothing can be more picturesque than the whole scene. A mill at

the foot, with a vast supply of water, and the variety of timber that clothes the hill and vale, are additional beauties. I thought the country much improved in look.

11th. Incessant rains prevented my going to Maupertzs, the elegant garden of the Marquis de Montesquieu Fézenac, the abbey of Formoutiers, and other places. I passed this wet day in strolling about the abbey, and in recalling past recollections.

12th. Set out on my return. Came to an estate left by M. d'Arvelay to young Laborde at Choisy, a grand place. I found him with his father, Count Mercy, the imperial ambassador, and Mademoiselle Le Vasseur, his *chere amie*, just coming out shooting. I joined them, and we five in a line, with each a loader, and five attendants to hand the guns, proceeded regularly from one end of a vast plain of stubble and pasture; whilst a long line of peasants on each side, and between each shooter, beat up and chased the game before us. Behind each shooter were an ass and panniers, or a peasant with a *hotte*, to carry the game.

Nov. 3rd. We settled in a house I had taken at Chaillot, on the Quai de la Conference.

Dined at Labordé's; met Monsieur d'Yvernois, the Genevan, who wanted to settle a colony in Ireland. Passed the evening at the Comtesse de Boufflers. The Comtesse Amelie professes great affection for her mother-in-law, and was complaining to her of her husband's conduct. Madame de B. reminded her that it was *her* son whom she was abusing. "Ah!" said she, "*je pensais qu'il ne fut que votre gendre.*"

15th. At the Edens at Sèvres. The queen was extremely attentive to them at Fontainbleau, whilst the commercial treaty was pending; but upon the Duke of Dorset's return she left them off entirely, and out of regard for him never takes the least notice of them.

20th. The Duc d'Orleans is exiled.

23rd. Went with M. Denon to see Valenciennes' pictures; also to the show of those of M. de Vaudreuil: all of the French school—very inferior to the Italian.

At the opera of 'Edipe à Colonne': charming music by Sacchini.

25th. Went to the apartments of that dreamer, l'Abbé Chaupy, who finds out the Eleusinian mysteries to be the Gospel, and is going to publish twenty volumes in quarto upon the four epochas in Italy, in which he is to prove Plato and all antiquity to have been perfect Christians.

I dined at the Marquise de Sillery's, and supped with the Beauveaus.

Dec. 3rd. Spent the evening at the Duchess de Grammont's. She is drawn to the life in "Adèle et Théodore," * in the character of a lady the vicomtesse meets at Spa. Madame de Sillery read it to us, and said it was like, except the *beaucoup d'esprit*—which she does not think Madame de Grammont really has. The Maréchal de Beauveau's portrait is drawn in the same book, and, although very charming, is by no means flattered.

9th. I went to St. Germain, to spend two days with Madame de Lamarck.

10th. Went out shooting with Mr. Durell in the vineyards of Poissy. Partridges in vast flocks.

* A novel, by Madame de Genlis, (Sillery.)

When James II. resided at St. Germain, his court was kept up with as much etiquette as that of Louis XIV. at Versailles.. At his dinner, he and the queen were alone seated, and attended by a complete household of lords and ladies, stars, garters, and ribbons. The famous Duke of Tyrconnel, Talbot, a man of blunt speech, was lord chamberlain. The Duke of Berwick, natural son to the ex-king, and then a general of reputation in the French army, had no more honours shown to him than the rest, and stood cap in hand by his father's chair. One day during dinner, the Comte de Toulouse, a natural but legitimated son of the king of France, came by his father's orders to announce some great event to the abdicated monarch, and James immediately ordered Tyrconnel to advance a stool for him. The duke hesitated, and it was not till he had received repeated orders that he pushed forward a stool for the prince. No sooner had he done it than he brought another, and taking the Duke of Berwick by the arm, attempted to force him down upon it, crying out, "Since bastards are allowed to sit down before my master,

sit you down, for you are as good a one as the other."

11th. Breakfasted at Madame de Lamarck's chaumière. It is rather curious that she became a *dévote* by going to a fortune-teller. She had been long attached to the Marquis de Castries, and asked the witch what he was about at that moment. "*Il est avec Madame de Blot,*" was the answer. The countess ascertained the fact, and, taking it as an admonition from heaven, broke off all intercourse with him, and became a saint. Many years having intervened since then, they are now on friendly terms, and he sees or writes to her every day.

12th. Dined at the Duke of Dorset's with many English ; Lord Thanet, Lord Wycombe, Lady Dunmore, and two Ladies Murray, the Misses Coutts, General Ross, &c.

The Duke of Orleans was nearly drowned the other day, by his horse missing the ford of a brook much swollen with rain, and being hurried under an arch, where the horse was drowned. The duke swam out. His servant had plunged in to help him, without knowing how to swim,

and the duke was obliged to pull him out, at great risk to himself.

The duke's chancelier, Ducrest, being afraid of the Bastille on account of an absurd memoir which he made his master, the Duke of Orleans, present to the king, is gone off to England, having previously given in his resignation. He is the brother of Madame de Sillery, of whose history the following is a sketch.

A certain widow named Madame Mézières, *revendeuse à la toilette*, had an only daughter, who, being very handsome, made the conquest of Deshayes, a lover of the Duchess de Berry (the regent's daughter). By this man she had a second daughter, now the famous Madame de Montesson.* Mademoiselle Mézières, her sister, married Monsieur Chantry, a sort of gentleman, with a wretched chateau in Burgundy. By him she had the Marquis Ducrest and Felicité, who married M. de Sillery. They changed their names, nobody knows why, from Chantry to St. Aubin

* Madame de Montesson, aunt to Madame de Genlis, who was married to the Duke of Orleans.

Ducrest. Madame de Montesson, during her first intimacy with the late Duke of Orleans, (for twenty years intervened between that and their marriage,) prevailed on Monsieur de Genlis, who afterwards took the title of Marquis de Sillery, to marry her niece. Before her marriage, her mother (married secondly to a Monsieur d'Andlau) used to take her about to private houses, where she sang and played for a present. She was very handsome, but has no remains of beauty now, although she is not old.

For some days past, the talk of the town has been the mysterious death of young Wall, son of an Irish general officer here. He married, six months ago, Mademoiselle de Chabot, but is supposed to have abandoned his wife for some one whom he loved better in the country; by which he incurred the resentment of her brothers. Some nights ago, on his return to Paris, he went out alone, and never returned. Some letters were found on his table, one to the Duchess de Rohan, noble spirited, such as Balmerino might have penned on the eve of his execution for his attachment to a cause he

considered just and honourable. His body was discovered next day buried under leaves, having been dragged thither from the place of combat. A ball had penetrated his brain; his hat was full of powder, and even smoke, and the pistol he held in his hand was battered, evidently by the resistance he made to the unfair approach of his murderer. It seems as if he had shot and missed, and then his adversary ran in and assassinated him, a forester having heard two pistols at the distance of two minutes of time. The survivor has been traced, but it is supposed, in consequence of the unfortunate youth's dying request, contained in a letter to his father, that the pursuit will be dropped.

18th. Went to Versailles. No *thé* at Madame de Polignac's, as all the set went to the king's room, to make his *partie*.

Madame Campan informed me of the queen of Naples having been delivered of a dead child, in consequence of the Spanish minister's language to her, by orders of his master. He accused her of having General Acton for her lover, to which she answered: "I will have his picture drawn

by the best painter in Italy, and his bust made by the best sculptor, and both sent to the king of Spain, who may judge whether his is a figure for a woman to fall in love with." "Oh, madam," replied the insolent Don, "my master has lived long enough to know there is no answering for the caprices of *des dames galantes*."

23rd. Madame Louise, the Carmelite nun, aunt to the king, is dead at St. Denis. She was directress—general of all the nunneries in France, and her postage, had it not been franked, would have cost her sixty thousand livres a year. She was deformed and *intriguante*.

Jan. 1. To Versailles, at the ceremony of an installation of the knights of the Holy Ghost in their robes. Dined at the Comte de Montmorin's. In the evening we went to Madame de Polignac's and the Jeu de la Reine.

When the king was ill lately, and confined to his room, the queen said, as he had no particular favourites, it was proper he should have a select society to keep him company, and asked l'Abbé de Vermont who he thought should be invited. "Who," replied he, "can be so proper as his

majesty's ministers? Why is it, that the moment a man is named minister he is never after looked upon as fit company for his master, though he may have been before that his daily companion? Then he is left open to the malice and intrigues of courtiers, whom it is his office to govern and control. The ministers are men of the world and of character, and therefore fittest for his majesty's society."

His advice was taken, and the ministers invited to supper regularly during the confinement of the king to his own apartment. Upon this the Comte d'Artois went to the ministers, and made them believe it was he who had given the hint of inviting them to his majesty. When in the king's presence, they expressed their sense of obligation to H. R. H., upon which Louis exclaimed: "*Ce n'est pas lui, c'est ma femme qui m'en a prié:*" which made him look rather silly.

M. de Carondelet, who has married Miss Plunket, daughter of Lord Dunsany, is fifty-four, she twenty-four. He is the most passionate lover ever seen, and cannot bear to be absent from her a moment; he even sits by her at table. He calls her

"Mimie," and says he has forgotten all music except two notes "Mimi, là," laying his hand upon his heart. Some one said, "*Quand il mourra, on mettra sur sa tombe Mimi là mi là.*" He fell in love with her at Spa, by being sent, *à dessein*, to prevail upon her to join a party of pleasure, which she had refused. He stole upon her unawares, and found her reading his travels: *inde amor et connubium.* Madame de Sillery contributed to the success of the artifice.

The extravagance of the French is scarcely credible, and nothing in England ever equalled it, at least that I ever heard of. The trousseau of Mademoiselle de Matignon, who is going to marry the Baron de Montmorency, is to cost a hundred thousand crowns, (about 25,000*l.* sterling.) There are to be an hundred dozen of shifts, and so on in proportion. The expense here of rigging out a bride is equal to a handsome portion in England; five thousand pounds worth of lace, linen, and gowns, is a common thing among them.

6th. Countess d'Albanie and Prince Czartorinsky drank tea with us. The season is so mild,

that the wood merchants are quite in despair.

8th. At Versailles to the Duchesse de Polignac's. *Thé* with Mrs. S. and F., where there was dancing. The queen very gracious; she danced with Lord Strathaven.

The Princesse de Lamballe is ill from a bruise in her head, which she got at Raincy, by a fall in romping with the little Comte de Beaujolois. She is said to be quite a Messalina.

The queen is reported to have taken to devotion, and ordered no more meat to be served on fast days at her table. The truth is, that Madame de Chimay, who is a devotee, complained to the queen (who never dines at her own table, but always at Madame de Polignac's) that her chaplains, to whom the queen's dinner is served, had meat on Fridays, and so her majesty ordered them to have only meagre fare.

9th. Dined at the Comte d'Angevillers. His wife (she was Madame de Marchais) is a *bel esprit*, good-natured, and agreeable, but *flatteuse au dernier degré*. One seldom sees her face, as she wears a large hat and a veil.

14th. The Dukes de Chartres and Montpensier, Comte de Beaujolois, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Madame de Sillery (Genlis,) Cesar Ducrest, Pamela,* Henriette de Cercy, Mr. and Mrs. Eden, and their children, breakfasted, or rather dined, with us.

17th. Spent the evening at Bellechasse with Madame de Sillery. The Duc de Chartres is very well educated, and well mannered, but rather formal and dressy. Beaujolois is a fine spirited boy. Mademoiselle is petite, but pretty.

18th. Dinner and ball at the Dorsets'.

19th. I was presented to the Duchesse de la Vallière, aged seventy-nine. She was a famous beauty, and has yet wonderful eyes. She is very deaf. She received us seated at the upper end of a room, with the men on one side, the ladies on the other, in great form. She was herself decked out with all the colours of the rainbow, and a profusion of diamonds, painted and patched, so that she looked like an embalmed Egyptian queen, or Kitty Fisher, when exposed full dressed, after her death. A little dog lay on a stool at her feet, and she was working *au parfilage*. For

* Pamela, afterwards married to Lord E. Fitzgerald.

this amusement, her friends supply her with presents on new year's day, in gold threads representing gardens, temples, &c., which she passes her time in pulling to pieces. Her daughter, the Duchesse de Chatillon, sits by her as interpreter. It was to her that Madame d'Andelau, after a dispute in her presence on the preservation of beauty, addressed these extempore lines:

La nature, prudente et sage,
Force le temps à respecter
Les charmes de ce beau visage,
Qu'elle n'aurait pu répéter.

In her youth she was a professed libertine, yet now she pronounces definitively upon moral good and evil, gives and takes away reputations, *comme les autres.**

* Mr. Swinburne deals somewhat harshly with Madame de la Vallière. No woman ever more sturdily resisted the seductions and temptations by which she was surrounded, and none was more respected when she fell. It was surely permitted at the age of seventy-nine to indulge in a little gossip, and to criticise the conduct of those who, perhaps with infinitely less right, exhibited greater pretensions to virtue. It is, I believe, admitted that Madame de la Vallière, from her first presentation at court to the latest moment of her life, continued most constant both to the person and memory of her royal lover. Although the history of her *liaison*

22nd. Evening at Madame de Laborde's, where the Marquis de Cubières sang very well.

When Madame d'Osmond was to be presented to the queen, her shoemaker disappointed her of her shoes, which Leonard, the hairdresser, told the queen; upon which she was so good as to send her a pair of hers. Upon her presentation,

with Louis XIV., and her abandonment by that dissolute and capricious monarch, is too well known to require comment, perhaps the following lines, addressed by her to Louis, when he left her for Madame de Montespan, may be less familiar. The lines, however, were not written by herself, but by the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrées, who, under similar circumstances, addressed them to Henry IV. I say that they were composed by Gabrielle, because they may be seen, written by her own hand, on the margin of the splendid MS. volume of the Orations of Isocrates, which belonged to her, and which is now preserved in the Ambrosian library. I have retained the orthography of the MS., as it adds to the quaintness, and even to the tenderness, of the expressions.

De vraye amour aultre amour réciproque,
C'est le parfait de son plus grand desir;
Mais, si l'amour de l'aultre amour se moque,
Pour ung amour trop moing digne choisir,
C'est ung ennuy qui ne donne loysir,
Temps, ne repos pour trouver recomfort.
Le désespoir est pire que la mort,
Et jalouzie est ung vraye désespoir.
O foy rompue! O trop apparent tort,
Pour vous me fault pis que mort recepvoir!

her majesty inquired if the shoes fitted her well, and before she could give an answer, the old Count d'Osmond, who was close behind, said in a loud whisper to her, "*Dites qu'ils sont trop petits.*"

The Duc de Lauzun, though endowed with some essentially bad qualities, has a great deal of cleverness, and on that account was idolized at Chanteloup, where the Duc de Choiseul used to assemble the wits of the age. Lauzun neglected going thither one summer, and when he returned, after a very long absence, he found the Duc de Liancourt, a man of shallow parts, become the favourite, and himself treated with neglect by the Duchesse de Grammont, &c. He took his departure in consequence, and on being asked the reason, "*Ma foi,*" said he, "*j'avois été longtems absent, et à mon retour j'ai trouvé qu'on avait donné ma place à Liancourt.*

These verses were made on the Duc de Liancourt by him :—

Si l'on empruntoit du courage,
Comme on achête de l'esprit,
Liancourt auroit l'avantage,
De se battre comme il écrit.

When the Duc de Choiseul was turned out of the ministry, he called his maître d'hôtel, and told him he was a ruined man, and could no longer afford to keep such a servant as he was. The man replied, "*Monseigneur, vous ne pourrez-vous passer absolument de domestiques; n'aurez-vous pas besoin d'un marmiton?*"

There is now in Paris a discarded lover of the Empress of Russia's, named Yermaloff. He received orders to quit Petersburg in twelve hours, but had 100,000 rubles given to him, and an annuity of 3,000*l.* sterling settled upon him. The present favourite's name is Mummolow. Prince Potemkin chooses them for her, and places the candidates somewhere in her way. When one is accepted, he becomes an aide-de-camp, and receives the visits of the courtiers and foreign ministers, as did in France a Barri or a Pompadour.

Monsieur de Crosne, the lieutenant de police, is not very bright, and is easily imposed upon; or, in other words, he is quite a blockhead. Somebody informed him that there was in a certain house "*une secte d'Anabaptistes, qui faisait beau-*

coup de bruit dans le quartier." He went thither, and began taking his information, by asking whom the house belonged to. "*A Batiste,*" was the reply. "*Et qui sont ceux qui s'y assemblent, et qui font tant de bruit? Les Anabaptistes.*" "*Comment donc,*" said he, "*des ânes? Envoyez les donc paître dans les prairies.*"

When he sent a *lettre de cachet* to suppress the salon, it went by mistake to the Salon des Porcherons, a winehouse where the rabble assemble on Sundays.

March 4th. Versailles. Supped at Madame de Polignac's. The queen played at billiards all the evening.

There are various reports concerning the true cause of the exile of the Duc d'Orleans. Some say he wanted to raise money himself, therefore did what he could to discredit the king's loan; others, that he had cheated the prince of Wales, and that the king of England has complained of it. When he appeared at court here on his return from England, Louis XVI. asked him what he had been about there. "*J'y ai appris à penser,*" he replied, fancying he had said something very

sagacious. "*Oui, à panser les chevaux,*" answered the king.

Quintin Crauford sat up all night playing hazard at the Duke of Dorset's; and about nine the next morning, his *chere amie*, Mrs. Sullivan, went thither in pursuit of him. She ran up stairs to drag him from the gaming-table. He obeyed, but they say his face was like the countenance of a man who has sold himself to the devil, and had quite forgotten it, till the appearance of Old Nick brought the compact ruefully to his mind.

19th. Walked to Madrid, which is in a very ruinous condition, propped up in many places, but still inhabited; the outward ornaments all tile, and baked earth of various colours, to imitate porphyry; a strange mixture of Grecian colours and barbarous entablements. In the afternoon to Longchamps; a great crowd of carriages, but few worthy of notice, either for richness, elegance, or horses.

20th. Went to stay at the Val, with the Beauveaus and the Princess de Poix. The latter who is very captivating, but never succeeded in

becoming a good player at billiards, had these lines sent to her:

Vous, qui d'amour fuyez les loix,
Evitez la belle de Poix.
Sans soins, sans projets, et sans arts,
Cette Princesse
Touche sans cesse
Hors au billard.

Surprise de ne point toucher,
Un jour elle alla pour chercher
La cause chez un grand docteur,
Qui dit, Ma fille,
C'est qu'une bille,
N'est pas un cœur.

April 29. The Archbishop of Sens (Brienne) turned out of the ministry. The Duc de Luynes related to us, that in travelling with a party a few months ago, the wheel of his carriage being broken, he was obliged to stop and go into a poor cabaret whilst it was mended; and there, on the white-washed walls, he read these words: "*L'Archêveque de Sens est un gueux, et ses manœuvres nous ruineront, mais heureusement il ne sera pas en place aprés le* 28 *Avril* 1788. *Daté le* 28

Aôut 1787." It is remarkable that Brienne was turned out on that very day.*

I learn from Monsieur d'Entraigue, that the Comte d'Artois had a warm conference with the king, on the dismissal of the Archevêque de Sens. The king asked him why he was so violent against that minister, and so anxious that he should be turned out. He replied, "*Parceque je n'ai pas envie d'aller mendier mon pain dans les pays étrangers.*"

La Comtesse d'Albanie breakfasted with us, and introduced Count Alfieri. He is melancholy looking and reserved, but very clever.

The anti-court people say of the queen that the difference between her and Madame du Barri is, that the latter "*quitta le public pour le roi, et la reine quitte le roi pour le public.*" Very spiteful.†

* M. de Loménie, cardinal archbishop. He escaped horrors of the revolution, and amassed a large fortune. He was great uncle to Madame de Marnezia and Madame de Canisy, Duchess of Vicenza. The famous ex-abbé Patrault, to whom these ladies were consigned by their mother, Madame de Loménie, who was guillotined in 1793, wanted to marry them to two peasants, his nephews; but Napoleon prevented this.

† Mr. Swinburne ought rather to have said most calumnious.

The fate of favourites has ever been the same. Madame de Maintenon, seeing some carp freshly put into the lake, who did not look happy, said to some one, "*Elles sont comme moi—elles regrettent leur bourbe;* and Madame de Pompadour once said to the Duke de Choiseul, "*Je voudrais être morte! si vous saviez ce que c'est que d'être obligée d'amuser toujours un bête qui s'ennuie.*"

4th. A party at Madame Hubers, where we met Madame de Stäel, daughter to Necker. She is clever, dictatorial, talkative, and seemingly not unaware of her own merits. She is very plain, and I am told she said, "*Je donnerais la moitié de mon esprit pour la beauté de Madame de Simiani,*" who is thought the handsomest woman now in Paris.

Madame de Stäel went to a bal masqué, disguised like a statue, all in white. A gentleman recognised her by her foot, which is not a pretty one, and said, "*Ah! le vilain pie-de-stal!*"

Some time ago she lost a child, and being seen out the next day by some one who expressed surprise on the subject, she answered, "*L'amour maternel est un sentiment trop froid pour*

mon âge." She has given Sapio some of her compositions in music, desiring he would study them.

The king and queen were at the review of the Gardes Françaises yesterday, in great splendour, bowing to every one; notwithstanding which there was no *vive le roi!* All was silent till the old Maréchal de Biron mounted his horse at the head of his regiment, when he was received with the loudest acclamations.

5th. In the course of last night an attempt was made to arrest d'Espremenil and Goilard, of the parliament, who both escaped to the Palais. The parliament sat all day; eleven peers were present. The arrêté of the day before yesterday was like our Bill of Rights; strong and declaratory of the just claims of the people. Soldiers surrounded the Palais, and suffered no one to go in or out. Great commotions are expected. Wednesday is to be the day for destroying the parliament. I believe all this will end in *gasconnades*, either by the court eating its words, or that fear of chastisement will bring the parliamentarians on their knees. We shall see whether violence and despo-

tism will prevail. I do not think there is steadiness, spirit, or union requisite for a revolution, to be found in the French nation.* All will depend on the perseverance of the ministry, and the temper of the army.

6th. Messrs. d'Espremenil and Goilard were ordered to be arrested by *lettres de cachet;* the first for urging the parliament to make the arrêté, and laying before it copies of the Garde des Sceaux's plans, (which he had procured by stealth from the king's press at Versailles;) the other for denouncing the amplification of the vingtième.† Both made their escape and came to the parliament house, which was soon after invested by three thousand five hundred Swiss and French guards, who locked the gates, and kept all within pri-

* The bloody tragedy that shortly ensued proved the fallacy of this judgment;—if indeed the noble epithets of steadiness, spirit, and union, can be applied to the execrable display of implacable madness, and sanguinary combination that perverted the vast majority of the French people, until Napoleon rose, and once more enchained them.

† The Vingtième was a tax first imposed in the year 1741, and was somewhat similar to an income-tax in its operations. It was afterwards applied in a more direct manner to inheritances, bequests, &c. &c.

soners for twenty-four hours. Eleven peers, two archbishops, and all the parliament, passed the day and night in the halls, with all the spectators who chanced to be there. Then M. d'Agoult, aide-major (senior adjutant) of the guards, came in and demanded the two members, who were refused him. Deputations were sent to Versailles, but denied admittance to the king. At last the two obnoxious gentlemen got up, and after protesting against this unheard-of violation of this most sacred asylum, surrendered themselves to M. d'Agoult, and were hurried away to l'hôtel de Police, from whence one was sent to l'Isle de St. Marguerite, the other to Pierre Encise near Lyons. A rescue was attempted, but the two members themselves opposed and prevented it.

9th. The parliament was summoned to Versailles, and all the inferior chambers of it broken up. The grande chambre was retained to form part of a *cour plenière,* composed of officers of state, &c., where the king has passed a number of edicts, whereby he changes the whole order of magistracy, amplifies the powers of lower jurisdictions, and, *en attendant les états géneraux,* re-

serves to this *cour plenière* the power of enregistering all acts. The parliament unanimously refused its acquiescence. A prorogation is proclaimed, to give time to make up the new tribunals, &c.

The Archbishop of Narbonne (Dillon) made a strange, fulsome speech to the king, at the head of the clergy. He exclaimed, "*Sommes-nous donc une horde étrangere dans l'état?* Louis, contrary to custom, answered by heart, but his memory failed him, and, after two attempts to recollect himself, he gave it up.

The Chatelet, *unâ voce*, has refused to act instead of the parliament; so the king and his ministers will be finely hampered.

Monsieur d'Agoult is universally reprobated for his officiousness in this business.

15th. The Chatelet has refused all the ministerial offers.

14th. Madame de Sillery brought the princes to take leave of Mrs. S., before they go to St. Leu for the summer.

22nd. The report is, that Dupaty drew up that part of the Garde des Sceaux's (Lamoig-

non!) preamble, which regards law, and Abbé Maury the rest. Upon which some one observed, the Garde des Sceaux's motto ought to be "*aut pati aut mori;*" formerly that of St. Theresa.

The clergy have in their assembly, at the instance of the Bishop of Blois, instituted a committee to remonstrate with the king, and to petition for a speedy convocation of the états généraux. The Archbishop of Narbonne opposed it.

24th. It is now said matters will be compromised between the king and the parliament.

The dauphin lies dangerously ill, with two issues in his back, made to bring down his hump. The maxim seems to be, that it is better he should die than the nation be governed by Louis le bossu.

25th. The Abbé Arthur Dillon's affair with Madame de Gouvernet is the talk of the day. She is the daughter of Count Arthur Dillon. Her husband came to the Abbé with threats to insist upon his giving up her letters, which Arthur refused, (people say because he had them not.) Her friends, a strong party, the

Poixe, Beauveaus, &c., say that in her childhood she had written him many foolish love-letters, and that in consequence he used to tease her about them so much that she insisted upon his giving them up. Not succeeding in this point, she applied to the Archbishop of Narbonne, but to no purpose, as Abbé Dillon was supported by Madame Routh, (the archbishop's favourite lady,) to whom he has been often useful and agreeable; and then Gouvernet set off to attack Arthur personally, and made a great *fracas.* People say this business will prevent the abbé's promotion to the mitre.

Monsieur de la Monnoie the other night was in the parterre. Being extremely fat and bulky, he intercepted the view of the performance from two men behind him, one in particular, who began expressing his displeasure—"*Enfin,*" said he out loud, "*quand on est d'une pareille grosseur, on ne devrait pas se mettre devant les gens.*" "*Excusez, Monsieur,*" said La Monnoie, turning round politely, "*il n'est pas donné à tout le monde d'être plat comme vous.*"

June 2nd. At a grande fête given by the Baron

de Breteuil, on account of his granddaughter's marriage with the Baron de Montmorency.

3rd. Grand fêtes, on the same occasion, at the Prince de Montmorency's on the Boulevards. We saw the fireworks and illuminations from the Princess Lubomirka's, opposite. Breteuil resigns to-day.

4th. Dined at Madame d'Angevillers with Monsieur de Bièvre, famous for his wit and calembourgs. The reputation he has acquired for them is such, that, a few days ago, he sat next to a person at dinner, and asked him to have the kindness to help him to some spinach. The other began considering and racking his brain in vain, fancying there was a double meaning in this speech, and at last said, "*Ma foi ! pour celui-la, je ne le comprends pas.*"

Every time anything is made for the king's children, a double quantity, *dit-on*, is made and sold by Madame de Polignac and Madame d'Harcourt. They have twelve dozen shirts a year.

Madame de la Vaupalière, hearing that an *abbaie* was vacant, wrote to the Bishop of Orleans, who had *la porte-feuille des bénéfices*, in favour

of her sister, who had been abbess somewhere before. This was her letter:—"*Monseigneur, je viens d'apprendre que l'Abbaie du Parc aux Cerfs est vacante, et je vous supplie de la donner à ma sœur. Elle en est digne, ayant déjà fait ses preuves; et je suis sûre qu'on lui trouvera toutes les qualités requises pour mettre ce couvent sur le meilleur pied possible.*"

Now this Parc aux Cerfs is a house near Versailles, where Louis Quinze had a seraglio, and she put this phrase by mistake instead of Pont aux Dames. The king and bishop having entertained themselves with this letter, the prelate wrote a polite answer, assuring Madame de la Vaupalière that he had no doubt of her sister's qualifications, but that unfortunately the abbey she asked for was not in his presentation.

6th. Dined yesterday at the Comtesse d'Albanie's, with Alfieri, Conway, and d'Hancarville. Met the Abbé de St. Nom, editor of the Voyage Pittoresque d'Italie, and Monsieur Le Maître, who was ten years in the Bastille, for having published in a periodical paper, called "*l'Espion Turc,*" the following story or prophecy. "Catherine de

Medicis was always surrounded by astrologers, one of whom, by her desire, composed a magic mirror, wherein she might see what would occur in the future. She beheld each of her sons on the throne; then her mortal enemy, Henry of Bourbon, his son, and grandson, the crown held up by the Jesuits. When it came to Louis XVI. she saw nothing but mist, no king, and a set of cats and rats devouring each other. On seeing this she fainted away. On her recovery, all was clear, and a prince of the name of Charles was seated on the throne."

The following story is supposed to account for the famous "Iron Mask." Cardinal Richelieu, being anxious to prevent the Duc d'Orleans and the Condés from succeeding to the throne, prevailed upon Anne of Austria to raise an heir that might entitle her to the regency. She pitched on a bourgeois de Troyes, by name Louis Bourdon, whose figure and good looks had struck her in one or other of her journeys. The surly, capricious temper of Louis XIII. having kept him at a distance, all the time that was necessary for colouring the deceit with the appearance of pro-

bability, she was obliged to keep the birth of the intended heir secret, and confide him to trusty hands, that were never to abandon him. At the same time he was to remain in eternal ignorance of his birth and parentage. A second attempt was more successfully achieved, by which Louis XIV. saw the light, whilst his unhappy elder brother was imprisoned at different places, but treated with great attention and expense. Probably his guardian disclosed the secret to him on the death of Louis XIII., and thereby occasioned his removal and close confinement. Linguet says that a lady at Chartres, ninety years old, still alive, and in her youth mistress to one of the ministers, was surprised this should not be known, as it was no secret when she lived in the world. *

Madame Campan tells me, that her father-in-law actually occupies the same house that was inhabited by the maître d'hotel and favourite femme de chambre (his wife) of Anne of Austria. That

* It has been stated in a previous note, that although the real name of the "Iron Mask" still remains a mystery, it is the general opinion that the sufferer was the unfortunate Fouquet.

queen made a *neuvaine* to St. Leonard,* whose chapel is near Choisy, and is famous for procuring children to barren ladies. Every day during her pilgrimage the queen retired to this house at Choisy, after the ceremonies were over; and there is a tradition, that some one came to visit her from Ruel every evening by a private road, which leads through the meadows to the river, where the country people say there is, or was, a ford in the memory of man, and the only one for miles on the Seine. They show the traces of the road.

The Maréchal de Beauveau told me the following anecdote, and assured me it had been handed down from generation to generation, from the person to whom the circumstance occurred. Whilst the Cardinal de Richelieu resided at Ruel, a man of rank received at Paris a message from him, to say, that he desired he would immediately mount his horse with the utmost secrecy, and come with all speed to confer with his Eminence upon certain affairs of great moment. The nobleman went to his stable unobserved, and stole away as soon as he had saddled his horse.

* Nine days' prayers.

As he had forgotten in his hurry to take a cloak, and as he was overtaken by a very heavy and long shower of rain, he took refuge near Nanterre, in a public-house which was famous for dressing eels *à la matelotte.* There he found a well-looking man at the door, driven in also by the storm, and accosted him. Finding him a decent, well-informed person, the nobleman entered into further conversation, and at last good-naturedly proposed to treat him with a dish of eels, as the smell of the dinner had awakened his own appetite. They sat down, dined, and drank a merry glass together. When the weather cleared up, the nobleman paid for his reckoning and called for his horse; the stranger then took him aside, and, naming him, said,

"Sir, I know you well, though you are thus unattended. The liberal behaviour and confidential intercourse with which you have honoured me, have made such an impression upon me, that I am determined, at all hazards of my own, to preserve you from destruction. I know you are summoned in the most secret manner to a rendezvous with the cardinal, and

there, I know, you will immediately be strangled, and your body buried in the garden, where many other good men lie unknown. You will believe my intelligence when I tell you I am the public executioner, sent for to put you to death. Therefore mount your horse and return home, or to whatever place you think the most secure." The nobleman shook him heartily by the hand, and, taking his advice, galloped back to Paris without minding either wind or rain.

The cardinal kept up great state, and one day, at the Duchesse de Chevreuse's, the Marquis de Conflans made remarks before him on the ostentation of his having his train borne by a chevalier de St. Louis. The cardinal replied, that it was the custom always to have one as "*Gentilhomme Caudataire.* The predecessor of the present one," added he with a sneer, "bore the name and arms of Conflans."

"*Je n'en doute pas,*" said the marquis; "*car il y a longtems qu'il se trouve dans ma famille de pauvres hères, dans le cas de tirer le diable par la queue.*"

When the king of Sweden was at Paris, the

courtiers turned him into ridicule, as they do everybody. "*Enfin,*" said Monsieur de C., "*c'est un roi*"—"*couronné,*" interrupted a cautious friend, in order to put a stop to his invectives.

I was recommending one of Miss Burney's novels to Madame Lemoine.

"*Vos romans Anglais sont si tristes,* "said she.

"*Pas toujours, madame.*"

"*A vous dire vrai, je n'en ai lu qu'un, et il m'a paru d'une tristesse inconcévable.*

"*Et son titre?*"

"*Il s'appelle les Nuits d'Young!!*"

It is the fashion now at Paris for ladies to be, or pretend to be, learned—at least *au fait* of history—which has not certainly been part of their education. The remarks one hears coming from them are sometimes very diverting. Some one was talking of St. Louis and Louis XVI., as being the best kings France could boast of, except Henry IV.

"*Pour moi,*" said Madame d'Osmond, "*de tous les rois de France, je vous déclare que c'est Louis V. qui est mon favori.*"

The only thing recorded of this monarch is his having obtained the surname of *Le Fainéant.*

The other night, at the Théâtre Français, the part of Mithridate was acted by Granger, who squints, and is very ugly: when Monime said to him, "*Seigneur, vous changez de visage,*" a man in the parterre called out, "*Eh! tant mieux! laissez le faire.*"

June 7th. We went to dine and sleep at Le Val. M. Gaillard Roy, the astronomer, and the Duc de Chabot, were there. We had a tremendous storm ofthunder and lightning; the latter, divided and dispersed by the conductors, played about the house like lambent meteors, without points or sharpness.

Accounts from Brittany state that a deputation of four hundred gentlemen waited upon Monsieur de Thiers, requesting him to forward their memorial to the king, and their circular letter to the princes and the peers. He promised to do so, but expostulated with them upon the illegality of their assembling in such a manner, and expressed how much the king would be offended by it. To this they replied, that when the Eng-

lish landed at St. Cast, they assembled in a similar manner, and had been thanked for doing so by his majesty. "That was a different case," said Thiers; "it was against the enemies of your country."—"The case is the same now," they boldly answered.

The Comte d'Artois says publicly, "*C'est un manœuvre manqué—cela ne peut pas tenir—il faut revenir sur ses pas.*" But the queen and her advisers will not give up the point.

The Bailli de Soissons, on refusing to accept, sent to the Garde des Sceaux (Lamoignon) copies of letters written to them by him in 1771, when he was exiled, exhorting the magistrates of Soissons to join the parliament, and refuse to acquiesce in the king's demands.

The pun at present is, "*que le grand baillage est à St. Cloud;*" that is, they are very dull there, and yawn a great deal; and that "*Les gardes Françaises sont des garde-robes.*"

Canterbury, June 12.

Sailed for England, and slept at Canterbury.

The country in high beauty. The limpidity of the streams, neatness of the gardens, beauty of the women, and elegance of almost every vehicle when compared to those we left in France, struck me forcibly on my return to Old England.

The court and cloisters here are kept very spruce, and the reverendissimi seem to be comfortably quartered. The few remaining ruins of St. Augustin's monastery and its vast enclosures vouch for its former splendour. The cathedral is a light gothic pile; the eastern part much more ancient than the rest, being in the Saxon or Norman style.

London, Nov. 17.

We went yesterday with Dutens to Mr. M'Kenzie's at Petersham, and met Count Woronzow. We saw stars by daylight with Mr. M'Kenzie's equatorial, a wonderful machine; for by calculation, and by placing the instrument with infinite precision, you immediately point to the star you want.

Nov. 29.

We dined on Monday at Barthelemy's, (secretary to the French embassy,) with a large company — Lucchesi, Mademoiselle d'Eon, Miss Wilkes, Sir John Macpherson, &c. &c.

Captain J. Payne being in the House of Commons, the other day, during a debate relative to the navy, had a note conveyed to him from another member, desiring him to get up and explain to the house certain sea terms which were evidently misunderstood. The note began thus: "Sir, as you are "*bread*" to the sea," &c. &c. Payne took out his pencil, and answered upon the same paper, "I am not bread to the sea, but the sea is bread to me, and d—d bad bread it is."

Nov. 31.

We dined yesterday at Wilkes's with some of the same party, among whom were Barthelemy and Count Rewitsky, imperial envoy, and a famous collector of rare books, which he has sold to Lord

Spencer and some others. At the dessert, somebody happened to mention Lord Sandwich, when Rewitsky started up, saying, "Is it the famous Lord Sandwich, who had his friend condemned by the House of Lords to be hanged for writing an abominable book?"*

Wilkes stared, and hung his jaw and tongue, as was usual with him in any dilemma, but said nothing. Barthelemy, who knew nothing of the matter, pressed Rewitsky to give an account of it. "It was a horrible work," said he, "as I am told, for I never read it; it certainly deserved that its author should be punished, for he must have been void of all religion, shame, and decency; I am surprised Lord Sandwich let him live so long." Soon after, without anything more being said on the subject, the conversation changed, and perhaps Rewitsky will never know that it was his *Amphytrion du jour* whom he had been thus reprobating to his face.

Dec. 8.

It was reported yesterday that the king was dead. Joy was in many faces among the people

* Wilkes's book.

of the opposition — among others, in that of Lord Derby, who clapped and rubbed his hands with an air of infinite satisfaction. There are accounts to-day of his Majesty being still alive ; Colonel St. Leger's face rather long as he learnt it. All the prince's associates seem out of their wits.

Dec. 12. The king is quite insane, but in no danger of death. Dr. Monro attends him. Strange confusion is expected about the regency, as there is no precedent in our law for such a case. I dined at Wilkes's, and calling in at Cosway's, found great agitation and mystery going on there, about something unexplained. I fancy it is some knighthood, or other nonsense, concerted between Cosway and the prince.

January 4, 1789.

Lord Bandon has summoned the armed neutrality, of which he, rather than the Duke of Northumberland, seems to be the head, and de-

sired to know whether they were unanimous in supporting the Prince of Wales. Twenty-five said yes; the rest went off to Pitt's side.

Mr. Grenville is to be Speaker. He is young and near-sighted. There are great disputes among the king's physicians. The queen will accept the regency if the prince refuses, but he is decided to have it on any terms. The limitations have been sent to him. They are supposed to prevent him from giving any patent places, making peers, and changing the household. The king's real and personal estate is to be vested in Lord Hawkesbury and J. Robinson, by which means they keep the chancellorship of Lancaster and the surveyorship of the woods. The opposition talk loudly and imprudently of wreaking their vengeance on Eden, and on Buckingham. The Duke of Portland is to be minister. Many members skulk; among others, Johnny Wilkes, who is gone to hide himself in the Isle of Wight till all is over.

Jan. 9. The Foxites say the king amuses himself with the red book, creating baronets, and that he takes exercise in his apartment, riding

on a cane.* The Pittites, on the contrary, say he is recovering fast, and will soon be well. The Duke of Northumberland is to have the ordnance.

Many caricatures are out. The prince, as Prince Hal; John Falstaff, Sheridan; Bardolph, Jack Payne; Pistol, &c.; the last scene in Henry IV.

When Dr. Willis was examined, Sheridan, with a long string of questions, was ready to perplex him if possible. Willis said, "Pray, sir, before you begin, be so good as to snuff those candles, that we may see clear, for I always like to see the face of the man I am speaking to."

* An odd example of hallucination, not unlike that recorded by Mr. S., is said to have occurred not long since in a certain Royal Palace. A person holding a place about the court, and who no one imagined had any wits to lose, was waiting in the gallery for the royal party to go out riding. Lady ——, happening to pass by, placed her Leghorn hat and feathers on a table. This our gentleman no sooner saw, than he put it on, mounted the ballustrade of the stairs, and fancying himself galloping after the royal cortège, slid down the banisters *ventre à terre*. He had rather astonished the servants on the previous day, by asking for *sugar* and *cream*, when they brought him his soup at dinner. They were not aware that he mistook it for green tea.

Sheridan was so confounded at this speech of the basilisk doctor, that he could not get on in his examination, and for once in his life he was posed.

April 8. The rejoicings on the king's recovery have been universal, and at the queen's first drawing-room the crowd was excessive. Her majesty is very popular at this moment, which is generally the case when success bestows the palm. Indeed, upon the whole, her conduct throughout has been dignified, sensible, and becoming her exalted situation.

We have had much gaiety and many fêtes. Those of the French ambassador (La Luzerne) were superb. The illuminations were so numerous, that the whole town seemed in a blaze. If the Prince de Monaco had arrived upon one of those nights, he would indeed have been gratified at the respect shown to him.*

The ball of balls was that given by White's

* On his arriving at night in London, he mistook the lighted lamps of the streets for an illumination on his account, and said he was sorry the King of England had put himself to such expense.

Club, at the Pantheon. It was a most brilliant spectacle. I never saw anything in foreign countries to be compared to it. The illumination of the dome, the wreath of lamps round the pillars, the dresses and feathers of the ladies, and the excellence of the supper, were objects of great praise. Very few of the prince's friends were there, and scarcely one of the party's women. The Duke of Gloucester and his children were the only members of the royal family. The prince used all his endeavours to keep people away. How much nobler would it have been had he put party feelings in his pocket, and gone himself to a fête given to celebrate the recovery of a parent!

London, May 5.

A great gala was given last week by Brookes' Club, to a crowd of everything fashionable and handsome in London. The opera-house was too small for the company. The boxes were hung with blue, buff, and silver. The floor extremely dirty, but the coup-d'œil fine. People of both sides of the question were there.

After waiting two hours, without music or any thing going on, Mrs. Siddons, ridiculously dressed as Britannia, in red and blue, with a green helmet, shield and lance, declaimed a pitiful ode on the occasion, addressed to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who stood before her in coats of mail. Lord Townshend, on being asked what he thought of the prince's rich suit, said, "it was probably the coat belonging to his father's strait waistcoat."

The prince gives a fête to the "*je ne sais quoi*" club; Boodle's another, and Luzerne another. The fêtes of the latter are sumptuous, and worthy of the grand or rather *gros monarque* whom he represents. Prince William Henry is created Duke of Clarence.

Erskine, the lawyer, having joked too severely upon the poverty of his party, the Buffs and Blues sent him to Coventry;* but, upon proper repentance, he was again received into the set, and asked Mr. Fox if, having now made every

* The Buffs and Blues, from the colours assumed by the Whig party.

necessary concession, he might not hope to regain once more the confidence of the party. "My dear fellow," answered Fox, "your own confidence is enough to satisfy any man: what can you want with any more?"

FROM MRS. SWINBURNE TO HER HUSBAND,

Versailles, May 10, 1789.

I hope you received my letter, to say Harry was arrived safe and well. Monsieur de Beauveau presented him to the Prince de Lambesc, and he was almost immediately installed among the king's pages. The education he will there receive is considered to be in every respect excellent. There is great strictness; but, in my opinion, the elder pages have too much power over the younger ones, who are treated like fags at Eton. I had an audience of the queen two days ago; she is very much altered, and has lost all her brilliancy of look. She was more gracious than ever, and said, "*Vous arrivez dans un mauvais moment, chere Madame Swinburne. Vous ne me trouverez point gaie; j'ai beaucoup sur le cœur.*"

She is very low-spirited and uneasy about her son, who, by all accounts, lies dangerously ill, and is not likely to recover. She inquired kindly after all our family, and assured me she should consider Harry as under her care, and also spoke of our business, which Madame Campan had told her was my reason for now returning to France.

"*Je crains,*" said she, "*que dans ce moment je ne pourrai vous être d'aucune utilité; mais si les tems deviennent meilleurs, vous savez que je n'oublie jamais mes amis.*"

Apropos of that, I find it was by her desire that the Luzernes have shown us so much attention.

The whole tenor of her conversation was melancholy, but she said little about public affairs; her child's illness seemed uppermost in her mind. The tears, which I with difficulty restrained in her presence, gushed from me as soon as I had quitted the room. She told me she should like to see me again soon. Poor thing! her kindness and sorrowful manner made me more interested and enthusiastic about her than ever.

The convocation of the Etats Généraux by

Necker's advice took place on the 27th of last month, and on the 4th of this. They had their *séance*, at which the king, queen, and all the royal family, attended in great state, in the *Salle des Menus Plaisirs du Roi.** It was by all accounts a very fine exhibition, but I was not tempted to go, although Madame de Beauveau offered to take me; for you know I hate sights, and detest enduring fatigue unless for some useful purpose. However, I find she did not go herself. They say Necker made a fine speech, but not a satisfactory one, as he affirmed that the deficit amounted to fifty-six millions. He assured his hearers that nobody but himself was capable of saving the country.

July 1.

The fermentation seems to be strangely increased; and if it were not for Harry's being

* The *Salle des Menus Plaisirs* is one of the apartments in the building of that name, in the Fauxbourg Poissonnière. The buildings of the *Menus Plaisirs* are used as a depôt for furniture, &c. It has been employed for balls, concerts, &c., since the time of Louis IV.

here, I would return directly to England ; but I confess I am unwilling to leave him behind, till I know all is settled and quiet. Yet I am assured there can be no danger for us, and that the unpopularity of the court will not affect private individuals.

The death of the dauphin prevented my seeing the queen again. It has been a bitter stroke for her, though she must have expected it. She mourns much, and receives no one without absolute necessity. I understand she considers Monsieur as a great cause of the evils now occurring, as it was he who proposed and insisted upon the number of the Tiers Etats representatives being double that of the other orders, on the plea of its being a larger body. He made a fine flummery speech to the king about the justice of its being so.

Necker is very popular, and makes up to the Tiers Etats. Being a Calvinist, he has a horror of the French clergy, and, being of low origin, naturally dislikes the nobles.

The king went to another séance of the Etats Généraux, but was very ill received ; and Mira-

beau behaved most insolently.* The Tiers Etats have now established themselves apart, as an assemblée nationale, with M. Bailly, their president, who convoked them in a tennis-court, where they have sworn to resist the clergy and the nobles.† The Duke of Orleans attends this new assembly, and the Evêque d'Autun (Talleyrand) makes himself very conspicuous.

The king has at length been prevailed upon to send for troops, and the Maréchal de Broglie is ordered to come with twelve thousand men. Mirabeau has brought an address to the king from the assembly, demanding a counter order, and it has been presented by the Comte de Clermont-Tonnerre. I do not know the result.

* The language here alluded to is that held by Mirabeau, both to the king himself and to the Duke de Brezé, grand master of the ceremonies, who came by order of Louis to dissolve the sittings of the Tiers Etats. It was then that Mirabeau rose and said, "Go and tell him that sent you, that we are here through the force of the people, and that nothing shall remove us but the force of bayonets."

† This was the celebrated oath known as the *Serment du Jeu de Paume.*

July 16.

Necker is dismissed, and banished from France, and the Baron de Breteuil is come in. This has been the Comte d'Artois' doing. The departure of Necker was the signal of explosion. His bust and that of the Duke of Orleans were paraded round the town, and they were called *les defenseurs de la patrie!*" All the theatres were closed, soldiers and populace filled the streets, fire was set to the barriers, cannons were fired, the tocsin sounded, and all was sedition.

The Prince de Lambesc, with his regiment, appeared on the Place Louis XV., but the troops had no orders to act; therefore, although they drove away some of the assailants, the latter very soon armed themselves *en masse*, and in less than a day they amounted to a corps of six thousand men, with M. de la Salle for their commandant. They have taken the colours of the Duke of Orleans' livery—blue, red, and white—for their cockade. They seized the arms at l'Hôtel des Invalides. The Gardes Françaises joined them, and the day before yesterday they attacked the Bastille, which they took without

trouble. Poor M. de Launay, the governor, and some other officers, were massacred.

They have insisted on the king's ordering the Maréchal de Broglie and his troops to withdraw, and he has, I fear, consented. The Duc de Liancourt has joined the rebel party.

The king has been to the Assemblée Nationale with Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois. The recall of Necker was insisted upon, and the king has sent for him. It is said the reason of his thus acquiescing in everything that is asked him is, that he makes a point of acting quite contrary to Charles I. in his dissensions with his people, and he is constantly studying his history. He has ordered the Comte d'Artois and his family to leave France, as well as the other princes of the blood; but Monsieur has refused to go. The Polignacs also, who are the objects of the detestation of the populace, are ordered away for their safety, and Madame de Tourzel is to be "surintendante des enfans." There were only three prisoners found in the Bastille.

M. de la Fayette is made commandant-général de la Milice Parisienne. The people of

Paris insist on the king's coming amongst them.

July 24.

The king has been to Paris. M. de Beauveau went with him. The people would not let the gardes du corps go beyond the barrières. M. Bailly presented the keys of the city to the king in a gold basin, * and in his speech compared him to Henri Quatre—a bad comparison, for the latter came as a conqueror, poor Louis as a vanquished monarch. La Fayette was there at the head of the national guard. The cry was *Vive la nation!* But when the king accepted the tricolor cockade, they greeted him with *Vive le roi!*

At l'Hôtel de Ville he was addressed by the Comte de Lally Tollendal.

* Bailly, mayor of Paris, who was subsequently guillotined. It was he who made the famous answer to one of the wretches who taunted him, as he stood on the scaffold, with, "Tu as peur, tu tremble." "Non," replied he, "j'ai froid."

The queen was in dreadful fear until the king's return to Versailles; Monsieur remained with her all the time. The poor king came back sadly fatigued.

M. Necker has returned triumphant, and was received with honours, cannon firing, and illuminations. As he is so popular, it is to be hoped he will be of use in producing tranquillity.

August 5.

Young Laborde has been making himself very conspicuous, as well as Charles de Noailles, who married his sister, declaiming in favour of democracy;—also the Duc d'Aiguillon and Matthieu de Montmorency.* All the *droits féodaux* are to be put an end to. A *Te Deum* was sung in the chapel at Versailles, at which the National Assembly assisted.

* The Dukes d'Aiguillon, Noailles, Montmorency, and others, abdicated their titles and privileges in the sitting of the National Assembly upon the 4th of August. But this act of concession, or patriotism, if it may be so called, did not save them from subsequent proscription.

The Duke of Orleans is very active, but does not succeed. The discussion now is, whether the king is to be allowed a veto on every act that is passed; and parties differ on the subject.

The populace now call the poor queen Madame *Veto*, as they used to call her Madame *Deficit*.

Oct. 4.

The Duke of Orleans is becoming popular: they call him Le pere du peuple!

The day before yesterday a troop of poissardes went about Paris, calling for bread! Hordes of *brigands* and women, with pikes and sabres, came on to Versailles. They say L'Abbé Gregoire led them on.* The gardes du corps, under the

*Count Henry Gregoire, born somewhere near Luneville. He entered holy orders at an early age, and was elected deputy to the States General. He was one of the four first priests who renounced their ministry, and became one of the most violent enemies of the king. He had the good fortune to escape the fate that befell the greater part of the principal actors in the Revolution, and lived to an advanced age.

command of the Duc de Guiche, defended the entrance of the palace, at the hall called l'Oeil de Bœuf. The mob begged to be heard, and the king allowed one of the women to enter. He gave an order to the directors of the royal granaries for bread to be distributed among them.

The Comte d'Estaing behaved in a very cowardly manner, and deserted his post. They say the Maréchal de Broglie has offered to convey the king and royal family in safety to Metz, and he is much advised to go; but Necker objects to it. It is supposed that if he went, the Duke of Orleans would be crowned. Necker proposed that the queen and children should go to Rambouillet, but she will not leave the king.

The king has accepted the constitution. La Fayette addressed him. He speaks little, they say, from having few ideas, not from profound thought. He said in the Assemblée Nationale that "*l'insurrection est la plus* sainte *des devoirs.*" That is certainly an original idea. The king has ordered away the gardes du corps, except those belonging to the palace. Many nobles have run

away. The Duc de Fronsac had great difficulty in escaping from Paris, which he did in disguise.

Oct. 9.

We have had dreadful doings. On the 6th, at night, a set of wretches forced themselves into the chateau, screaming, "*La tête de la reine! à bas la reine! Louis ne sera plus roi,—il nous faut le Duc d'Orleans—il nous donnera du pain celui-là!*"

Monsieur Durepaire, one of the gardes du corps, defended the queen's door, and was killed. Others took his place, and were thrown down. "Sauvez la reine!" was the cry of the gardes du corps. Madame Thibaud awoke the queen, who threw a coverlid of the bed over her, and ran into the king's room, and, soon after she was gone, her door was burst open. The king ran and fetched his son, and all together they waited the event. They owed their rescue to M. de la Fayette and the Gardes Françaises. He insisted upon the king taking up his abode at Paris,

without which he would not promise him safety. At one, next day, therefore, they all went, partly escorted by the poissardes and their bullies. They were six hours going from Versailles to Paris. A deputation from the Assemblée Nationale waited upon the king and queen soon after they arrived at the Tuileries, and were very civil; which was something to raise their spirits. M. de la Fayette had a quarrel at the Marquis de Coigny's with the Duke of Orleans. The latter came to the king, who accepted his submission, but requested him, for his own sake, to go to England, under the pretext of a special mission, with passports from the king and the assembly. This he has done, and his astonished partisans sent off to Boulogne to stop him, and force him to return to Paris.

They say things are now becoming tranquil.

London, Dec. 1, 1789.

I am just arrived, and so fatigued that it is impossible for me to set out for the north for seve-

ral days. It will take me that time to recover. But though weak in body, I am happy in mind to be again in England, and so soon to see you all. One sad drawback is my having left Henry; but he is well and safe, receiving an excellent education, much loved by his master, and under the special care of Madame de Talaru and Monsieur de Beauveau, who, on the very first appearance of danger, will send him directly to England. But all is quiet now, and I hope will remain so. The people are in high good humour since the royal family came to the Tuileries. It was, perhaps, natural that the Parisians should be jealous of the predilection of their sovereigns for Versailles.

The king's acceptance of the constitution, and in no respect whatever doing anything to displease or disgust them, seems to have had a very salutary effect; and can one regret the abuses and injustice of the despotic and immoral court of Louis Quinze being put an end to?

When I had obtained my passports for myself and maid, I asked to take leave of the queen, and the interview was granted, which is a great

favour, for she sees no one. She received me graciously, even kindly, and the manner in which she spoke of my son was calculated to set my heart at ease concerning him. She wished me every happiness. "*Vous allez dans votre heureuse famille,*" said she, "*dans un pays tranquille, où la calomnie et la cruauté ne vous poursuivront pas! Je dois vous porter envie.*"

I ventured a few words of consolation, hinting that times were now improving, and that her popularity and happiness would be restored. She shook her head. We were alone. I know not how I was worked up to it, or had courage to make the proposal; but I did so—that if she thought herself in danger, my services were at her command, and that she could come with me to England in the disguise of my maid, whom I could easily dispose of, by sending her under some pretext to her friends at St. Germain. She thanked me, and smiled faintly, but said nothing would induce her to leave her family. She added that she had refused other offers of the same sort. "Besides," and she looked round—"*si je voulais, cela ne se pourroit pas; il y a trop d'espions.*"

I took leave of her with regret and affection.

I am sorry to say I have been informed by one of the queen's friends that there is some doubt of the perfect fidelity of Madame Campan.

As it happened, it is lucky my offer was not accepted; for on my arrival at Boulogne the carriage was assailed by a horde of poissardes, who accused me of being the mistress of the Duke of Orleans, going after him to England. They declared I should not leave France.

Imagine my terror. I put my head out of the window to address them, "*Ecoutez, écoutez,*" said one or two of them. "*Mesdames,*" said I, as politely as my fear would let me, "*ayez la bonté de me regarder. Je ne suis ni jeune ni jolie; Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans, auroit-il si mauvais gout?*"

This made the creatures laugh, and some said, "*Pas si mal—pas si mal.*" Never did beauty long to be admired more than I did to be thought ugly. At last Mrs. Knowles, from the inn, came to my assistance, and vouched for my being otherwise than what they thought. But I never got rid of my terror till I found myself safely on board.

I had a dreadful passage, but the storm of the elements alarmed me less than the torrent of human violence which I had just escaped. Adieu, for I am sleepy, and can write no more.

MR. SWINBURNE TO HIS WIFE.

London, May 12, 1790.

'The town is filling with French emigrants, and I have already met several of our acquaintance. I was induced to dine at Greenwich, the other day, with the Duchess de Biron, Madame de Cambise, and Miss Wilkes, who is the great protectress of all the expatriées. It was a charming day, and the party was very agreeable. Dr. Maskelyne showed us his camera obscura.

I have just read Bruce's travels, which you inquire about. He has cooked up strange falsehoods in his imaginary conversations with an Abyssynian priest. He makes himself tell him that every man in *our country* is allowed to serve

God in his own way, and as long as the teachers confine themselves to what the sacred books have told them, they can teach no ill, and therefore meet with no molestation.

The other day I went to a fête on board Lord Shrewsbury's yacht, the Talbot, off Woolwich. The party consisted of Lady Winny and Miss and Mr. Constable, Lady Wallace, and a large party of Wrights, Blundells, Bedingfields, &c. I slept on board, and returned the next day to dine with Townley* and Jekyll at Wilkes's. Lord Shrewsbury and Sennet sailed from Woolwich, but whither bound I know not. They would fain have carried me off with them, but I made my escape in time. I do not believe they themselves know whither they are going. I dine to-day at Totteridge, to meet Lord Henry Petty, and to-morrow shall start for Coldham, Parlington, and, though last not least, Hamsterley.

* Mr. Townley, the proprietor of the noble collection of antiquities now in the British Museum.

TO SIR. T. GASCOIGNE.

August, 1790.

I have been roaming about on visits—to Castle Eden, Burdon's place, where there is a fine down susceptible of much improvement, a good house, and trees growing well down to the sea; thence to the election at Durham, where a ball was given to Burdon and Milbanke.

My next visit was to Hesley side, Mr. Charlton's. The destruction of wood on the Tynedale within my memory is prodigious. Charlton has re-established part of his, and Sir Edward made large plantations at Mounces; all the rest is neglected. The cattle there are fond of rushes made into hay, and grass of Parnassus is common in wet spots.

At Axwell we had George Clavering, whose queer speeches of the bull kind are very entertaining. I must tell you a few of them. A lady was there who suckled her child, and this child cried a great deal. "Ah, ma'am," said he to her, "I hear your little one crying for its ass's milk."

Dean Digby, in answer to some person at

table who was inquiring his age, and saying the dean could not be fifty, replied, "No, no, I have not yet seen fifty." "Then," said Mr. George Clavering, meaning to be excessively polite, and taking up his glass, "then, Mr. Dean, here's that you never *may* see fifty!"

When Lady Poole, his second wife, lay ill of the disorder which terminated her life, all her acquaintance left their names at her door, to inquire after her. When she at last died, her husband called himself at the houses of those acquaintances, and left a message, viz. that Lady Poole was very much obliged to them for their kind inquiries, but was very sorry she could not return their calls, because she was dead.*

Mr. Ralph Carr, of Dunstan-hill, (whose father, by-the-bye, I believe, was gardener to the Claverings,) recollects having seen my grandmother Isabella, Lady Swinburne, walking in Newcastle with a mob after her, on account of her

* Apropos of bulls, the following specimen is both rare and comical, and the more so since it was addressed to Bonaparte when elected consul *for life*.

Du bonheur des Français le gage est *éternel*,
Car ils auront *à vie* un consul *immortel*.

having had thirty children. She was tall and very handsome, her husband swarthy and lame, and only came up to her elbow.

TO THE SAME.

March, 1791.

We have had gay doings at Seaton Delaval, where the Fair Penitent was performed by the family. Lord Delaval acted Scioltō; Lord Tyrconnel, Lothario; Lady Tyrconnel, Calista; Mr. Spearman, Altamont; Charles Williams, Horatio; Mr. Foster, Bossano; Miss Daniel, Lavinia; and Miss Augusta Daniel, the maid. Spearman was the most ridiculous, fat, lame, monotonous Altamont that ever was seen; Mr. Foster insipid; the misses not capital, but the rest of the parts were extremely well performed. Lord Delaval was correct and pathetic: he even gazed at his wife's picture when he swore. Lady Tyrconnel now and then mumbled her phrases, but looked the thing. Lord T. was too bulky, his coat too scanty, and he sawed the air over-much. Wil-

liams was manly and clear, but brogued to excess, and straddled a great deal. After the play, Lord Delaval spoke an epilogue written by himself, pointed and smart, alluding to the actors. A natural son of Lord Tyrconnel's danced and sang, and so did some children of Mrs. Abbs.

After this came a strange farce, written by Williams and Spearman. You may judge, now I have told you the authors, that it could not be anything very wonderful, but really it was beyond anything I ever saw or heard of: such a farrago of officers, nuns, lovers, conjurers; ancient and modern times and manners all jumbled together hodge-podge, with a prologue by Charles Williams, and many bacchanalian songs, for which indeed the farce was intended as a vehicle.

The theatre was erected in the hall, with elegance, warmth, and comfort. The scenery was well painted, and the dresses were good. We afterwards adjourned to the saloon, where above a hundred guests sat down to a magnificent supper, with abundance of various wines. There were some clever songs, and then dancing and card parties till the morning.

Lord Delaval is social and agreeable. I have heard that Seaton Delaval was famous, when he was Sir Francis, for the tricks he played upon his visiters. One gentleman was kept in his bed three whole days, by making him believe it was not morning yet; apple-pie beds, ducks and chickens in beds, and figures drest up! It was a strange propensity, and not very hospitable. It was at last put a stop to by one of those tricks being the occasion of loss of reason, for a long time, to a foolish young man on whom it was played. Amongst a large party, one person who was expected, and whom the young man knew a little, was reported to have died suddenly. His death was talked of and canvassed, every one but this youth being in the plot. In the middle of supper (at least when the servants had withdrawn) the supposed dead man appeared in the room, dressed in a shroud, with his face powdered and ghastly. The young man exclaimed he saw him; every one else declared they saw nothing; this had so dreadful an effect upon the poor weak-minded youth, that he fell down in a fit, and when restored to life did not recover

his senses. Since that time, I understand, no tricks have been played, which I was very glad of, I assure you.

After my return home, Lord Strathmore and his friend Wharton dined with me from Gibside, and my description of the agreeable entertainment I had met with at Seaton Delaval induced them to entreat I would obtain permission to introduce them at the next performance, which I accordingly did, and they were most hospitably received. The play was the same as before; only Williams, being ill, was doubled by Collins of the Shields company, and Captain Scott of the artillery, in the farce. The play was even better acted by Lord Delaval and his daughter this time than the last, and the farce was still more detestable. We had supper, and songs by a Mr. Smith, with horrid convulsions. The company, on account of the darkness of the night, staid till eight in the morning.

We slept there, and returned to Newcastle in the afternoon of the next day to dine at the mess of the Scotch Greys.

From thence I made an excursion to Ca-

31869

pheaton, which is very much improved of late, the house being furnished and fitted up in a very comfortable and expensive style.

I found, on my return to this part of the country, that my introduction of Lord Strathmore at Seaton Delaval had been followed up, and that he was now completely *domicilié* in the family. The whole party sent to ask me to sup with them at the inn at Newcastle, after the guild ball. I was rather surprised to see the intimacy which had struck up so suddenly; and a fine scene between Lady Tyrconnel and Lord Strathmore afforded me great amusement. The poor man is desperately smitten.

I was invited to a third performance at Seaton Delaval, in which he (Lord Strathmore) was to take a part. The play was Othello; the Moor, Lord Tyrconnel; her ladyship, Desdemona, Lord Delaval, Iago; and Lord Strathmore, Cassio. It was very indifferently acted by all except Lord Delaval. The farce was "No Song no Supper," and fat Spearman's coming out of the sack covered with flour was very laughable.

April 3rd, 1791.

The whole company of players from Seaton Delaval are encamped at Gibside. I dined there, and found them as merry and jovial as ever. I hear that d'Hancarville has run away from Paris, eighty thousand pounds in debt, leaving his china and books to his creditors. His fine story of Monsieur d'Anglade making him his heir was all a catch, upon the strength of which he borrowed money to raise the wind, took up furniture, &c. He is now incognito at Rome, as Mr. Jenkins writes word, but has had a hint that he must be cautious what he does, as there is such a place as the castle St. Angelo.

Tom Clavering has run away with and married a girl of Angers, Mademoiselle Galais. He was placed there to learn French, and she is daughter to the person who lets the lodgings. He is positively bent on fulfilling his engagement.*

* A curious anecdote is related at Angers, relative to this event. It appears that the young person of whom Mr. Clavering was enamoured, and had agreed to elope with, and who was the daughter of a wax-chandler, changed her mind, or at all

Apropos of this, old George Clavering's hobby-horse is *roads;* and if they are mentioned, all other ideas vanish in an instant. I was engaged in very serious conversation with his wife on the subject of this unlucky marriage of his son's. She was in tears, and very anxious to persuade me to tell what answer I had from France about the lady. George came up to us, and Mrs. C. begged him to join his entreaties to hers. I declined it, saying, things were too far gone, and I could not think of reporting what was possibly not true, and which might prejudice them against her. "I might just as well," said I, "take a pistol, and attack her on the high road."

events had not courage to leave her parents' abode at the hour specified. She had, however, a confidante in her cousin, to whom she communicated her embarrasment. This young lady, who it appears was secretly in love with Mr. Clavering, and who was not tormented with the same scruples, instantly made up her mind to supply her friend's place. She therefore muffled herself up, and, favoured by the darkness, safely joined the expecting and impatient lover, who instantly placed her in his carriage, drove off, and did not discover his error until the following day. It is said that the beauty and grace of the confidante quickly consoled him for his disappointment, and that he further expressed himself perfectly satisfied with his conquest. Such is the story; I do not vouch for its veracity.

"Road, sir?" said George, "I can now tell you who is bound to repair the road at Shielrow:" and away he went helter-skelter after his road, without our being able to stop him, or bring him back to the original subject.

Sept. 1791.

We have been spending a very agreeable time at Whitfield in Allandale. Allandale is a neat little town over the Allan, almost every building of which is a public-house for the miners. Whitfield is a large new mansion built about four years, the offices and stables complete, the situation wild and beautiful, the hills being bold and well wooded, and the moor-land at a proper distance in the view. A great deal of hanging wood, on the left side, borders the river, and the uneven lawn is well dotted with trees.

The party consisted of Mrs. Ord and her family, Messrs. Brandling, Ferrers, &c., and Fanny and myself. The ladies came in carts to meet the shooters, and dined in the fields. The present owner's grandfather was an attorney at Newcastle, and had a passion for hanging himself. The first time he was cut down by his servant;

the second time the cord broke; but he accomplished his purpose afterwards.

I returned for my harvest-home; the reapers here dress up a sheaf of corn like a woman, and carry it three times round the barn or the kitchen, singing,

> "Blest be the day that Christ was born!
> Here's the mell of Harry Swinburne's corn."

Then there is a large kairn supper, where the master of the house used to sit at the head of the table, and have his health drunk.

I send you my inscription on my well in Mazzunti's walk:

Nympha loquitur.

Qui latices nostros, lucumque invisis opacum
Ritè loci dominum jubeas saluere priorem.
Dic bona verba, precor—Quondam his errare virctis,
Floribus aut muris intentus, ut ille solebat,
Heu! quoties vidi gaudentem rure paterno
Naiadibus vaga de saxo dare fræna, retortas
Per dumeta vias agere, aut arbuscula nudis,
Insertare jugis, gnatis querceta futura.
Defessus tandem delecta in valle quievit,
Parvus ubi sacro cippus tegit ossa sub antro.
Sæpe tamen caros fontes circumvolat umbra,
Et nunc fortè levis (neu sit pavor) æthere ludit,

Dumque calore liques, variâ te ventilat alâ,
Sic grates persolvit—Abi jam, vive valeque.*

TO MRS. SWINBURNE.

London, Jan. 1792.

I left Sir Thomas in good health and spirits, and fatter than ever. We talked a good deal about the plantations, and had fine weather.

* The following is a free translation of the above, which, we fear, would not have gained for its author a corner in the Musæ Etonenses.

Stranger, that to these groves and to this fount
May haply wander, let their former lord
Claim thy heart's silent orison; for he
By this translucent stream, 'mid Nature's charms,
Sweetly bewildered, or with willing step,
Led by the gentle Muse, was wont to stray.
Oft have I seen him, whilst his sparkling eye
Dwelt with fond pride on his paternal home,
Curb the wild wave, or through the thorny brake
Direct the devious path, or o'er the hill
Spread the oak's leafy honours, and in thought
Enrich his grandsons:—now his wearied head
Softly reposes where this sheltering vale
Marks in its sacred cave, on sculptured stone,
The short memento of mortality.
Yet hovering oft, o'er scenes thro' life beloved,
His spirit dwells, and gratefully around
Thy sunburnt temples pours its cooling balm,
And through the pensive foliage sighs—Adieu!

. I dined, on my arrival in town, with a large party at the Stratford coffee-house, with Hussey,* Sheridan, Grey, Dillon, Campbell, and Dr. Geddes, of the Bible; and have been since with Manning to Theobald's lodge, a snug box in a pleasant situation, belonging to Miss Smith.

We passed over a great deal of very beautiful country, interspersed in all parts by the New River, which winds surprisingly and often unnecessarily, so timorous were engineers in the early part of last century, and of so little value was the land.

The inside of the Pantheon has been burnt to the ground; the walls are left standing. The new Opera house in the Haymarket is a noble theatre. I went there with Townley to see "Cymon," which is a stupid pageantry.

I have dined at Hussey's with Madame de Sillery,—(or rather Madame Brulart, for she calls herself by that name now, since titles are abolished in France,)—Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Pamela and Henriette de Cercy. She desired her kind regards to you. I escorted them

* Catholic Bishop of Waterford.

next day to Townley's, to see his collection of busts and statues, &c.

March 20.

Harry is just arrived safe and sound from the land of tumults and confusion. The wound he received on the night he was at the play in the queen's suite, has left a mark on his forehead. He seems rejoiced to have got away, and by his account things at Paris are a great deal worse than we thought. He is grown tall, and promises to be handsome.

Innumerable emigrés are come to England. I see a great deal of Madame Brulart and her party.

The Margravine of Anspach is come to London; I saw her at the opera. She dresses in a particular style, with a flat handkerchief and no curls. She has fine eyes and good features, but is not pretty, in my opinion.

I went down with Abbé Campbell to Portsmouth, and saw Tom, who is discharged into the

Lion, which is fitting out to take Lord Macartney to China. We visited the docks: there seems great waste in the building jobs.

Sir George Staunton goes to China, and takes his son. I met him, and the two Chinese priests he has brought from Naples with him. He has taught his son Latin and Greek, by talking to him only, without learning grammar. These poor fellows were brought out of China, without leave, at the age of sixteen and seventeen, and when they return will put on their native habit, and enter their country unobserved. One of them is called LY-PIO, the other *Cho Paulus*. The first syllable of each name is that of their family. The first of these men was christened Jacobus. No man of rank in China dare avow being a Christian, or conform outwardly to the public worship. Yet in the christian chapels there are places of different honours. There are two bishops in China, named by the king of Portugal, and public meeting-houses for Christians.

We went in a wherry to the Isle of Wight, and landed at Ryde, where there is a pretty view, from Windham's, up the hill. I went from

thence to Chichester to visit my sister-in-law Mrs. Baker, and then to Sir J. Peachey's at West Dean. It is in a bottom, with parkish downs rising on every side: the tops of the hills are covered with plantations.

Cowdry is a large square house enclosing a court, battlemented, and of the time of Henry VIII. The hall, which is very large, and the staircase not very magnificent, are sadly bedaubed and begilt.* There is a quantity of portraits and bad pictures. The situation is low, on the Arun, a deep stream without beauty. The park is confined, or reduced and intersected, and not strikingly handsome. The country is very hilly, and there is a beautiful view from the heights towards Haslemere, like the Vale of Tarbes, woody and variegated.

June 10.

I have been staying at Bury with Madame Brulart, and went on to Coldham, where I amused myself *à la Jasmin*, and took a view of

* It has since been burnt down.

Lawshall church and Lavenham. The steeple part was built by the Veres in Henry VIIth's time; their arms, with garter supporters, everywhere put up. The battlements and porch are much ornamented, but not in the delicate gothic manner. That style was evidently losing ground, and architectural taste becoming more fantastic and conceited.

Sir H. Parker's is a large old house, with handsome grounds. I returned to Madame Brulart's, and then went to spend a few days at Langham, Sir Patrick Blake's. It is a small middling kind of house, with grand stables. Messrs. Deane and Blake were there.

They say Sheridan is in love with, and wanting to marry Pamela; but whether his red face will charm her is, I think, doubtful, notwithstanding his wit.

The news is arrived of the deposition of Louis XVI.

Oct. 1792.

Harry is set out for Naples with Abbé Campbell. I envy him spending the winter in that de-

licious climate, and I fancy you do the same. My sister Anne, the nun, is arrived from Montargis, with thirty-five other nuns. I have just seen them. They are in excellent spirits, and are very much *fêtées*, and kindly treated by everybody. They landed at Brighthelmstone, where the Prince of Wales, as well as Mrs. Fitzherbert, assisted them extremely. They have the offer of two country-houses, and they mean to establish themselves at one, and take pensioners. She hopes we will send our children to her. She gave me a long account of their escape and adventures.

Hussey told me a speech of one of the emigrés. He remarked how poor the English language was, for that one word stood for three different things, viz. "ship—*un vaisseau*; ship—*bon marché*; and ship—*un mouton*."*

* This is almost as good as the story told of the artist who, on being desired by a rich Shropshire squire to enliven the picture of his castle and park with a few "*ship*," (Anglice, sheep,) took his patron at his word, and painted a fine squadron of two deckers, at anchor, on a small piece of water scarcely deep enough to float a swan.

Sept. 7, 1796.

I have learnt from Huskisson that the French have sent over a plan of cartel, and Nepean informs me I am to be sent to France on the subject. Ministers have ordered all prisoners on parole to be confined, by way of retaliation for Sir Sidney Smith.

Lord Malmesbury is appointed minister plenipotentiary to negotiate peace at Paris. Lord Spencer would not ask for me to go under Lord M.'s passport, as the missions are distinct. My salary is fixed at two pounds a day, and one hundred guineas for a secretary, and all travelling expenses allowed, except journeys within fifty miles of Paris."*

Dover, Nov. 5, 1796.

The first time I left England to go to college I sailed from this very pier, as they were firing

* Mr. Swinburne had just received his appointment as commissioner for the exchange of prisoners.

the guns for Guy Vaux's plot; and I arrived here to-day as the same festival was celebrating. The guns reminded me of this coincidence of circumstances—is it not odd? I am almost tempted to *sumere superbiam quæsitam meritis;* for I am half intoxicated with the dignity that attends me: letters by special messengers from the Secretary of State—collectors of customs in waiting—Danout's son-in-law, with Pat Hennesy's son, cringing and bowing for leave to accompany me—the mayor taking my orders, &c. &c. "*Je commencerai à me croire né pour les grandes aventures,*"—if my tooth does not ache,—which every now and then takes me off my high horse.

I have brought a young man as secretary, who seems sensible, and likely to do well. Adieu; I do not believe I shall be able to write from Calais; but if you do not hear of the Princess Augusta going to the bottom, you may conclude I am safely landed in Tigerland. God bless you all: you shall have a full account of Paris *renouvellé,* when I have seen it.

Calais, Nov. 6.

We had the finest passage imaginable, of four hours—not a sail shifted, or a rough wave—the sun shining, and the wind warm—both coasts as clear as rockwater, and seen at the same time. The price was very high; five and twenty guineas for one of Minet's boats.

When we arrived, the quay was covered with men, in as many strange attires as if we had come to a rendezvous of all the nations of the earth. Scarcely two were equipped alike: most of them were dressed in cloaks, large wrappers, greatcoats, rugs, &c., and muffled up as if they were in Iceland. The strange diversity of hats and caps (most of the former enormous) was truly comical. There were no red caps among them.

At the custom-house they offered for sale, and prudence induced us to purchase, little tricolor cockades, at fifteen sous a piece, which we placed on the side of the crowns of our hats.

It was Sunday, and Sunday is observed here, for nobody will have anything to say to Décades,*

* The revolutionary months were divided into three *décades*, or epochs of ten days each, thus making three hun-

or the Dimanche de Robespiere, although his inscription, "*Le peuple français reconnait l'être suprème, et l'immortalité de l'ame,** still appears upon the churches.

No soldiers or people accompanied us to the inn, but we were escorted by the innkeeper into the Hôtel de Ville, where I wrote myself down, and my suite. All was very civil and easy—no curiosity, no noise, nor to this moment have we been called *des Anglais*, accosted, or taken the least notice of. A great apathy, despair, or indifference, seems to have got the better of all the spirit of the French. Except not meeting any priests or friars, everything appears much as it

dred and sixty. The remaining five days were called *jours complémentaires*, and were devoted to feasting. The names of these months, the first of which commenced on the 22d of Sept. 1792, common style, were, Vendémiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire, Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose, Germinal, Floréal, Prairial, Messidor, Thermidor, and Fructidor; so that Vendémiaire was composed partly of September and partly of October. The 1st of Vendémiaire anno 1 of the Republic, corresponded with the 22d Sept. 1792, and the 30th Fructidor with the 16th of Sept. 1793.

* It was that foul miscreant who said upon some occasion, in order to show that he believed in a divinity, "*Si Dieu n'existoit pas, il faudroit l'inventer!*"

was. The lands are fully cultivated, but there are few labourers of the youthful or middle age.

In the principal church a priest was saying mass, sailors and women hearing it. The pictures and images of saints remain. The west end of the nave had been railed off, to be converted into one of Robespierre's temples, but it is now shut up.

The people here, not in office, pay little attention to the new calendar, as far as relates to decades; but they are obliged to adopt the names of the months.

The inhabitants of Calais refused, in the days of terror, to admit Joseph le Bon,* which saved many lives.

I heard the bells ring, but no one is obliged to shut up shop, or attend any public service, on the Decade, or revolutionary sabbath.

My secretary, and Major Gall, whom Mr. Dundas had desired that I would pass off as an additional one, that he might reach Paris in safety,

* Joseph le Bon, one of the most execrable of the terrorists. He was born at Arras in 1765, and was therefore well known throughout the Pas de Calais. He was guillotined on the 5th Oct. 1795.

and bring away his daughters, were described at the municipalité as to their age and persons, but I was not required to go. It is rather strange, and almost provoking, that the people show so little curiosity about us. There is little stir in the town, and no singing, and no rioting. I have hired a coach to take us to Paris, at one hundred and eight livres,

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Chantilly, Nov. 10, 1796.

We lodged at Boulogne with Mrs. Knowles, who was two years in prison, and has lost her fat, but not her tongue, nor her hatred of those she lives amongst. There is little to be earned, and many disconsolate poor. The few persons we have spoken with have little hopes of peace. Many deserters are lurking about the woods, and there are continual robberies and murders. We have not travelled half an hour in the dark, as you may see by the slowness of our journey.

There is no great danger of any feats to be done in the invasion way, as they cannot get their men to go on board. There are gun-boats

at Boulogne for the defence of the coast, but, as there is no pay, the officers do nothing, and the men desert.

I am surprised that Mrs. Knowles, with her abuse of the French, and her rash talk, has kept her head on her shoulders. She begged relief for Mr. Cannon, who is in prison with his four children, and very ill off for everything.

This country is sadly depopulated since the revolution. Ambleteux alone has lost three hundred men fit to bear arms. At Amiens the masons appeared to be pulling down some churches, but the cathedral is not at all injured.

We have just taken a walk round this desolate place, which is all but demolished. Over the fountain, in the stables, is a cartoon, and upon it is written, "*Bandeau mis sur un nom abhorré (Condé) par les Charrois de la République.**

The leaden pipes are carried off, the statues

* The *Charrois* were the society or administration who contracted to supply the republican armies with hospital wagons, &c. Thence their name. Some members of this society, the head-quarters of which were at Compiègne, suffered persecution, for having lent their wagons to conceal and favour the escape of proscripts.

and vases broken, the arcades destroyed, and the equestrian statue of the Connétable de Montmorency melted down. The forest is full of deserters and banditti. A family the other day was robbed and murdered at Villeneuve, near this place.

Paris, Nov. 11, 1796.

We arrived here at twelve this morning—had delightful weather—no examination of passport or stoppage of any kind at the *barrières*—nobody set over us. We lodge at la Maison des Etrangers, Rue Vivienne. The word hôtel is proscribed, and *maison* substituted.

Some thieves that call themselves the twelve posts of the Republic sent us a copy of verses, and went away satisfied with half-a-crown, as were the poissardes, who also offered a galimathias copy of verses.

I have seen Lord Malmsbury, who desires me to take Sir Sidney Smith's affair in hand, as he found he could make nothing of it.* I wrote to

* Sir Sidney Smith was then a close prisoner in the Temple.

inform Truguet, the minister of marine, of my arrival, and an appointment is made for to-morrow. Lord M. says we must keep separate as much as we can; as his hopes are in me, and I shall be able to speak and be spoken to, which he cannot, for he sees nobody. God knows whether any mediating services of mine will be fairly set to my account or not; possibly not; nor do I care: at all events I must have his good word.

I have been walking about as freely as in London. Paris in this quarter is crowded more than ever, but both men and women are sad frights. The women dress shockingly, with immense bushy periwigs, quite discordant with their complexions and eyebrows; forming either a large *chignon*, or a great horse-tail behind, and brought very long over their faces in the front, only a little parted in the middle of the forehead, just like the men in Charles the Second's days; owls in ivy bushes. They wear upon this, large flapping caps or mobs, and over all a chip hat, like an umbrella, squeezed down at the sides, and staring up in front, lined with yellow, scarlet, or some such glaring colour. Shawls and blankets

projecting necks, black and gray stockings, and no heels.

Nov. 12, 1796.

I have seen l'Abbé Tersan, who is just as we left him, among his books and medals, as lively as ever.* His section saved him. I have also seen the bookseller Barrois, Mr. Kellet, Dr. Gem, and Perregaux the banker.

The Directory is putting the Luxembourg Palace into thorough repair. The convent of the Dominicans (l'antre des Jacobins) is destroyed, and part of the gardens of the Chartreuse is being added to that of the Luxembourg. The new bridge of La Paix, La Revolution, or Louis XVI., is finished; but the preserving the Palais Bourbon for a house for the *cinq cens* makes the approach from and to the south very awkward and twisting.

* Charles Philip de Tersan, a learned antiquarian and man of extraordinary research; the more remarkable, since he never published any work on these subjects, although no one possessed more materials or greater capabilities. He died at a very advanced age in 1819.

My banker tells me I am looked upon to be a more confidential man of Mr. Pitt's than Lord M. himself; quite his *ame damnée*. I think if they are not more cunning in other things than in this guess, *on en aura bon marché*. Is it not laughable?

Truguet's answer to my application for an audience came to me enclosed in a bit of brown paper. He appointed me to be with him at three o'clock to-day.* I was introduced to him by Monsieur Coltrone, "chef de la troisième division." He is a smart young beau, very polite and chatty; but upon my bringing Sir Sidney Smith upon the *tapis*, he bounced up in a violent passion, said he had not understood that I was to have anything to say to that business, and expressed an idea that it could not be settled till the cartel was fixed.

I had a good deal of talk with him after that explosion, and when calmer, he assured me everything would be done that I could wish. I

* Laurent J. François Truguet, born at Toulon, created Count in 1814, Peer in 1819, and Admiral (equivalent to Marshal) in 1831. He commenced his career in the navy as midshipman, in 1765, and still lives.

am to make an official request for leave to visit prisons, and for lists of the prisoners. He promised me a passport for Major Gall to return to England, as I represented him in so bad a state of health as to be of no use to me as a secretary.

I dined afterwards with Lord Malmesbury, who desires me to ask for leave to see Sir Sidney Smith. I know I shall be refused; but however disagreeable it may be to do it with the certainty of a rebuff, perhaps an uncivil one, I must comply. Sir S. is in the Temple "*au secret*," but well lodged. I had a letter from him to-day. Lord M. says his greatest dependence is on me. He has been very impatient for my arrival, for he has no intercourse with any one, knows nobody, and has a disagreeable message to deliver, if I do not succeed with regard to Sir S. So the load is thrown upon poor Pillgarlick.

So much for politics. All the nonsense and observations I make shall be set down as they occur;—so make the best you can of the farrago.

Monsieur Le Moine* is alive near Paris, and

* Previously one of the gentilhommes de la chambre to Louis XVI.

Perregaux has promised to find him out for me. He says he is very poor. All the Misses Moore are dead. Adieu.

Nov. 15, 1796.

Though I know not when this will go, I shall begin it, as a *journal de bêtises.* Yesterday several hundred young men were arrested because they had plaited curls behind their ears, construed to be the same as tresses, the signs of party.

Girandot the banker's house was robbed the night before last of a large sum in specie, the dog poisoned, &c. The Directory has *washed the head* of (Anglice, reprimanded) Cochon, the minister of police, for his neglect. Chevalier Jerningham's property is sold, therefore a hopeless case. Poor Laville is where he was, but instead of being a fermier general, he is a retail snuffseller, a very poor livelihood.

Le Moine was never even in prison. He is at Montagne, and his wife at Versailles. I have written to her. I dined to-day with l'Abbé

Tersan, who talked me to sleep. Not being accustomed, of late, to such rapidity of *verbiage*, I could not follow him enough to understand him. He escaped the fury of the terrorists by lying hid up five pair of stairs among his books. His section protected and answered for him.

Vaillant, who has published his Travels in Africa, is (secundum Tersan) an illiterate and ignorant man, and the book is no more his composition than it is mine. He knows nothing of natural history, &c., and is no more than a mere *tireur d'oiseaux*. He had made no notes, but dictated what he could remember or invent to one Varon, a *faiseur* here, who cooked up a book for him. When he ran away to Holland, Monsieur Tersinck employed him, by sending him to the Cape to collect birds for him.

The French ministry have Lord Malmesbury's letters and notes translated, and published regularly in the public journals. In his correspondence with La Croix, the latter does not appear to advantage, for his notes are peevish and childish.* If they do no better, I shall begin to

* J. P de la Croix, born in 1754, and originally bred to

think men may overturn a government and conquer countries without being capable of acting wisely in quiet times, and conducting business with their equals.

Nov. 16th.

I was last night at the Théâtre de la Rue Feydeau, where the Comédie Française is now established. Mesdemoiselles Contat and Molé were delightful in the Célibataire. The vulgarity of appearance in the audience, and the gloominess of the house, were shocking; men and women pêle-mêle in the boxes, and in hats; some of the men in boots and greatcoats. They still retained enough of old politeness to take off their hats, unless in the back seats. Indeed, upon inquiry, I found that most of them were of the privileged class.

The pit was full of the dirtiest of the dirty;

the bar. He was a man of undoubted abilities. Having embraced the popular cause, he rose from place to place to that of minister for foreign affairs. He was one of those most hostile to the royal family, voted the king's death, and in his turn was guillotined with Danton, on the 8th April 1794.

horrid black-looking creatures. The decorations are bad, and one hears but poorly.

As I went in, a fellow was hawking about a tragedy of the death of Louis XVI. I perceived that the audience applauded, whenever a passage in the play seemed to allude to terrorism or imprisonment.

My man passed the night in the guard-house, for being out without his passport, and speaking English.

I dined to-day at Monsieur Formalague's, once a clerk to Boyd, with some noted people, viz. Mathieu Languinais, Rœderer, late a Counsellor of Metz, editor of l'Historien, Bourgoign, author of the Essay on Spain, &c. They talked away as Frenchmen always did; morals, philosophy, &c.—then mirth and wit—then dispute and argument. They are all violently in opposition to the directory—at least to outward appearance. They are concerned with the press, and profess anti-Jacobinism. The "Historien" is a clever, violent publication. Bourgoign was envoy at the Hague, and in Spain, where he wrote his travels. Formalagues is a great friend of Cottrau, who was to

have dined there, but was prevented. I find the directory have given him two *adjoints*, to combat poor me. I hope a plain tale will put them down; however, I am glad they are in good humour, for I was half afraid I had got too far about Sir Sidney Smith. Every one here dines now at five o'clock.

November 17, 1796.

I have been running about Paris just as formerly. The beggars call me *milord*. How dull —how gloomy Paris is! All its hurry and crowds seem concentrated round the focus of this neighbourhood. The rest of the town is deserted. The Fauxbourg St. Germain can never recover.

I had been told by English republicans and Americans, that wonderful things had been done, and magnificent works undertaken. I see many things pulled down, but except a repair in the roof of the Luxembourg, the alteration of the palais Bourbon, and the finishing of the bridge, I have not seen one new stone put upon another.

There are wood and plaster statues where brass and marble stood, dead poplar trees of

liberty,* and the words "*propriété nationale*" upon more than half the houses. These are the present ornaments of Paris.

The Hôtel du Parc Royal is now a printing-house; l'Hôtel de l'Université an office for the artillery. The Fauxbourg St. Germain is quite depopulated; its hotels almost all seized by government, and the streets near the Boulevard are choked with weeds. There is little bustle, except about the Palais de l'Egalité, which is a complete receptacle of filth. The buildings about it are ruinous. Poor Bablot, of the "Parc royal," died of a broken heart.

I have been at the site of the Bastille, now a timber-yard. As there have been fifty-seven new prisons instituted in Paris, I think I may say that the Parisians have uselessly destroyed an ornament of their town.

I am told there are weekly balls, *par abonnement* of thirty-six francs, for the winter, where the ladies appear in fancy dresses, chiefly as nymphs

* Similar *ornaments* are still permitted to disfigure three of the handsomest portions of Brussels. All persons in that city unite in condemning their being preserved; but no one has the good taste or courage to propose their removal.

with flesh-coloured clothing. The complexion of the women seems to me to be much improved, and there is not such a quantity of rouge used as formerly.

Dr. Gem was with me yesterday. He was three months in prison, locked up in the same room with Mrs. Elliott (Dolly the tall) and her dogs.* He believes in a general republicanism over the west of Europe. The reason of his calling upon me was, that he desired to go to England, and had applied to Lord Malmesbury to get him a passport, that he might accompany him, should he take his departure suddenly. Lord M. told him he must apply to me for that purpose, as I was the only person likely to succeed in obtaining anything. I find, from this and other quarters, that Lord M. has some opinion of me as a conciliator.

I have just had a visit from poor Dominick Meade, who is grown very thin; and have called on St. Foix, and on Madame de Laborde de Marcville, and her daughter, both looking very well. I have promised to dine with them. To-day I dined

* Mother of the first Lady C. Bentinck.

with Lord Malmesbury. Last night, I was in his box *aux Italiens.* It was "Stratonice et Fanchette." Madame Dugazon did not act.

The *fiacres* are much neater than they used to be. There is no regulated fare, therefore one makes a bargain on stepping into these motley chariots.

They say General d'Alvinzi* is coming down in two columns, with a very formidable force, upon Buonaparte, who has only 23,000 men left, and perhaps you will soon hear of some great derangement in the French projects in that part of the world. Basile is still at Menil, poor and almost blind.

La Mère Gertrude† came the other day from Passy on foot, though past eighty, to see Madame de Laborde. The latter is reinstated in all her possessions. Madame de Beauveau lives in a small house at St Germain.

* Field Marshal d'Alvinzi commanded a division in Laudohn's army, and was afterwards commander in chief at Rivoli and Arcole. He was much respected, though not successful as a military man. He died in 1810, aged 84.

† Ex-abbess of the Ursuline convent, where Mrs. Swinburne was a *pensionnaire.*

The Dunkirk flotilla, object of our alarms, has been shipwrecked on its own coast. There has been an engagement with the Spanish fleet, but as yet I do not know the particulars.

I have been waited upon by "Les Dames de la Halle," but not *kissed*, for I stopped their mouths with a piece of money. I have also had a fine copy of doggrel verses addressed to me, which are to be published, and I suppose will enter into some collection, as a specimen of *l'esprit du dix-huitième siècle.* Here they are:

Liberté—Egalité,
République Française,
Fraternité;
Honneur et hommage,
Presentés au vertueux Monsieur
Swinburne, à l'occasion de
Son arrivée à Paris, pour le
Cartel d'Échange.
Publicité.

Oui, pour notre patrie,
Chère à votre grand cœur,
Vous employez la vie,
A faire son bonheur.

Swinburne, qu'on révère,
De notre bien
Ami le plus sincère,
Et le soutien,

Acceptez notre zèle,
Dans ces trop faibles traits,
Nous servant de modèle,
Nous goutons vos bienfaits.

Nous publirons sans cesse
Tous vos grands faits,
Votre grande tendresse
Pour les Français.

Agréez, Monsieur, l'hommage du à vos vertus et à votre merite, puisque votre importante mission doit contribuer á améliorer notre sort; daignez aussi agréer notre respect profond.

Signé

Les 12 *Auteurs Nouvellistes Republicains.*

I cannot very well tell what all these compliments are about, and feel something like Sancho in the island of Barataria.

At dinner, at Perregaux's, I met Senovert, who was sent last year with Monneson, to try if they could open a negotiation for peace, but got no farther than Canterbury.

Lord Malmesbury *m'accable d'honnêtetés*, and wishes me to dine with him every day.

I have asked leave officially to see Sir Sidney Smith, and expect it to be granted, and

that I shall be able to effect his liberation upon parole, for the face of things seems much sof tened.

I spent last evening at Madame de la Live's, with all the *cousins* and *tantes*, very agreeably.

La petite Laborde is here, and I shall call on her to-morrow. Auguste, her son, turned out very ill, and some *esclandre* of his was the cause of his father's being dragged from his hiding-place, and guillotined.

Poor La Celle* is sold to a paper merchant, the church destroyed, and the monastery turned into a rag warehouse. Watt Smith, brother to Mrs. Fitzherbert, is here, married, *ou peu s'en faut*, to a Madame Notaire.

Nov. 18, 1796.

I just now saw poor little Madame de Laborde, the picture of misery and desolation. She cried bitterly. Her husband might have been saved, for the municipality of Rouen offered to let him

* The college where Mr. Swinburne was educated.

remain five days longer, but he had been so long in prison, that he was sick of existence, and wished to be tried, and the matter ended one way or the other.* He was sent to Paris, and executed on the fifth day after Robespierre was dethroned.†

What happiness to others that day must have brought! Mrs. Tinker (mother of Harvey Aston) was in prison at the time, with innumerable other people; amongst them a gentleman dying of a quinsy in the throat, and given over. On the delightful news reaching her, she ran to

* Mr. de Laborde was a fermier general, and was much esteemed. His only daughter married Count Charles de Noailles.

† Mr. Fontin Desodoards, in his treatise on the French revolution, says of this monster of blood and iniquity: "He was more ferocious than Nero, and more credulous than Claudius. His exterior was cold, and his manners embarrassed. He was insensible to friendship, pity, or remorse. His look was sinister, and his conversation insignificant. His temper was irrascible, his character pusillanimous, and his talents limited; but his ambition was immeasurable, and his blood-thirstiness and depravity insatiable." Providence, after permitting him to desolate France during several months, at length held forth its avenging hand. He was guillotined upon the 27th July, 1794, (9th Thermidor) in his 36th year.

the sick man, calling out, "*vivez! vivez Monsieur! car Robespierre est mort.* The man was so startled at this that he burst into a violent fit of hysterical laughter, which burst the quinsy, and saved his life.

This epitaph was made on Robespierre:

Passant, ne plaignez pas son sort,
S'il eut vecu, vous seriez mort.

Monsieur de Hautefort called on me yesterday, and begged his compliments. All his family were put to death.

I have written a memoir about Sir Sidney Smith, much approved of by Lord M. I myself think it well done, and hope it will make impression, for the Directory are much relaxed about Sir S. He has now the whole of the Temple to range in, and liberty of writing, &c.; he is also allowed his secretary.

Nov. 20.

Yesterday I dined and went with Lord M. to the opera, which is now in the Rue de la Loi,

(Richelieu,) and as handsome a salle as ever I saw. It was not an opera, but a concert, which is all the *ton*, and the dress night for the women. After it, the ballet of Télémaque, in which the women danced divinely. Vestris, the only man dancer, has no pantomime, and I was soon tired of his bounds, and his *tours de force*. The house was extremely crowded. Major Gall, who is *magnifique*, gave twenty francs for one of the last tickets to be had. It was very well lighted, and the company well dressed.

Madame Tallien was in the Spanish ambassador's box opposite to us,* very showy, with a spangled

* Theresia de Cabarus (Madame Tallien) was a Spaniard by birth. She was married, before the revolution, to a M. de Fontenoy, of Rouen, from whom she was subsequently divorced, not from bad conduct on her part, but by mutual accord. Being cast into prison during the reign of terror, she married Tallien in order to save her life, and she had thus many opportunities of performing acts of benevolence;—so much so, that she acquired the name of "Notre bonne dame de Thermidor," in allusion to the lives she saved during that hideous period. She was afterwards divorced from Tallien, whom she is unjustly stated to have abandoned in his distress. In due time she married Francis Joseph de Caraman, Prince de Chimay. She died at her husband's chateau of Chimay, near Mons, in 1836, universally regretted.

muslin gown and a scarlet cloak. She has a fine face and figure, and was not at all *outrée* in her decoration. Her very black hair was plaited with gold ribbon, and ringlets fell over her forehead and neck; rather a short waist, her arms bare, and a great breadth of shoulders displayed. She was altogether very much *decolletée*, which is the fashion of the day.

On the same line with her, *au premier*, and among the well dressed, were two or three servant-looking women *en bonnets de paysannes*. By their appearance, they must have been tradesmen's wives of the lowest class. The fine ladies wear feathers and no rouge. The men in the boxes were like gentlemen in England; those in the pit like what French laquais were formerly on a rainy day.

The Marquis del Campo* was at the opera, without his star. His servility is disgusting, even to the men in power. He affects equality so much, that his table is presided by Mademoiselle Chaleté, the tall opera-dancer. He placed her

* The Spanish ambassador.

there on a great day, when Mrs. Monro, the American ambassadress, and other modest ladies, dined with him. As soon as their husbands apprized them of it, they left the company.

The Directory, who have an interest in the opera, regularly carry off all the cash taken at the door.

Madame de Maulde was with me this morning; she is well and sprightly, has saved her landed property, and lost what she placed out. Madame d'Anglures is in possession of her estates, and lives quietly upon them.

I do not know whether you heard at the time, that the day of the king's execution was as dark as pitch, quite overcast and black, without wind or cloud, and not a sound in the streets until the guns were fired. That on which the queen died was as fine as possible, and no one seemed to care a halfpenny. This is only accounted for by the different seasons of the year, and the habits contracted from seeing so much bloodshed. I have also been desired to note that it was exactly fifty days from Robespierre's making his harangue

from the throne in the Tuilleries, and declaring that there was a supreme being, to the day of his death, which corresponds with the cinquantaine de Paques. I don't well understand the combination, but *garrit àniles ex re fabellas vicino.*

I have had a melancholy letter from the poor Maréchale de Beauveau. She says she cannot press me to visit "une personne que vous avez laissée si heureuse, et que vous trouverez si misérable par la perte qu'elle a faite de tout ce qui l'attachait à la vie. Les autres maux sont supportables; celui-la seul ôte le gout de l'existence. Je vous remercie beaucoup des nouvelles que vous me donnez de deux personnes qui m'intéressent tant. Recevez l'assurance bien sincère du souvenir que je conserverai toujours de ce tems où j'ai eu le bonheur de connoître Madame Swinburne et vous, &c.

I wish in your next letter you would write me a few lines, which I could cut out and send her.

I am quite melted with her sorrowful letter; "*mais tu l'as voulu, George Dandin*"—one might say to her.

By all I can learn, poor Le Maître* was guillotined.

Madame de Boisgibault is remarried to a Swiss banker. Divorces are very easy things here. A young lady was married the other day, with the consent of her mother and guardians; but soon after their return from the wedding she disappeared, leaving a message for her bridegroom, that she meant to be divorced the next day, as she had only married to get out of her mother's clutches.

I must tell you another trait: a young man and woman were attached to each other, but could not marry because they had not a shilling. There was an old aunt of the girl's, who had a great deal of money, and who was in love with the young man. He encouraged her passion, and at last consented to be her husband, on condition she made over all her property to him on their marriage. She did so; they were married, and her fortune put in his power. No sooner was

* The same who was ten years in the Bastille, for publishing a prophecy concerning the Bourbons.

this done than he abandoned her, procured a divorce, and married her niece.

The Blue nuns are quiet in their house, and live upon what they can earn.

Lord Malmesbury is extremely attentive to me, and I hope I may be able to do him an essential service, by bringing Sir Sidney Smith's affair to a proper determination. I have every reason to expect I shall succeed. The French ministers are exceedingly softened, and I believe that I shall to-morrow have leave to see him.

The Jacobins appear to be the strongest in the Conseil des Anciens, as appears by the rejection of the petition for the examination into abuses.

The ministers seem to go *au devant de mes souhaits;* but they have overdone it, for they have named three *chefs de bureau* to treat with me. I wish they were three *chefs de cuisine* My appartment here, in the Maison des Etrangers, is very dear, and I shall remove from thence as soon as I return from my tour, or know that I am to stay here some time.

I dined to-day with Madame de Laborde.

Nov. 21, 1796.

I have been with the minister this morning, and have carried the point as to seeing Sir Sidney Smith. My letter for his release is also laid before the Directoire Executif, and I hope will have its effect upon them. I shall probably have an interview with some of them officially, or by way of conversation. I have also obtained a passport for Major Gall, who sets out with his two daughters in a day or two, and will take this packet.

I heard a thing to-day which hurts me very much,—that the *sous-gouverneur des pages du roi* (d'Alvimar) lost his life, for having a letter of mine found among his papers. He must have kept it a long time, for I never wrote to him since May 1792.

Half the houses in Paris are confiscated. If the words *Unité, Indivisibilité de la République*, are upon it, it is a sign the house is employed in

the public service, or that it is given to somebody under that pretext. If "*propriété nationale*" is inscribed, it means that it is not yet sold.

Many churches are pulled down. People buy them and estates, and begin repaying themselves the money advanced as first payment, by dilapidation and cutting down timber, &c. So that, if ever they were to be ousted, they would still have made an excellent bargain. *

Think of Major Gall's daughters having been put in prison as accomplices in the taking of Toulon!

Nov. 22, 1796.

I have received Gall's passport, and an evasive answer about Smith.

"*Les colonnes mobiles des Pères de famille*" are ordered out, to garrison Landau, and reinforce the army in Italy.

Madame de Talaru and Cesarina have called

* Most of the chateaux were purchased with assignats by a company, called *la bande noir*, from their pulling down the buildings and devastating the woods.

on me. The latter is grown a stout, bold-looking girl—her chin *à la Neron.* During the time of terror, when they were hiding themselves, and lived in constant fear and trembling, the mother was exhorting the girl to attend to her religious exercises. "*Ah, màman!*" she said, "*comment est-ce qu'on pourroit penser à faire son salut à present?*"

A journal (I know not which) has found out that I had a son, page to Louis XVI., and that I and Lord Malmesbury are selected for our *astuce* and *manque de foi;* so it requests every one to be upon their guard against us. As all I say and do may be known on the Pont Neuf if they like it, you may be sure such stuff gives me no uneasiness.

Madame Du Paty has married her daughter Leonora to the son of Elie de Beaumont. Mademoiselle d'Arbouville is in quiet possession of her property, and nobody knows the fate of her brother, poor Crooknose. The young Du Patys have been employed in planning, &c., upon the frontiers.

Nov. 24.

I dined and spent a merry evening at Madame de Maulde's. Her daughter Eugenie is a very fine girl. M. de Maulde resides at Melun, and deals in wood and charcoal.

I have a letter from M. le Moine and his wife, full of friendship and tenderness. Her health is much impaired. They live at Mortagne, en Perche, upon the proceeds of a small estate in that neighbourhood, and contrive to make it do. Alas! why am I poor? I mean to go and see their daughter, Madame des Entelles.

I find Dominick Meade has a *madame* chez lui; for he sent me a letter from a young man of twenty-five who lives near him, quite a Nicodemus or *grand cousin;* and as it was addressed to an uncle at Martinées, he desired me to read it first, lest it should contain anything improper. I accordingly opened it, and found mention of Monsieur Meade, *Anglais-Americain, fort aimable homme, ainsi que Madame son épouse.*" The letter is worthy the pen of a comic writer, and I must copy one sentence. "*Si tu* (to his uncle, who is every now and then *vous*) me voyait, tu

ne me réconnaîtroit plus, tant je suis changé. Je jouis d'une bonne santé, gras et gros comme un moine Bénédictin. J'ai les cheveux à la mode, long de coté comme des oreilles de chien. Je suis plus dégourdi qu'à ma pension, ou j'avois l'air d'un grand nigaud; la moindre parole que je voulois parler on m'imposait silence, en disant que j'etais une bête, &c. &c.

Nov. 26, 1796.

I have a large parcel by the messenger, and am rather surprised at receiving no letters from you; but I had one from Mr. Marsh, and two from Lord Spencer, kind and confidential. Lord Malmesbury read me part of his despatch to-day, in which he speaks very handsomely of me to Lord Grenville. The minister here has given me leave to see Sir Sidney Smith, but not the order for it, without which I cannot get admittance. I expect it to-morrow.

I find, as far as my acquaintances go, that in Paris there are very few republicans—almost all are Jacobins or royalists. The former have great

force, and the Directory tries to keep itself up by balancing one party against the other. There is great confusion and distress in the government.

Paris, without police, is full of robbers and murderers. Last night at seven o'clock a woman was assassinated in her own room, not far from us. There is a great want of money; so much so, as to make it necessary for government to seize upon the *recette* at the opera.

I went yesterday to see the Muséum or Galerie du Louvre. The dimensions are wonderful, and contain crowds of chef-d'œuvres, mixed with bad French pictures. Robert, the painter, attends us, to show what is intended to be done. The length is prodigious, but the colour gray, and unfavourable for pictures. Robert wishes the Directory to make skylights, but they have no money. It will be very fine when the statues come into it; but there is hardly any light, and nowhere a good one, for the windows are all near the ground, and much too low for the purpose of lighting up paintings. Only think! when the academicians opened out the plunder of Lom-

bardy, they found nothing but copies; so wise are their *Mummii*, and so sharp the Italians. *

Buonaparte gives but a lame account of himself and his troops in his last letter, talking of bad weather and *terreur panique*. What must the truth be when they publish so much?

At last they have given a palliated account of the misfortunes of the flotilla of Dunkirk, which has been knocked to pieces by the sea. There are great disturbances there; officers hanged up by the sailors, others sent prisoners to Lille.

Madame Campan keeps a boarding-school at St. Germain, and has fifty-six scholars. † Her husband lives with her, and teaches the children

* If the Italians were too sharp for the French in this instance—an assertion much to be doubted—the latter amply revenged themselves at a later period, as was proved by the contents of the Louvre in 1814.

† Madame Campan, femme de chambre to Marie Antoinette. Amongst her scholars were Napoleon's sister Madame Murat, and Mademoiselle Beauharnais (Pauline.) She was aunt to Madame Ney. She was also appointed directress of the Orphan Establishment of the Legion of Honour, at Ecouen. Madame Campan was accused of acting towards some of her élèves in a manner not highly creditable to her character or their virtue.

music, &c. Her father died quite insolvent. Her sister, Madame Naguet, threw herself out of a window, upon her husband's being arrested and herself denounced. I am assured that Madame Campan was cruelly calumniated in the revolution.

Isidore Lynch is here with Meade, doing nothing, and living upon nothing, from his having remained *en demi caractère* in the French service. Had he gone to England, he might have had a regiment; and had he been zealous in the revolution, he would have had a command.

I sat this morning listening to Madame de Talaru. She is just as you left her, drest in a heap as usual, and *politiquant* at a great rate. She lives in a very decent house, Rue de Bacq.

You have no idea of the dearness of this place. I assure you I am obliged to calculate with my two pounds a day. They ask a louis d'or for a coach and coachman per day, and dinners are extremely dear.

I am assured d'Alvimar was not put to death for any letter of mine.

Poor Kellet, the monk, has been reduced to

want a morsel of bread during the scarcity, and drank only water.

Sir Sidney Smith is assisted in the conveyance of his letters, &c., by two youngish women, who say it has been the business of their lives to assist prisoners. They take no money.

Nov. 29, 1796.

I fear the affair of Sir S. Smith will not succeed. Since Lord Malmesbury gave in a note, declaring it to be the intention of our government to retaliate, the business has taken a *mauvaise tournure*, and the minister of marine (as I am told at his bureau) has been reprimanded about it, and will meddle no more; so that all chance of my being allowed to see Sir Sidney is at an end.

Lord M.'s instructions from Lord Grenville were so positive, that he could not put it off any longer. It is ill managed. We have an example in General O'Hara, that the only way to deal with men who have overleaped the bounds of law and right is moderation, and patient watching for the proper moment. Things were going on

so well! Probably a little further delay would have completed the business. I see it *en noir*.

This affair may also prove of evil consequence to the Choiseuls, taken at Calais, and already tried, but their judges declared incompetent by the Directory. The object of my mission will also be more difficult to accomplish, and I foresee a great deal of bad blood and haggling. I have the comfort to say it is no fault of mine, for I kept back the evil hour a fortnight. The Directory are very angry at Sir Sidney Smith's release being so much insisted upon, and the cartel stopped on that account. They seem to wish that we should think they consider him as an incendiary.

Cussy, the emigré, was guillotined yesterday.

I am just come from the petit Luxembourg, and from seeing Reubel receive petitions in his costume de directeur. Lynch was with me.* No one asked us any questions, as we handed in Mesdames d'Aremberg and Brancas, who wanted to see Barras. We went upstairs through a

* The same who was mayor of Bordeaux in 1814, and was amongst the first functionaries that recognised the Bourbons.

great crowd, and through halls full of dragoons and grenadiers. The audience-room is a large salon, where Monsieur formerly received his company. A bar across the middle divides the simply curious from those who have petitions to present, who are admitted within the bars by two sentinels. Those who were merely spectators, like myself, remained without the rails.

The room was filled with tagrag and bobtail; a crowd of women presenting memorials, lame soldiers, &c., whilst aides-de-camp, secretaries, and well-dressed fellows, stood about the fireplace.

The directeur had a blackguard clerk, in a shabby greatcoat, (forming a contrast with his gewgaws,) sitting near him at a table. Reubel attended by rotation for an hour. He was very elegantly clad, his hair well dressed, his waistcoat and pantaloons of white satin, with a blue belt and blue ribbons in his shoes, and a Roman sword hanging to a gold chain. Over all this a scarlet surtout or tabbard, lined with white, faced and caped with white, and embroidered with gold. The cape wide and lying on the shoulders—the sleeves at the wrist turned back, and

a vandyck ruff. It is by no means a dignified habiliment; it wants amplitude and simplicity for a *toga*, and tightness as well as simplicity for a *paludamentum*. His hat with feathers lay on the table, near which he stood all the time.

The petitioners gave their memorial to the director; he stood between two soldiers with bayonets, who could read the papers over his shoulder. He perused them, and gave some answer or other. Behind him were huissiers, dressed in short black cloaks, with red caps and feathers, very like Crispin's habit in the play, and quite as ludicrous. Some of the ministers stood round the fire.

This puppet-show work cannot expedite business, but it amuses the people, and those who were accustomed to solicit and plead. The populace, easily fascinated by any humbug, went away satisfied that they had seen their chief take their memorials with his own hands, and *gratis*, although probably he never thought any more of half of them. At one the great man bowed, and went into the inner room.

I afterwards wrote to Truguet for leave to visit

the dépôt, but with little hope of obtaining it, as Cottrau thinks the Directory are in a bad humour. Continual squibs and songs against the government are stuck up in the streets, but no ballad-singers are seen about.

Murders are numerous. The police knows who the assassins are, but is not strong enough to put a stop to them. The depravity of all ranks (if one can talk of ranks) is past belief. Every one plunges into the mud-pool of vice, as soon as he or she is strong enough to paddle in it without fear of parental or political control. Nothing can be more disastrous than the situation of a virtuous parent, who has a son or daughter of an age to marry, or to choose a profession.

It appears to me that enormous fortunes have been made in these troublesome times; but this has not been the lot of a very great number of persons; for all pensions, rentes, interests, &c., being totally unproductive, farmers and peasants are refractory, and hard to manage. Scarce anybody seems rich, or even at ease, in his circumstances.

Lord Malmesbury, who lodges at l'Hôtel de la

Grange Batelière, is surrounded by spies, who are at all hours parading before the gate of his large court, which, as well as the apartments, faces the short street of that name leading to the Boulevards, and through the windows on both sides one may from the street see every person that moves in them. He only goes out in the morning to take a walk, in the evening to some theatre, and frequently sups with Mrs. Elliot, with whom I think I told you Dr. Gem was imprisoned four months.

The Doctor is eighty-two, and very stout. He was a violent democrat, but I fancy his prison, and the strange work he has been witness to, have cooled his ardour for the extremes of liberty. He is great uncle to Mr. Huskisson, and a very good physician. His nephew was bred by him a surgeon, and was then as revolutionary as himself. He was made secretary of the club des Feuillans,* and when Lord Gower† came to be

* The club of Feuillans, established by Mirabeau, in the building of the old convent of that name, which then occupied a portion of the Rue Castiglione.

† George Granville, third Earl Gower, ambassador to the court of France.

in want of a secretary, this young man was recommended to him, as being the son of a Trentham tenant. This brought him to England, and his cleverness and knowledge of French recommended him to Dundas, who probably is ignorant of that language.

The women here in the morning all wear dark-purple or gray stockings, with orange clocks; large coloured shawls over their shoulders, wigs and loose caps, with immense flapping wings to them ;—such figures ! You would be amused to see them tripping along the dirty streets, pulling their petticoats round them, and showing their legs up to the knees. The men all look like cut-throats, with their long hair falling over their faces, their coloured neck-handkerchiefs, strange cut coats, pantaloons, immense sticks, and fierce cocked hats.

I supped last night with Madame de Maulde, in company with the Commandeur de Dolomière, who has adhered to the new order of things.

Nov. 30, 1796.

I have received letters from Sir S. Smith through the minister of marine.

I begin to find myself assailed by very suspicious persons offering their services to the British government, but am on my guard.

Dec. 3, 1796.

It has snowed for a day or two, and now freezes, and is delightful on the Boulevards. I went last night with Lord Malmesbury to see the famous satire upon the convention, called *l'Intérieur d'un comité révolutionnaire*, at the Theatre de la Cité.* It is a very curious and extraordi-

* The following are the titles of some of the plays and comic operas most in vogue at this period, or rather a short time before.—"Le *Vous* et le *Toi*," comic opera—"*A bas la Calotte*," comedy.—"*Les accords de Phillipot et Pamela*," opera civico-matrimonico. (This was a satire on the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Genlis.)—"*A qui sera pendu le Premier*," proverbe tragico-risible. "*Le mille et unième tour de Marie Antoinette.*" "*Les Prêtres et Les Rois*," vaudeville. *L'intérieur d'un Ménage Républicain.*" "*Le Tombeau des Imposteurs*," sansculottade dramatique. "*Les*

nary piece, which one can scarcely suppose would be tolerated. It has been stopped twice or thrice. Robespierre, Danton and others, are taken off to the life, in action, voice, words, and sentiments. The plot is nothing, but there are some witty hits; indeed, it turns the whole revolution into ridicule, completely *à la Française.*

I yesterday visited the Blue Nuns. It seemed so odd to go in at once. St. Ursula did not know me. Mrs. Green looks old. They appeared comfortable, and I advised them to remain quietly where they are, and not to think of going to England, as some advise them. Their convent has been in ruins, but their property is restored to them, and they will do very well if another storm does not come.

I walked to Chaillot, looking at the views. The

vrais sans culottes"—"*Le Jugement dernier des Rois—La Guillotine d'Amour,*" &c. &c. The wit of the last piece depended upon a lover, who, on attempting to climb into the apartment of his mistress, was caught by the window falling upon his neck, and holding him prisoner until the police came round and took him up as a thief. Windows made as in England are still called *à la guillotine.*

Bonshommes church is pulled down, as well as the statues at the Barrières.

Robert Dillon has married a rich widow, and from having lost his hand was never molested. Rochegude, absorbed in bibliomania, lives on his pay as deputy.

After great delays and difficulties I have obtained passports for Major Gall and his sister and daughters, and he sets out to-morrow, taking this packet. I assure you, notwithstanding all my trouble and anxiety about it, I have had a treat in rendering them so essential a service. Had he been the most disagreeable of men, I still should have rejoiced to serve the father of a family, and restore him to his children.

Heavens! what a luxury it must be to be rich and powerful, since the trifling mission I am sent upon has already furnished me with many most delicious moments, by affording me an opportunity of serving and obliging. I am not one of those who think there is no gratitude in man; on the contrary, I am persuaded, from my own experience, that there is a great deal of it in

the world. The almost sole pleasure of my present situation is the power of rendering *de petits services*, and sometimes very essential ones, to the persons who ask for them.

I wish I had time to take a trip to St. Germain, to see poor Basile, who writes me word—"When you saw me last I was working for pleasure in my garden, and now it is for a livelihood; it is my only support." The tears fell down my cheeks as I read his letter, so full of *onction* and of cordial affection.

To return to Major Gall, whom I have left in a Shandying style; I think our friends, *al solito*, have taken him *en grippe*, because he is now poor. His fortune was placed in France, and then came the deluge, which swept all fortunes from the face of the earth. He is cheerful, grateful, sensible, and well informed—*que voulez vous de plus?*

I do not suppose any of my letters can miscarry; but as I write a regular account of everything, (*faute d'amusement*), pray acknowledge their receipt.

I have a good friend in Lord Spencer. We

are in constant correspondence, and I have sent him some books.

News is come of the surrender of Mantua.* The other day, when the Directory sent an account of Buonaparte's victory to the five hundred, it was received with great coldness, and they passed to the order of the day.

I have seen Mentelli, the geographer, member of the Institute, who is lodged in the Louvre. He has a globe map, so large that you can creep in, to behold the heavenly movements.

I am to enter upon the business of my mission on the 10th, having received an official note from my three co-operators; and high time it is for the poor prisoners; for frost and snow are set in with great severity, and numbers

* The fall of this place leads me to think of the battle of Marengo, which preceded it, and thence of an anecdote relative to the death of Dessaix. All the world has been given to understand that this brave soldier died with these remarkable words upon his lips: "*Allez dire au premier Consul, que je meurs avec le regret de ne pas avoir assez fait pour la patrie.*" Now, it is affirmed by an eye-witness, that all Dessaix really did say, on receiving his mortal wound, was "*Je suis f——.*" Cambron, at Waterloo, is reported to have exclaimed, "*La garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas:*" an absurdity, when at that moment the guard was in full flight.

of them are in want of clothes and fuel. I hope soon to be able to assist them. It is well I had Sir S. Smith's business to occupy me, or I should have *seché sur pied* for want of employment.

I hear frequently from Le Moine, in better English than he used to write. By his account he is very decently provided for, from his little estate. What a new race is now in possession of the surface of France!—But I think that in a generation or two, *à quelque chose près*, the people will be just like their predecessors. It will require great efforts to re-establish an *appearance* even of morality, decency, and probity, which was nearly the sum-total of what existed before. At the present crisis, immorality is at its height. Education and laws well enforced may bring things back to order; but I look upon the younger part of the generation—I mean such as were about seventeen at the beginning of the revolution—as irretrievable. Very little can be expected even from those who are now of that age. Future good citizens and men of honour can only be hoped for, from the number of those who are now ten years old.

I think there is such a lassitude in the whole

nation, such a horror of being forced to fresh exertions of any kind, that those who at present rule will find it an easy matter to prevent any serious revolution or return of monarchy.* It is the nature of the French to make vigorous efforts while full of enthusiasm; to push everything to extremes, and then to be quite tired of the struggle, and suffer their neck to be bowed again to some yoke or other; provided, as formerly, they may amuse themselves with roaring in your ears the splendour of the court, and the glory of the monarch; or, in the present system, the liberty, indivisibility, equality, and unity of the republic.

On most of the walls they have scratched out the finale, *ou la mort*, and on the Palais Bourbon, where the five hundred are to meet, there is put instead of it *Humanité et Justice.*

The imbecility of all the princes is a great bar to a return to royalty, and I really think the present system will take root, if no unexpected convulsion happens. The rulers are much hated, and treated with a disrespect of language never

* The revolution of the 9th Brumaire, which placed Napoleon on the throne, proves the fallacy of this prediction.

used but in the latter days of Louis XV. They seem to be afraid of venturing out. *Au reste*, there is employment enough for them at home; for the finances are in a very exhausted state.

Carnot has gained ground wonderfully, by all accounts, and promises to increase in power and reputation of genius.

The republic requires to fall into the hands of some able charioteer. At present money is so much the deity of every man's worship, and those who acquire it lavish it so profusely in the gratification of every passion, that one can form no guess when any great and good man is to make his appearance. But if the present powers can but keep the country quiet, the vast bulk alone of the empire will settle itself into consistency and order by its own weight. Thirty-six millions of men will not long continue in an uncomfortable situation, where the force is in their own hands; and by degrees, that regularity and order necessary for the existence even of a gang of robbers must overpower anarchy and vice, or perish.

You will laugh, perhaps, at all this political

tirade;—but I am quietly seated by my fireside, waiting for a person to go and see Mr. Boyd's house and furniture, from which I have got the seals removed; and I put down my ideas as they arise, by way of conversation with you.

You must expect, in the course of correspondence, many variations in my opinion, because every day presents objects in a different light, and I describe them as I see them at the moment. Hereafter, perhaps, a comparative view may lead to the truth.

The way poor fat Laborde lost his life was this: in Robespierre's time scarcely anything was more criminal than being out late at night, and driving in a cabriolet. His son, Auguste, supped with some gay ladies, and stayed very late; so about two in the morning, he drives away in a gig—is stopped by the first patrol, and asked who he is—"Laborde."—"Quoi, fils du riche?"—"Non, du fermier général."—"Ou est-il, le pere?"—"A tel endroit."—"Quoi! il n'est-pas mort, avecles autres fermiers généraux? on nous avoit donc trompés." And next morning the hell-hounds were despatched, and the

father taken to prison, all by his son's dissipation and folly.

Harry's protégé, M'Grogan, has been to see me, full of gratitude for his kindness, which he has expressed warmly to his friend Barras. He told me he had been to the reception of an ambassador, and heard Barras speak so elegantly! such fine French delivery! I could not help smiling. What a critical ear Mr. M'Grogan must have!

Lord Malmesbury has a good deal of diplomatic *morgue*, yet seems indolently inclined. He, however, is willing to make the most of anything I can do, tell, or suggest.

Dec. 12, 1796.

Madame des Entelles tells me her father wishes me to sanction his translation of Milton. There have been ten already both in verse and prose, and none now would sell:—but it is his hobby-horse, poor man!

I have been to l'Hôtel de Nêsle, where all the pictures, vases, &c., taken out of the emigrants'

houses, are deposited. The Directory have carried off all the best, to furnish their apartments, public and private, as well as those of other officers. Most of those remaining are marked M. for the Musée, D. for the Directoire, and G. or N., the latter being for Madame de Nort, the divorced wife of the African Vaillant, who has sold his birds to the nation, and is repaid in pictures.

At the Petits Augustins they have collected all the tombs, statues, busts, epitaphs, &c., from the demolished churches; they are all piled up in the court, or ranged in borders like the parterres of a garden. The colossal figures, from the top of the St. Sulpice, are placed close to one's eye, and Cardinal Richelieu's famous monument from the Sorbonne is exposed to all sorts of injury in the court.

When the Sans Culottes took up all the royal bodies to throw them into a hole, they found that of Henri Quatre quite fresh and recognisable*—the wound in his side bloody; and the

* A cast was made from it, with the beard and moustache still complete.

wretches amused themselves with pulling his beard and whiskers!

Dec. 13, 1796.

Basile was with me this morning, white haired with poverty, chagrin, and imprisonment. The Vicaire de Menil, being turned out in the general dissolution of priesthood, married a nun, whom he divorced and took again. He now is régisseur to M. Lenchère, a *millionaire de nouvelle date*, who has bought Maisons. Aumont, the Vicaire de Maison, has behaved well through all vicissitudes, and earns his livelihood at the post-office.

Taxes and cesses force every one to sell their furniture, and the Palais de l'Egalité is full of auctions every night, where things sell very low.

Dec. 14, 1796.

I am now in a new lodging in the *rue Honoré*,*

* The word Saint was abolished.

opposite *l'Assomption.* There is nothing between me and the garden of the Tuileries but a wall, so that I have the sun on my windows from the time of its rising at this season of the year, and am very comfortable; but the frost is intense.

I have had the first conference, and dined to-day with Cottrau, the chef de bureau, and his wife, a very pretty woman, at Sir George Chad's, a Norfolk man, lately dubbed. He came strongly recommended to Cottrau, who has got him passports to go through France and Italy, to the baths of Pisa. He seems a good sort of man, and invited me to a sumptuous *repas*, having met me at the Bureau.

Dec. 16, 1796.

I am frozen by the fireside. Poor Major Gall has been pursued by misfortunes; for no sooner had he sailed out of Calais than he was overtaken by a French privateer. The vessel was seized and carried into Dunkirk, under pretence of specie being smuggled out of the country, &c.

However, in his letter he says he was on the point of sailing, and that it would not be sent off until he was clear of the coast.

Dec. 17, 1796.

Yesterday was a charming day, and I took a walk to Auteuil, where I found everything as comfortable as it used to be. Madame de Boufflers is grown quite thin. Emanuel is no longer a beauty, but grown into an ugly red-haired boy.

I then went to see Mr. Boyd's house at Boulogne, which is inhabited by somebody who bought it of La Nation.

Ma petite santé devient grande, for I grow fat. Everybody cries out at my looks. I do not wonder, for every one here seems twenty years older than when I went away, with white hair, wizened faces, &c.

The women here dress very well in the evening; I mean those who do not put on (or rather put off) fancy dresses, which are *un peu trop fort*. The horrid length of naked arms above the elbow starves one to look at. Their waists are

not too short, like our fashionables in England. Wine of the first quality is now almost as cheap as the commonest sorts, by reason of the stagnation of commerce.

I have left my name at the Marquis del Campo's, (the Spanish minister,) with a polite note, but have not heard of him since. He is so great a courtier, that here he signs Campo, *tout court.* If he goes anywhere else, where democracy is still more exalted, he will, of course, sink lower, and call himself—*Po!*

The saints are gradually regaining possession of their posts, in the titles of streets. Honest men, and men of parts and education, are by degrees rising to their natural level, and regaining their proper ascendency over the unlettered, strong, ferocious animals. Mankind, by the superiority of mind and pliability of its organs, has subdued every other animal; and by the same irresistible force, wisdom, virtue, learning, and skill, must overcome the savage part of mankind in a short time. The latter have no chance of maintaining the superiority which bodily strength and numbers give them, but by a total destruc-

tion and annihilation of arts, sciences, books, tradition, and all that ever knew anything.

Sir Sidney Smith was yesterday interrogated by a judge.

Dec. 20, 1796.

Lord Malmesbury, who will carry this letter, received orders this morning to quit Paris in forty-eight hours, as the terms he has offered were contrary to the laws, constitution, and treaties of the republic. He will set out to-morrow. As yet, I have not heard that I am to follow him, although several people have taken pains to represent me to the Directory as participating in his mission, and being an accredited spy upon public opinion.

I am pestered with men and women that offer their services for England, for Sir Sidney, or for the devil knows who; but I have a *visage de bois* for them all. I shut myself up still more in my bandbox, and attend to business as far as I am able.

I am at l'Hôtel des Carmes, in a very large

salon, with half a dozen screens, and a comfortable bedchamber. My secretary is also lodged *magnifiquement.* But we were nearly frozen to death before the thaw. I have fixed my table and lodging expenses and wages as cheap as I could, and when all is paid, have not more left than ten or twelve francs for plays or coach-hire.

I have to-day sent in a petition for the Blue Nuns, to President Barras. I had asked to see him, but the clouds of the moment render it impossible.

Dec. 25, 1796.

A merry Christmas to you all, and a good appetite for your goose pies and mince pies. I am neither merry nor sad, but should be happier in any clime or situation, if I had you all round me.

You see by this I have survived our minister four days at least, and I conclude I shall remain quiet here. I say *here*, because it appears as if I should not be suffered to move from hence for some time.

I spare no pains, and, by means of correspondents, succeed much in gaining proper accounts of prisons and prisoners. I hope to be of almost (not quite) as much use as if I were on the spot. I have already procured some lists, and sent relief to several places.

One of my correspondents is Mr. Mitford, a brother of Lady Charles Annesley, who resides at Amiens. Perregaux, the banker, is extremely friendly and useful to me in this respect, and is always ready with open purse-strings. His daughter is a very smart, pretty girl.*

Nothing can exceed Madame de Laborde's attention to me. She is settled in her fine house, Rue d'Artois (now Cersette). I went with her and her daughter to the Lycée Républicaine, to hear La Harpe read an "Analyse de Zaire." Afterwards l'Abbé Morellet gave us an account of his own examination by the Comité Révolutionnaire.

Madame de Poix had a ball the other night, but I was lazy, and did not go. How comically I

* She afterwards became Duchess de Raguse (Marmont).

should have been accoutred, in worsted stockings and half boots, with a red handkerchief round my neck! Such is the ball costume at present.

Jan. 2, 1797.

Since my last, I have little to say, beyond wishing you all a happy new year. I hardly go anywhere, and as to plays and balls, I have not been to a public place for a month. I expected a few days ago that my turn was come, and that I was to be ordered to follow Lord Malmesbury; but things appear to have taken another twist, and I fancy I am to stay. I had a hint given me the other day, that I should have something soon to do, more than administration had first intended. If so, I should rejoice at the opportunity given me of showing that I am capable of managing more important concerns than those I am charged with.

I received a letter from La Croix, the ministre des affaires intérieures, who, by order of the Directory, wishes to see my commission. I called on him with it, at his sumptuous hôtel de Gallifet.

He was civil enough in his way, but appeared ignorant of the nature of our commission. (He kept mine.) He was in a long close coat, and wore his hair very long and powdered, without a queue. He is a tall vulgar man.

I also waited upon Merlin de Douay, ministre de la justice, about Sir Sidney, whom I asked to see, but in vain. This one was nicely powdered and pig-tailed, with spectacles.

The Directory have found the means to be re-chosen contrary to law, and to fill up vacancies themselves in the college.

D'Alvarade pretends to me that he has taken great pains to dissuade Reubel from ordering me out of France. I was last night at the American consul's, Mr. Mountflorence. His name is Cole; but because a Cole in Ireland is Viscount Mountflorence, this man calls himself so. I met Mr. and Mrs. Pinkney there.

Jan. 9, 1797.

You do not write often enough. Consider how precious a letter is to me, a poor solitary hermit

de la Rue Honoré. I understand La Croix wished to send me away, and said my powers were insufficient; but the commissioners stepped forward, and the matter was cleared up. My commission is to be sent back, with an apology, and a request to look upon the thing as *non avenue.*

My conduct, in this instance, as in everything else since I came here, is so correct, that the more it is pried into, the better I shall be satisfied. I experience every civility from the Marine, and am glad to be on a fair and good footing with the persons I have to meet upon business.

I had not been at a public place since Lord Malmesbury went away; not from my mourning for that event, but from my want of somebody to force me out. But the other day I emerged, and honoured with my presence a morning concert at Monsieur Senovert's, who was an officer, and son to a president de Toulouse, but is now a snuff-merchant. He went over to England with Monneron, last year, to offer a negotiation, but got no farther than Canterbury. He occupies Madame de Polignac's hotel, Rue St. Dominique.

The company assembled at two. The men were clean,* many in English dresses, but there were also a good many *extravagants*, or *incroyables, en oreilles de chien*; that is, with their hair plaited and done up very tight behind, like an old-fashioned chignon, and in front two curls or tresses a foot long, just parted in the middle of the forehead, and hanging down the cheeks upon the waistcoat. Two of them I remarked as being particularly ridiculous; one side only was in curls hanging down, the other drawn back with the hair behind.

The women were all in wigs, generally as different as possible from the true colour of their hair; their faces almost totally obscured. Their caps and hats had much gold and velvet, and very small feathers; their waists immoderately short, their faces daubed, their necks covered,

* This reminds me of a somewhat similar observation made by Lord ——, who, being at Brussels immediately after the arrival of King Leopold in 1831, and having returned to it again three years after, exclaimed, "Things are mightily improved since my last visit; for then, when I went to dine out, I was obliged to walk through a puddle, to take the polish off my boots, as I did not like to look particular. Now they actually all clean their boots and shoes with French varnish."

their gowns muslin, with a great profusion of gold spangles and gold fringe.

We had some excellent singing by Garat, who has a delightful voice and great taste; and as he was there as one of the company, perfectly at his ease, he sang jovially, and without being asked. He has thirty thousand livres for twelve nights at the theatre. A Mademoiselle Molinos played on the harp, and Mademoiselle du Fresnoy on the piano, in an astonishing manner.

At half-past four we sat down to a grand dejeuner; then concertoed till ten; then supped; then danced—(*pas moi*)—it would not have suited my diplomatic dignity, and still less my gray hairs; for I am grown very gray, from living with Lord Malmesbury.

The late Bishop of Angers, Citoyen Couet de Lory, lives a few doors off from me, *avec sa petite gouvernante, et son bon magot d'écus.* Citoyen Tersan sends his compliments to you. Yesterday I dined at Perregaux's with Cubières, (late écuyer cavalcadour du roi,) whom you remember with a pretty house and garden at Versailles. He is a wit, and very merry. He is engaged in the *fournitures de foin pour la république.*

The other night, *Madame de Valence** gave a ball, *chez ma tante*, to a vast number of *cidevants*,† who ate and drank, laughed and danced, as if they had not a friend absent, or one murdered,—when, behold! in comes Madame Tallien, and all the women went away. Can you imagine such folly, in their circumstances and misfortunes? I will venture to say, there was scarcely one but had directly or indirectly asked, or will soon ask, a favour of that woman, whose greatest crimes, perhaps, are her beauty and her riches.

Monsieur d'Hautefort maintains a *grand état*, and gives the best concerts and *diners fins* in Paris, without any other means but his *old ones*. Madame de Maulde and her daughters visited and dined there, as they are ever in the same court; but they found out that Mademoiselle Henriette, whom he introduced to them as his *pupille*, was *quelque chose de plus*; so they go there no more.

All the dead trees in the Tuileries are taken away, and young ones planted in their place.

* Daughter of Madame de Genlis.

† *Ma tante* was the nickname for Madame de Montesson. The *Cidevants* were the ex-nobility.

Monsieur de Maulde expects to be a deputy, and would otherwise be employed in the diplomatic line.

Dr. Gem tells me, he has such an idea of my philosophical love of truth and dignity, that he was sure I would not have accepted of an embassy.

Count Benincasa has enclosed to me a heap of improper letters, which I opened, and found one full of equivocal, cipherous phrases, *cousus de fil blanc,* and another directed au Citoyen Grangibus; so I made a bonfire of them. Do not say I was cross; for, *voyez-vous,* supposing my letters come unopened, and I were to send them, the person is taken up, and the papers are found in his bureau. "How did you come by them?" —"I received them from le commissionnaire Anglais,"—who sleeps the next night at Chantilly!

To return to Benincasa, he has vexed many people by the ridiculous observations in his book.*

I cannot conceive whom you mean by Mrs.

* Count Bartholoméo Benincasa, author of a work called "Les Morlaques," and of other publications of a satirical kind.

Talbot and her niece Justinia, and how they want me to serve them. I have no list with me but that of figures, which cannot be employed, as being evidently a cipher; therefore pray do not write *amphibologiquement*, except when you are very sure I must recollect. You know I am not quick at deciphering, and never could guess anything. Indeed I hate the trouble of it, which some people like. Do you not remember my making a charade in going to Paris, and when I returned to Menil, having forgotten to write down the solution, I could not make out what it was?

I dined yesterday at Cannel d'Anville's, with Hovel, the painter, of Sicily. There was a large company of men; and a very pretty housekeeper directed the service, helped the guests, and then sat on a chair behind, without attending to the free conversation that passed at table. The Cannels are great merchants, and have now the looking-glass manufactory; but I think the bad sales, destruction of all credit, and want of exportation, must ruin any adventurer in that trade.

The Comtesse Amelie de Bouffler's husband has been long dead, and there is a suspicion that she is married again to M. Chevalier, her son's tutor. He saved all their lives. I do not believe the report of her having married him: "*pour autrement—peut-être.*" *

I did not find old Madame de Boufflers cross; she used to be so formerly; also in other respects, which shall be nameless, she is much improved: *c'était de l'ancien régime.* Madame Lorenzi is at Auteuil. I see Madame de Laborde often. Natalie has lost her son.

I meet the American consul sometimes at dinner; but his nation is now on so ticklish a footing with ours, that he seems frightened to death if I even pass near him.

I am sure Dundas and Huskisson did not forget me when they talked me over with the king. I have every reason to flatter myself I am approved of on both sides. Indeed, I have kept clear of all dirty connexions, and hope to steer my vessel through all plots and nonsense, and

* A lady interrogating a gentleman who was paying attention to her daughter, asked him, "*Est-ce pour le mariage, ou autrement?*" "*Pour autrement,*" said he.

complete my mission frankly and loyally, to their heart's desire. I trust, therefore, the old gentleman is not likely to be laid on the shelf. But I should not talk so much of *him*, for I assure you I am in such health and looks, and such a smart *beau blondin*, that I am afraid to go in a carriage in the dark—*presque seul.* *

Jan. 18, 1797.

I send you two prints of the present dresses of Paris, done by Vernet's son, and not the least caricatured, however extraordinary they may appear to you. What a change even the two months I have been here have made in dress, manners, &c. ! The return of tranquillity, and diminution of terror in the minds of belles, beaux, and dastardly honnêtes gens, who in fact deserve no name but that of egotists, have produced a wonderful improvement, and increase of luxury. The quantity of handsome carriages just come out ; the circumstance of servants again getting

* M. de B. inquiring of the pretty M. de T. if she was going quite alone into the country, the lady answered, "*Presque seule.*"

up behind them, and being better drest; abbés and others walking *chapeau bas;* the men more elegantly, and the women more richly habited; strike my eyes as I move about in private and in public. I have this day, for the first time, seen a *vinaigrette.* *

Yesterday Madame de Gontaut gave as fine a ball as ever was given in days of yore: three hundred of the company had lost near relations by the guillotine! Some of the men there danced with their hats on, and with red heels. Two of the ministers (I do not mean foreign ones) were present.

I saw advertised in the Journal de Paris "*Recueil de toutes les pièces en faveur de Louis Seize, par Guyard, auteur de sa Defense.*†

* A species of sedan chair upon two wheels. These vehicles were introduced when all the horses in Paris were put in requisition for the army.

† Another curious publication had preceded it. This was the dreadful catalogue of the victims of the guillotine. It was first published in numbers, and was entitled, "*Liste générale et très exacte des noms, âges, et qualités, de tous les conspirateurs qui ont étés condamnés à mort par le Tribunal Révolutionnaire, l'an 2 de la République, une et indivisible et imperissable.*" The first eleven numbers, in my possession, contain

I dined yesterday at Neilson's, with La Harpe, Henri La Riviere, and M. Chevenix, son of an Irish bishop, and we all adjourned to the Lycée, to hear La Harpe dissert on "Merope;" but he had taken more of the Burgundian than the

the names of two thousand seven hundred victims. It may not be irrelevant to mention, that this instrument of death was invented, before the revolution, by a Dr. Guillotin, with the philanthropic intention of shortening the sufferings of criminals. The projector went mad when he discovered the horrible purposes to which his invention was applied. It will scarcely be believed, that when this machine was erected *en permanence* upon the Place Carousel, the children used to climb upon the scaffold, and amuse themselves by putting their heads through the hole still dripping with blood; and if any one, more timid than the others, evinced repugnance at the sight, he was assailed and maltreated, as an aristocrat. The people were so accustomed to the guillotine, that the word seemed to be identified with the manners and thoughts of the day. The very ballad-singers used to chant its merits. The following is a sample of one of their songs:

La guillotine est un joujou,
Aujourdhui des plus à la mode;
J'en veux en bois d'acajou,
Que je mettrai sur ma commode.
Je l'essayerai soir et matin,
Afin que, n'étant point novice,
Je sois prêt dès le lendemain,
En cas que je sois de service.

Castalian spring, and made very dull stuff of his speech.

Carmelite, boue de Paris, and purple, are now the fashionable colours for women.

How dear Paris is grown! Every article of dress is nearly double what it was ten years ago. I am compelled to be very economical with my two pounds a day, and can hardly make it do.

Except at balls, all descriptions of women cover their necks very much; most of them cover their shoulders and half their bodies with large coloured handkerchiefs, generally purple, with broad bŏrders of rose colour or orange. Men wear coloured handkerchiefs as cravates.

I find your friend Le Maître was looked upon as a mauvaise tête, and was enveloped in a foolish correspondence, which was intercepted and caused his death.

Many people think Monsieur de Rohan (Chabot that was) will marry little Madame Laborde. Others say, *il est trop frivole pour cela.*

Madame de Nort, who has a large collection of original pictures to sell, where I have been selecting some for Benfield,* is the wife of Vail-

* Brother-in-law to Mr. Swinburne.

lant, the ornitho-catcher. She has retaken her maiden name, because (after being three years absent) he came back with a new wife and three children. She has a son; so, by agreement between his father and her, she has got possession of his cabinet of birds, which she parted with to the *Nation*, and in return they have given her what they think the sweeping of the emigrant plunder; but there are many charming things amongst them.

I do not think I should have any difficulty in obtaining from the Directory leave for poor Durand * to return to his plough, though not to his vicarage, if he wishes it. My situation puts me in the way of seeing many people, and of making pleasant acquaintance; but *le coin de mon feu me séduit*, and I do not go much about.

The Dutch ambassador gave a great ball the other night, (I forget on what occasion,) and the doors of his court were shut at nine, and only reopened at eight the next morning—a ball of liberty! Some gentlemen, whose wives were ill

* Tutor to his children.

from the heat, were obliged to use force to get the doors opened.

Jan. 22, 1797.

No letter from you in this last packet. I only wish the folks who intercept them would forward them after reading their contents. I enclose one from Abbé Durand's father to me, which will give the poor fellow pleasure. All the Durands in the world seem to enjoy good health; they seem to be a numerous clan. A gentleman here, for whom I got a friend released, has presented me with a perpetual ticket for the opera, so you may imagine I never go; but my Lord Findlater, * alias my secretary, does, and tells me all about it. There is a charming piece given now, called "Anacreon chez Polycrate."

I met to-day at Tersan's your old acquaintance l'Abbé de Londres, as brisk as bottled ale, and ten

* Alluding to the repeated answers given by Lady Findlater to George II., when at her presentation he asked her if she had been to the opera, museums, &c. —"No, Sir, but my Lord Findlater has."

years younger than he was when we knew him. Tersan tells me that Le Vaillant's ci-devant wife has taken to herself another husband.

The Directory went yesterday to Notre Dame in procession, to commemorate the king's execution. They were in their own plain coaches, one servant out of livery behind, themselves *en grand costume;* a number of troops before, trumpeting, &c. There was no crowd, and the mob was quite quiet. I stood to see them at my ease on the Pont Neuf. In Notre Dame they sat under the centre tower, where the bells used to hang, and some people, who had got up there to see, pulled down through the poles a shower of dust and dirt upon Reubel's head.

Natalie's son died in London, where he was with his father, and was, they think, doctored to death. She was in dreadful grief when the news was broken to her.

I dined yesterday with Perregaux and la belle Hortense.

I am much better since I got back to my old air of Faubourg St. Germain; the excessive noise of the rue Honoré gave me headaches. I

am now in the Maison d'Orleans, rue des Petits Augustins.

Jan. 27, 1797.

At length I have received your packet, and make *amende honorable* to all the *autorités constitutionnels*, whom I suspected of having so long intercepted our correspondence. The volume of letters before me will exceed my time to-day, and even to-morrow, to answer fully, because I must indulge in the pleasure of reading them over and over, to *savourer* their contents. Some parts are quite unintelligible to me, as I have no cipher or key; for example, I puzzle my brains in vain to comprehend who Justinia and her methodist aunt are.* I went to bed in despair, and lay awake I don't know how long, without succeeding in finding it out, and am no wiser this morning.

I dined yesterday with Perregaux, whose cordial kindness to me I am apt to acknow-

* This was intended for Justin, the young Marquis de Talaru, and his uncle L'Evêque de Coutances, who wished to be allowed to re-enter France from emigration.

ledge in every letter, and met there Talleyrand, ex-bishop of Autun, lately returned from America. We renewed acquaintance very well. He is a very pleasant man, though a *diable boiteux*. He is moving heaven and earth to get employed by the Directory. We had also my old friend St. Foix, who is now a great crony of Talleyrand's, and Simon Dumesny, grandson of Helvetius.

Monsieur Perignon has invited me to dinner for next *Décade*, and, adds this *apostille:* "Les représentans Portalis, Cambacères, et Isnard, qui doivent être des nôtres, s'applaudissent beaucoup de vous connoître ; je partage leur empressement, et j'ose espérer que vous ne vous refuserez pas à nos désirs communs."

The newspapers *dixere quid essent hi homines ;* but I shall be glad to know them in spite of Mr. Burke's broad R.

I meet with great civility from people I never knew before, and by remaining quiet, *recueilli* and steady, I shall not risk losing any ground, and I may gain.

The other day, the municipality of Melun

wrote to the ministre de l'intérieur a petition, and signed it, " Votre très humble et très obéissante servante, la municipalité de Melun."

Monsieur d'Hautefort lives at an immense rate, giving monthly concerts, which cost him a hundred and fifty guineas in music.

In Robespierre's time the direction of an English letter was sufficient to condemn any one on whom it was found; at present things are very different.

I do not know whether Henry the Eighth was murdering and plundering while Sir Thomas More was composing his Utopia; but your exclamations of happy times, justice and moderation, amuse me as much as Democritus would have been amused, if he could have peeped alternately over Sir Thomas's shoulder to read, and then out of the window at burnings and executions.

The victory lately obtained in Italy by Buonaparte may help us to a peace, though I do not comprehend very clearly how it is to operate that way, unless he marches into the Tyrol; for as to Italy, we have no longer any interest in it.

I could not get the sequester taken off Mr.

Boyd's house; all I obtained was leave to break the seals, and make a survey of the state of furniture, cellars, &c. His property is of a size not to be recovered quite so easily. Many are recovering theirs, among the rest the ci-devant Evêque d'Autun, who had formerly given up his right of primogeniture to his brother, and became an abbé, on account of his lameness.

Mr. and Mrs. Pinckney, the American ambassador and his wife, have been directed to leave the territory of the republic, and are gone to Holland.

I wonder if my turn will come next. I see no foreign ministers, and believe I did very well in following that plan.

Jan. 29, 1797.

I went last night to the *bal abonné* at l'Hôtel de Richelieu; it was very much crowded, but, as you may suppose, with few of my acquaintance except those I went with. Madame Campan's sister, Madame Rousseau, was there with a stout

unmarried daughter, and a still stouter married one, dancing away all three. I saw many men and women kicking their heels about, whose age would have condemned them to the benches in former days.

Madame Tallien was almost the only tolerable face, though haggard with hard duty and some thinking. She wore a black wig, *en tête de mouton*, sticking up behind, and interwoven with pearls and diamonds. Her dress had much gold and *ponçeau*. She made a great display. Her shoulders are broad, and her figure robust. She dances well, has fine eyes, rather an Irish nose—I mean turned up at the end only. I do not know whether you understand me, but Burke's is so. She is exposed to hear many disagreeable speeches and scenes, at which I do not wonder. She looks sometimes dejected. The women of character, though belonging to the republic, do not associate with her. She had only a companion, or toadeater.

General Hoche was one of the company, a tolerable looking young man, with nothing at all martial in his countenance; grave and quiet, not "*en vainqueur d'Irlande.*"

When you consider how completely this nation has been demoralised, and the kind of persons who are to compose the rising generation, without control, education, or example before them, you will not wonder at my being incredulous as to the prompt return of Astrea.

I was going to apply for Madame Martinville's radiation the very day Lord Malmesbury was ordered away. Perhaps an opportunity may offer of serving her, but I must wait till it appears. Madame d'Angevillers lives at Versailles, retired behind her hair and veil, as usual.

I told you about the Dames Boufflers. The old one is quite a skeleton; the younger looks plump and well. It is supposed she is married to Chevalier, to whom they express much gratitude for saving their lives. Her son Emmanuel has got fifty thousand livres a year by Madame de Biron's death.

Jan. 30, 1797.

I wish the elections of April may pass without a heavy storm; but the clouds are gathering

black. The meetings of the public assemblies are tempestuous. Murders have been lately perpetrated by one party or the other; I trust it may blow over.

The conversation of the day is of a journalist being taken to the Directory, and whipped in the president's apartments. What will be the issue I cannot tell, but all the papers are full of it. For my part, my wish is to inspire government with a proper idea of my character, to interfere with no party, to attend only to the subject of my mission, but, at the same time, to cultivate *cultivandos*. I hope this can lead to no harm. I have neither cipher nor means of transmitting any intelligence; therefore, were I ever so much disposed to be active, I must remain quiet.

Now comes another letter about Mrs. Talbot and her niece! Who the deuce she is I know not, so shall pass her over as quickly as I can. Monsieur Dolomieu tells me Madame de l'Albanie had a son by Alfieri, and it was in consequence of this that the grand duke sent her to Rome.

Feb. 1, 1797.

They are crying about the streets the account the Directory has sent to the councils, of an abortive conspiracy of the royalists to proclaim Louis XVIII., carried on by a maître de requêtes, a poor foolish fellow, a Baron Poly, and an Abbé Brottier, nephew to the Jesuit editor of Tacitus. The scheme was weaker than water.

I have read the passage you allude to in Tacitus, and Tersan and I agree that it is *tiré par les cheveux et entortillé*, even too much for him. When one begins to be too old to guess logogriphes, I find one dislikes obscenity and *difficultés vaincues.*

I dined yesterday en grande compagnie, at a dinner given to me by Perignon, avocat de la marine. His wife is handsome ; she was the only lady there ; an American consul and myself the only foreigners. We sat down thirty-two. The principal personages were Isnard, Muraire, Portalis, Cambacères, Jubries, Augustin Moneron, Vance, Janet, &c. Isnard was very noisy, and drank hard. He gave us an account of his

hiding during Robespierre's reign. He was locked up four months in Dauphiny, at a friend's house, lay in bed all day, and was in the garden all night. He laughed much at Louis XVIII. offering to pardon the Regicides, which he said was an unnatural thing for him to do; and he said, if ever the French people took it into their heads to recall Louis, he for one would slip out of some corner of the realm, as the king stepped into the other.*

Cambacères is a deep, black, silent lawyer, very like a king's judge; Portalis a pleasant, unaffected jurisconsult. There was a fine set-out.

* Isnard kept a perfumer's shop at Draguignan. He was named deputy to the National Convention in 1791, and was one of the most vehement of its members. The following may be taken as a specimen of his principles and eloquence. "Religion," said he in one of his speeches, "is an instrument with which one can do more mischief than with any other; therefore you must treat its ministers with more severity than any other class of people. These priestly disturbers must be driven from France. They are infectious wretches, who must be sent to perish in the lazarets of Rome and Italy." He voted the death of the unfortunate Louis, and the "*mis en accusation*" of the princes. He published several volumes; amongst others, a "Dithyrambe on the Immortality of the Soul."

It being the day when Brottier's conspiracy had been discovered, that subject afforded conversation.*

I have received an official letter from Mr. Dundas, signifying, that, by the king's express command, he communicated to me his Majesty's thorough approbation of my conduct in the negotiation. The powers to whom I officially communicated the contents of Mr. Dundas's letter were very well pleased, and the whole has made a pleasant impression: it is looked upon as a *rapprochement des deux nations.* I have but one Director violently against me, on account of your friendship with queens, and Harry's having been a page—viz. Reubel, who says I am a Frenchman, because I speak French without an English accent, and pretends my son served in l'Armée de Condé. But I am told he is an honest man, although obstinate; so that if ever he can be persuaded that he is mistaken on my score, he will be a stanch friend. One other,

* Andrew Brottier, a priest, who was implicated, in 1797, in a conspiracy against the Directory. He was seized, and banished to Synnamari, where he died in 1798.

Barras, is said to be quite indifferent. As he has been civil to me, he certainly cannot be inimical. I am unwilling to apply to him the *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* The three others approve of my conduct, and give me their support. I am writing, at Coltrau's desire, an ostensible account of myself and family, for Reubel.

I have called on Merlin, the ministre de la justice, concerning Sir Sidney. He had no precise answer to give, except that Sir S. was turned over again to the ministre de la marine. Sir Sidney carried on his correspondence with Lord Malmesbury, and with me, by means of two women whom he called *Les Muses.* They had access and acquaintance in the temple, and probably were employed by the Directory, as they went openly to Lord M., and came so to me, but I never would admit them up-stairs. They brought letters from him in walnut shells and such like, and I sent him money by them, which I dare say they diminished as it passed through their hands. I went one day, according to their direction, to see them, up four pair of stairs, in a house looking into the shambles and market of

the Abbaie St. Germain. It was something like Bobadil's lodgings. There was an old hag rocking a child, and the two women undressed, unpainted, and filthy looking. One of them is the divorced wife of some avocat de Provence.

Feb. 12, 1797.

A most ridiculous thing happened to me last evening. I went about six o'clock, in a carriage, to call upon Mrs. Drumgold about some business. Upon knocking, a cookmaid through the keyhole asked what we wanted. The servant gave my name, saying I wished to see Madame Drumgold. A window opened in the upper story, and ladies appeared, inquiring who I was. I answered; then other windows opened, and there seemed a great commotion throughout the house. It seems, the servant said I was Monsieur le Commissaire, and probably they thought I was the police officer come to take them up, for the maid came again to the keyhole, and said nobody lived in the house. Upon this I took my depar-

ture, and wrote the nature of my business to Mrs. Drumgold, which was about Mr. Latin's house, &c., and received her excuses. Such are the remnants of the reign of terror.

There is a "bal abonné," with Robert Dillon at the head, called "*Les restes de la Guillotine.*" None are admitted but *femmes presentées*, and *fils de pendus.**

Your expectations of the emancipation of Italy will soon be realised, for the first blow is given. The French have routed the papal troops at Faenza, and are marching along the coast to Ancona. The pope is probably gone to Porto Ferrajo.

Harry has enjoined me so severely to attend the playhouses, that, in obedience to the governor, I have begun my "cours de théâtre," by that of La République. It was "Robert chef de Brigands," a tragic comedy, (no comedy in it,) directed chiefly to inspire a detestation of the

* *Femmes presentées*—those who had been presented at court prior to the revolution; *fils de pendus*—sons of those who had perished by the lantern, guillotine, &c. A more painful instance of French levity can scarcely be adduced.

game laws. I did not like it, *et puis je m'ennuie au spectacle.*

I send you an almanac of the last republican year ending in September, and a list of all who were guillotined—not accurate, for they have left out le gros Laborde;* also the paper with details of the Italian business. In a preceding one Buonaparte exhorts the Cispadane republic to make religion the basis of the new constitution, and that religion the Roman Catholic one.

There are daily published a hundred and six journals.

The two horses by Bouchardon, from before the palace of Marly, now stand in the Place de la Révolution, corresponding with Mercury and Victory over the gates of the Tuileries. A few red caps remain on the public buildings. They look like lightning conductors. As the fleurs de lis have been chipped off the public edifices, one might imagine that Paris had been besieged and battered.

Madame Laborde has begun to dress her servants in livery. M. Koenig, Swedish secretary,

* The list alluded to in a former note.

has orders from his court to solicit for Sir Sidney's release. I fear it is a *coup d'épée dans l'eau.*

I went to the ball at l'hôtel de Marbœuf, to which Lycée I am a subscriber. It was crowded. Carnot's wife was there, but there was no distinction whatever paid to her, or particular notice taken of her.

— *Feb.* 15, 1797.

I have received all yours; but if I had Tristram here, I would copy out Bishop Ernulphus's excommunication, and pronounce it upon Mrs. Talbot's Justinia, the brother-in-law, and the poor old creature—all beings I have not the slightest idea of. I am quite sick of them ; and the devil will have it that my man's name is Talbot; so I have changed it to Henri, for the other puts me quite in a fidget.

Whom can it be that you sent ten pounds to, and that the other (*credite posteri!*) refused ?

Madame de Beauveau has not been in Paris since I came, and the Directory do not permit me to quit it.

Necker has published a history of the revolu-

tion, in which he praises the king and abuses the queen, but by affected omissions leaves much worse to be surmised than he has said. There is, as usual, a great deal about *moi;* such as this: "Il étoit question de me nommer, mais le parti de la reine l'emporta. Si l'on m'avoit nommé, aucun des malheurs qui ont desolé la France ne seroient arrivés." After that, who can read another page? *non ego!*

I have just had a curious visit from Dr. Gem: he came to apologize for my not having been let in when I last called on him, and said the reason was his having suffered a great loss from having lately admitted a person, in consequence of which he now receives nobody.

The following is his story. The other day, his gouvernante having gone to market, he opened the door, and a shabby fellow with a bundle of papers sat himself down, told him he waited upon him as a learned man, and as he was one also, he requested the loan of vingt sous. The doctor grew very uneasy, as he observed the man roll his eyes about *quærens quem devoret*, and thought his only chance of saving his purse and life was

to acquiesce; accordingly he dived into his greasy fob. Alas! no sous were there; Madame Anne had carried them all to market; so the poor physician was forced to lug out an écu. "And, would you believe it!" he added,—"the rascal jumped up and carried it off without returning the change!"*

Feb. 16, 1797.

I have this morning agreed upon all the terms of the general exchange of prisoners. It is a delightful idea that it should fall to my lot, and be in my power, *par un trait de plume*, to restore to liberty and joy, at least sixteen thousand men, who, upon an average, must have a hun-

* Young Baron de K—— was more prudent. The beautiful Madame ———, who was said to have purloined and pawned the jewels of one of her admirers, met K.'s intimate friend, and said, "I have fallen in love with Monsieur de K——; bring him to me." The friend delivered the message, upon which the Baron, who did not possess even a gold brooch, ring, or the most trifling trinket, exclaimed, "*Etes vous fou, mon ami, de me proposer une telle abomination? Peste! si j'y allois, elle mes voleroit mes bijoux.*

dred thousand persons benefited and rejoiced by their deliverance.

Madame Cacciapore may, indeed, as well remain where she is, instead of returning to Rome, for by this time Buonaparte is Dictator there. I think it would have answered political purposes better if he had pursued the Germans through the Tyrol, and not given them time to rally; but probably his journey to Rome originated in vanity, and his agreement with Spain to add to the power of Parma, Tuscany, and Naples, at the expense of the pope; otherwise, except plunder, what influence can the fate of poor Rome have upon the conditions of the peace?

I have a note from Madame d'Angevillers. She lives at Versailles in complete retirement. Her husband is at some court in Germany.

Feb. 19, 1797.

I have just been sitting with Mesdames de Beauveau and de Poix. The latter is nearly as I left her—the former older in her looks, *politi-*

quant as usual; but when I accompanied her up stairs to her apartment, she spoke as a person quite lost to the world. She said her husband's death had prevented her from feeling public calamities or her own danger, and that his loss, with the murder and misfortunes of so many friends, had made her quite tired of her existence. She talked very affectionately of you. Ourica is grown tall, and except that her features are enlarged, nearly as she was. Madame de Beauveau has since learnt that the very day Robespierre fell had been fixed for her execution, that of her brother the Duc de Rohan, and of Madame de Poix; after being separated for eight months, they would have met in the fatal cart.

I have just heard that the people of Loretto having made a show of resistance, Buonaparte had given up the city to be plundered for twenty-four hours.

The report is, that Peregrinus Apostolicus is gone to Malta.*

I do not know what the Abbé de Londres has

* Pius VI., so designated by an ancient prophecy.

to live upon, unless it be air, for he lodges in a seventh story in the Quai des Orfevres.

I have been dining at Perregaux's with St. Foix, Talleyrand, Roederer, and Beaumarchais; the latter is quite deaf, but still clever and sprightly. Yesterday I dined at Madame Charles de Damas', with all the Laborde family, and spent the evening with Madame d'Houdetot, once the wit and life of the court, and connected with the Marquis de St. Lambert, author of "Les Saisons." He is now old and infirm, but came to supper, and was very merry. We had also the Duc de Rohan, Madame de Beauveau's brother. It was of Madame d'Houdetot that Rousseau was enamoured.*

Yesterday a police officer brought a letter for Major Gall, requiring him to attend at the *Bureau de Surveillance.* From this ignorance of his departure, I conclude that *la Surveillance est bien*

* St. Lambert, being jealous of Rousseau, wrote the following lines:

Dans le sein des faveurs de la beauté que j'aime,
Je déteste les traits dont l'amour m'a frappé.
Mon rival plus heureux goûte un bonheur suprême:
On nous trompe tous deux; mais il est mieux trompé.

relachée sur mon compte, since the time when I had *quarante mouches à mes trousses*.

I have signed the preliminary convention, as a basis for the general exchange of prisoners, leaving two articles for the decision of our court. Sir Sidney's release will be the immediate consequence of the ratification. His majesty offers a thousand more prisoners on that account. The French want four thousand; I offered to split the difference, and informed Sir S. of the plan. He wrote to entreat I would give the four thousand at once, and he would pledge himself to retake them all *in a week* after he could get out to sea!

Feb. 26, 1797.

At last I have received your solution of the Justinian riddle, which I should never have guessed. The task you impose upon me is a very difficult one indeed. I almost despair. I do not think it will be possible to extract one brass farthing, and I know of no means of attack with any prospect of success.* But I may be mistaken.

* The ex-bishop de Coutances, being in great poverty in England, wished his sister to be applied to to send him money.

The account of your illness, though all danger was past when the letter came, distressed me so much that, except the business absolutely required by my official duties, I have not been able to prevail upon myself to sit down and write a single line till now. I have done everything to dissipate my blue devils, and have actually rushed headlong into *les fureurs du Carnaval, pour me distraire.*

You will compare me to Prince Bourdon, *qui ne faisait plus que ses quatre repas par jour ;* —but it is true that with *le trait de la mort dans le cœur*, I have been *en parties de plaisir* in the Bois de Boulogne, at dinners and balls: *c'etoit danser sur la guillotine.* It was a long time before I durst open yours, which arrived to-day, for fear it should be a *testament de mort ;* but, thank God, it has set my heart at rest.

I live much with Madame de Maulde and her daughters. We agree very well together. I was with them at the ball at the "Lycée des Arts," which is held in the cirque, underground, in the middle of the Palais Royal. There was an abundance of dust, horrid smells, and bad company.

To show you how merrily we Parisians live, to-day is the beginning of a fête or dejeunér au Bois de Boulogne; then a concert in Paris, a *diner ambigu*, and a ball which is to cost a couple of thousand pounds, given by M. and Madame d'Angrelau. She is daughter to Peron, the builder. Her husband was a chocolate maker at Versailles, and has by the revolution made an immense fortune, having the contracts for the army, &c.; on this account the wits call her "La Princesse Cacao."

There is to-night a ball at Madame de Soyecourt's, for six hundred people, dancing on the graves of their fathers, or rather, ankle deep in their blood: *n'importe! il faut danser!*

I went some days since with the Perregaux to a ball at l'Hôtel de Marbœuf. The old proprietor, Madame de Marbœuf, was guillotined by Robespierre, because she had ordered her garden to be sown with hayseed for horses, instead of corn or potatoes for men.

At a dinner where I was, at Formalague's, Rœderer and La Grange got into an argument and grew loud. The former at last pulled out pistols,

and laid them on each side of him on the table.*

Le Bois de Boulogne is now the fashionable lounge, and Bagatelle, a sort of tavern; both are open, and are very pretty when full of elegant people. Most of the Bois is cut down.

March 5, 1797.

I dined two days ago at Madame de Damas', with the Princesse de Poise, Natalie de Noailles, Juste de Noailles, Abbé Morellet, de Vagne, Portalis, père et fils, Delpy, et l'Abbé de Damas. It was a learned Hôtel de Rambouillet party. Portalis is the director of the set. Madame de Damas is very rich, and has bought Livry, l'abbé de Coulanges' benefice.

Yesterday I was at Formalague's with Pelet de

* Some years past, a party were playing at whist at Wattier's club with Mr. B., whose discussion with Lord D. then occupied a good deal of public attention. To the astonishment of all, Mr. D. suddenly put down his cards, pulled out a pair of pistols, and placed them by his side; upon which Lord A., who had just entered, and who was a kind of *bête noire* to B. and the cause of this warlike display, exclaimed in his usual droll way, "I hope you do not expect your adversary to follow suit."

la Lozère, Rozé, and two or three more. Rozé is a kind of clever intriguant, who keeps well with government, and does much business with the minister. I employed him to get Sir Sidney liberated, but I soon found he had boasted of more than he could do.

We went this morning (a beautiful sunshiny day) to Bagatelle, which is national property, and open to the public, but only fashionable two days in the week. The belles of Paris, on those days, go there to stroll about, as much dressed out as if they were going to a ball.

At this moment they are busy in the two councils, drawing lots for a third of the conventionals to go out, and people seem very anxious.

Buonaparte has granted peace to Pius VI., and sent an envoy to San Marino. That little old Spartan republic has answered with a great deal of dignity and simplicity, and refused the offer of an increase of territory. Their chiefs say that a visit from a general of so great a nation lately enfranchised, to their little asylum of liberty, appears like a dream to them. If Buonaparte now turns his arms towards the Tyrol, we

shall see whether the proverb says right, that *La fortune aime les plus jeunes;* for the Archduke Charles is the younger of the two.

Some journals name Barthélemy as likely to be the new director, but it is improbable. I was told yesterday by a deputy whom I made acquaintance with at dinner, that he had wished to meet me, from the impression he had received by the account he had had of me in the Société of the Directory.

March 7, 1797.

People are all on tiptoe here with the news of our bank having stopped payment—some glad, some sorry.* A deputé, *patriote*, told Madame de Maulde he hoped this crisis would accelerate peace, and added, "*On auroit le plusgr and plaisir à traiter avec Swinburne.*"

I understand Sir Sidney's name is involved in the papers of the royalist conspirators; another

* The report of the Bank of England having suspended its payments was then circulated in Paris.

spoke in his wheel, which I wish they would not keep turning.

I have intended an attack upon Madame de T., but as yet I have not been able to satisfy myself as to the plan of it. I shall go this morning, and open the oblique trenches, by barely exposing the situation of the poor bishop.

The minds of people have been agitated by the drawing of lots in the councils. For my part, I care little who governs, provided the country is peaceable and quiet. We are all on the stretch of expectation to know the particulars of Sir John Jervis's bold attack upon the Spanish fleet. People that reason presume the Spanish have been beaten, from all the lame paragraphs and accounts hitherto received.

I have been reading Necker's history of the revolution, which I am surprised should be allowed to be printed and sold at Paris.

March 13, 1797.

I dined yesterday at Madame d'Houdetot's, with Madame de Damas, St. Lambert, &c.,—a

very pleasant party. The alarm which the operations in our bank occasioned here seems to have blown over; besides, Jervis's victory will have a very powerful effect, they were so sure of his fleet being destroyed. From some strange vague Spanish letters that the Spanish ambassador officially announced, every one believed that the victory was on their side.

I have got through Necker's *déclamation*, for it is more that than anything else, and most of it *gratis dictum*. Lally has also published a *défense des émigrés*. It comes with an odd grace from him who ran away first of anybody, and nobody (except Madame d'Herrion) knows why.

Yesterday I spent at Auteuil with Madame de Boufflers. M. Chevalier seems a sensible, clever man; and if he is not husband to the Comtesse Amelie, it must be because they choose to do without the ceremony. Emmanuel is clever, but untractable and spoilt. The Abbé Morellet, who has been spending several days with them, says Emmanuel tormented him to death. He could not read, when, luckily for him, his mamma and grandmamma were put in prison, and he re-

mained with Madame Lorenzi. When they met again, they were quite amazed to find he could read and write very well.

Madame de Boufflers has just bought of the nation half of her estate very cheap. During the reign of assignats, they built themselves a house in Normandy, improved the place, and did a vast deal of good, with literally *nothing*.

I have heard that Truguet, on delivering the convention which I had signed, had a smart altercation *sur mon sujet*, with the cart-horse of Colmar, Reubel.

I was at the Cercle de l'Harmonie, a new concert under the direction of the mulatto St. George; it is held at the old apartment of the Duchesse d'Orleans in the Palais Royal.

March 23, 1797.

Monsieur Kœnig has made a very precipitate retreat from Paris, but whether by order of Sweden or of France, is not known. Two agents of the Directory have been to Abbé Kearney's friend to ask questions about me, and said I might re-

main all my life; they would not object to it. Hautefort will have it, *qu'il est question de moi pour la paix.*

I dined yesterday at Prince Corsini's, with Caraccioli and Denon, who now excels in engraving beasts.

An embargo is said to be laid at Calais for all Germinal, (from March 21 to April 19,) lest anything should transpire respecting the elections, which promise to be as quiet as those for Old Sarum. I write this by way of Hamburgh. With regard to the books Mr. Eure wishes me to send him, I understand divinity is contraband.

How can B. know anything about the time of my staying here? Surely our people would not recall me upon my arranging the cartel; for other prisoners will be taken, and must be looked after, were there no other reason. I should apprehend the folks here are more likely to pack me off à la Kœnig. But even that I doubt; for I cannot but think that peace must be desirable after the elections.

March 25, 1797.

I wrote two days ago by Hamburgh, and begin this without knowing how it is to go. The minister of marine means to ask an indulgence for his and my correspondence, against the strict orders of the embargo which is laid for two months upon all the posts, either to prevent any accounts reaching England of the tenure of the elections, or of the projected invasions.

All seems harmony and quiet in the elections, but great and barefaced corruption in the legislature. Little Caraccioli, Lucchesis' secretary, is come here to prepare the way for Commander Rufo, the Neapolitan envoy, who is in London on his road hither. Caraccioli is called La Conscience de Portalis.

You must know that my work here has given me a vast insight into a variety of official routine and political matters, and I begin to think I should make a good working minister of state. My style in French is approved of, in these days of freedom of style, as being energetic and original.

I am rather sanguine as to a prolongation of my political life;—first because I and my merits are now personally known to the king! He has a good memory, and when he takes a liking or a good opinion, is very pertinacious. Secondly, because my being employed as negotiator begins to be a general idea here among all parties; and you know how much the French of all classes are governed by general opinion.

March 30, 1797.

I have received my final instructions about Sir Sidney Smith. No cartel is to be established, unless he is put on his parole like any other prisoner; so that, probably, my mission is on the eve of its departure.

I am apprized of, and expect hourly, an order from the Directory, to remove to the distance of ten leagues from Paris. Reubel has at length carried his point. I believe Fontainbleau is the place fixed upon. The marine are outrageous about it, and have at least prevented the first idea

of sending me quite away, which, from some calumny or other, was the intention of the government. It is of consequence that I should remain, for the sake of the prisoners. I am to come back the 20th of May, when the elections will be over. By that time the Directory may be softened concerning Sir Sidney ; time is gained, and we know not what may turn up. The country air will do me good—I shall have time to *jasminer*, and scribble to you. *Me voilà comme toujours, Monsieur Tant mieux, où l'Optimiste.*

April 4, 1797.

This letter goes by a cartel from Nantes. I am setting out for Fontainbleau by order of the Directory, who object to my presence during the elections. Rather than be *de trop* here, I shall strive to pass my time pleasantly, as the season advances, and the situation is delightful. I am told there is some good company, mostly *ci-devants* reduced ; and I am loaded with recommendations. The minister and commissaires are

very civil, and desire me not to think anything personal is meant to me, but my removal is a general measure, common to the Portuguese ambassador, &c.

I much fear the determination of the government here not to consent to Sir Sidney Smith's release, and that of our ministers that his release must be a *sine qua non*, will end in the general exchange being refused on both sides. These series of victories over the Emperor, Trieste taken, &c., will not render the Directory more obedient to our mandates, or value our threats the more. In the mean time, innumerable prisoners are kept in durance, because one point is not obtained *at present*, for it must be ceded at last. The liberty, perhaps the lives, of above a thousand poor detenus is depending. I have written this to Lord Grenville, which may perhaps displease him.

Will it not be a pity if the business I am now upon, and which is now perfected, should fall to the ground,—which I much fear will be the case? Patience and conciliation would bring about matters better than violence.

Adieu until I write from Fontainbleau. How different that place will appear to what it was when I was there with the court in 1786!

Fontainbleau, April 12, 1797.

I have settled myself in pleasant lodgings until the expiration of my month's exile. The spring is backward, but the forest, which is dreadfully cut up, even hacked as it is and without leaves, is charming.

The day before yesterday I walked about the Valorin, where the views of the Seine are noble; and yesterday to the long ridge of rocks south of the town, where poor Marie Antionette had a wide road made along the summit, and the whole eminence planted with maritime pines. To-day I strolled about Thomesy, a large village situated in an elbow of the Seine, environed on three sides by the forest. The vineyards there produce the finest Chasselas grapes, which are sent daily down the river to Paris. On the opposite side of the Seine rises a lofty rocky mountain, covered with wood, and at its foot is le Chateau des Pressoirs, in a beautiful situation.

As I wander about the place, what recollections come over my mind, like the heavy clouds of summer, full of thunder and storms. I could fancy myself an eagle hovering about this ancient seat of kings, or a being of other times escaped from the Deluge. Behold the ruins of the habitation of the mighty, whom I here saw in such splendour only eleven years since, when I was one of the many among the courtiers. There I see the queen's gilt closet, where Eden introduced me, and where I was greeted with her sweetest smiles. Where now is the pomp of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.? Where their ill-fated descendants?

I sometimes think of the words of your favourite psalm: "I myself have seen them in great power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree; I went by, and lo! they were gone, and their place could nowhere be found," &c. And here am I now, a public minister, exiled to this very place by the men, the rulers of the earth, who crumbled to the dust all that mighty pomp and grandeur!

I could write this nonsense for an hour, for

since my arrival here I have been troubled by the most melancholy reflections and recollections; every place, every object, brings to my mind the scenes of 1786.

I passed the place where poor John stopped M. de Tourzel's horse ten minutes before it knocked his brains out. John is dead, and Madame de Tourzel has a subscription ball at Paris *à six francs!*

Au reste, I have a charming apartment, and my host was a member of the *Comité de Salut Publique*; but he is quite altered, and ashamed of it. This place is very anti-directorial. My time passes quick—I rise early, write a great deal,—for a *great deal* I have to write; then take long walks, and eat a *shameful dinner*—another long stroll, a visit, and a chat—then write till I go to bed.

I see it is put in the French papers that the English ministry will have no cartel until Sir S. Smith is released. If so, and as I fear not agreed to, all the negotiations will go into *fumo,* and your humble servant will return home like the *pot de terre* in the fable, *Clopin Clopant comme*

il peut; that is to say, if he is not sent to the Temple, to keep company with this chivalrous subject of public contention. It is certainly a misfortune for a country, when family interests outweigh those of the public.

The De Mauldes are coming to stay with me. I have such kind letters from them, and so charming an epistle from Hortense, that I believe I am turning fool in my old age, and have caught myself two or three times looking in the glass, and giving my man instructions how to dress my hair.

I never experienced greater friendship and cordiality than from Perregaux. He is much abused for having been afraid, and for giving way to the system of terror; but I should like to know if those who abuse him, and who ran away entirely, were not as much afraid *at least.*

I have had the satisfaction of receiving some pleasing letters from prisoners to whom I have rendered service, written *proprio motu* after their arrival. Men are not so ungrateful as you imagine. I suspect ingratitude is often provoked by something in the behaviour of the obliger, which

hurts the pride of the obliged, and settles the account.

There are nine English prisoners, whom I have been clothing, confined in the chateau, in a room belonging to the queen's apartments. The municipalité here have sent me the keys, and a person to open every room to *monsieur le commissaire*. There are also two hundred Austrian prisoners in a wretched state—the subjects of Marie Antoinette's brother! I have given them a great dinner.

Yesterday the great pond was drained by order, and the remaining fish sold. I had one at my table, but not of the time of François I.*

We have heavenly weather. I have just taken a long walk by moonlight in the forest, and meant to have written more, but am too tired. I know not whether I shall receive any letters during the embargo, or if mine will reach their destination; at all events, I shall have had the pleasure of writing. So God bless you all!

* Some of the carp were said to have been placed there in the time of that monarch.

April 22, 1797.

Nothing more has occurred since my last, in the political line; but in my private concerns a great increase of *agrément* has taken place, as M. de Maulde and his two daughters have been with me some days. As he and his wife are like two buckets in a well, (that is, totally incompatible together,) she cannot come at the same time; so I content myself with Monsieur, who is very merry and facetious. The girls are both amiable, particularly Eugenie, who is full of sense and accomplishments. She, as well as her sister, plays admirably upon the violin, and sings well. We had yesterday what I am sure you never heard, a quartetto by four ladies on the violin and alto, and a middling violoncello—very well performed. A Mad. de Mortagne plays charmingly on the harp.

The *ci-devants* look rather askew at De Maulde, because he was employed by the Convention. There is plenty of company, and great names, however reduced in their circumstances; but we walk out a great deal, and mix but little in the society, which, in this small town, is very much

made up of *commerage*. Madame de Pradelles is an exception, but she leaves us in a few days, as she is going into the country for the summer.

Some fine seasonable rains have brought out spring very fast, and the oaks are beginning to shoot. The low gardens from the palace to the Seine are full of nightingales. I have under my eye, from the window where I am writing, a circle of rocks and wood, of various tints, and nearer to me numerous gardens *en berceaux et espaliers;* all kept in the nicest order; where all their aged proprietors (for there are no young people left) are busied from sunrise to sunset in the various labours of gardening. Ours has a spacious arbour and a summer-house. Our landlord being a florist, flowers cheer the eyes in the greatest part of his grounds. Our next door neighbour is a furious Jacobin, for the present quieted, and turning his attention to the improvement of his premises.

The town of Fontainbleau is large, but not populous, because almost every habitation has a large garden. It was originally built and increased by the retired servants and pensioners of

the court; and it was remarked at the beginning of the troubles, that the great destroyers, the most violent demagogues, were the *Bornés*, viz. the persons who subsisted upon the pensions and legacies left or given them by princes or ministers, and which they lived upon here. You will say that this circumstance militates against my idea of the natural gratitude of man.

We walked to-day through the forest on the Nemours side. The crosses at the meeting of roads are all thrown down and broken everywhere. There have been six thousand acres of wood cut since the revolution; but as there are no deer or wild boars left, and the cattle are all herded, the young wood is getting up again.

The people about here who were pensioners of the court and nobility, were disappointed in their hopes of sharing the spoil. The manufactures of porcelain, now established at the former government house of Monsieur de Montmorin, are violent Sans-culottes; but the municipalité is composed of very moderate men, and the commune is very quiet.

Yesterday high mass, *Tenebræ* and *Salut*, were

solemnized at the parish church with as much pomp as ever, and the church was crowded. There is no salary for the priest, but a collection made.

The havock made in the woods is great, because every one enters them that chooses, and, under pretence of getting dead wood, they hack and break everything. It is a pity to see noble junipers broken and torn to pieces.

It is now so long since I have heard from home, that I feel really like an exile. I might as well be in the East Indies. The Perregaux write to me every post! which gives a little life to my epistolary existence. The peace, which is signed, or nearly signed, wi thhe emperor,* will soon bring our matters to a crisis, and settle them one way or the other.

April 28, 1797.

Having no opportunity of sending letters with any possibility of guessing when they may reach you; I have written this by scraps, till the date has crept on a whole week.

* Peace of Campo Formio.

The victories on the Rhine, though unnecessary, make a brilliant conclusion of a war with an enemy, as completely thrashed as it is possible, and they establish the republic upon solid grounds as to any foreign attacks. Whether our people will come to or no, time, and a very short time, will show.

Poor Le Moine has been a long time plaguing me about his translation of Milton. From the *ennui* a page or two gave me, and other occupations, I had quite forgotten that I had the manuscript. The other day he reminded me of it, informing me, at the same time, that it is going to be published with a preface, stating that I had not only looked over and corrected it, but that it had my approbation, and specifying that I am *un homme connu avantageusement dans la carrière literaire et diplomatique.*

Startled, as you may suppose, by this declaration, I read the first book to my hosts, who, as well as myself, found the French execrable, and infinitely below several translations already published. Add to these my own observation of most unpardonable *contre-sens* and blunders, viz.

as a specimen: "defied the best of paynim chivalry," translation, "*defia les plus brave chevaliers du royaume de Panim.*" So, on the emergency of the case, I took a pen in hand, and filled four pages with observations, solely upon the misconception of the English, and sent them to him, with an earnest recommendation not to launch his translation into the world until he had read the other translations.

I am afraid my sound advice will not please him; but anything is better than having my name hooked into such a paltry business. I remember enough of Mademoiselle Keralio's translation of my travels, to make me tremble at seeing myself exposed to a second massacre. By-the-bye, she took a furious part in the revolution.

Madame de Pradelles is the life of this place, though she does not like the people. She has taught them to amuse themselves, but as she has not all the money she wants, she is obliged to eke out her year by economical visits to her friends. People this year begin to get back to their chateaux, and the peasants again dance in the woods on Sunday evenings.

During my present state of uncertainty as to the future, I employ myself in answering all the letters from my agents and the prisoners, every other day, by the same post that brings them. They never had so punctual a correspondent in their lives. The De Mauldes now and then act as my French secretaries, to order clothes for the prisoners, or argue upon the value of their worsted stockings.

May 12, 1797.

I can give no guess when you have heard from me, or whether this will ever reach you; but what I have to write is of so little consequence, that it matters little what becomes of it. My life here is perfectly rural and uniform. The De Mauldes sing and play in the evening. We live comfortably. I walk a great deal in the morning, and have some hours employment in writing letters and overhauling accounts. The weather is wet and boisterous; but as this sandy soil is dry in a minute, the rain of many hours is no

impediment to our excursions the first fair moment.

I have only nine prisoners to superintend here, and one of them has given me an opportunity of showing my skill as a doctor,—much to my own surprise. He had had an ague on him for eight months. Recollecting the remedy which cured the folks at Menil, I luckily got the *calamus aromaticus* here, gave him a dose in a glass of wine, and ordered him some broth. The ague let him that day, and has never returned.

I conclude my exile will not be prolonged beyond the 25th of this month, when they say the elections will be over. For my part, I should have no objection to another month's exile at this fine season of the year, and this charming situation, where I am absolutely *obliged* to do nothing. Being forced into idleness is a great temptation towards liking it, and one easily learns all the luxury of the *far niente*. I shall turn up my nose at the dirt and closeness of Paris when I return. How long I shall have to remain there will depend upon what our ministers will order me to say or do, agreeable or disagreeable.

May 16, 1797.

We spent a pleasant day yesterday, having dined at St. Brian, a chateau near the first post towards Paris, about two miles from the edge of the forest. It is surrounded by a wood cut into alleys, and a moat. Monsieur de Châteauvillard, the owner, was a "maître de la chambre des comptes," and has saved his property to the extent of four thousand a year. He is now president of the district, and lives like a sultan. There were many ladies there; among others, Mademoiselle de Ferrieres, a fine girl, but very poor. Her father was an officer of rank, who lost all in the revolution, and is now blind, and a pauper in the Invalids. She paints small portraits in oil for her bread.

There was also M. de St. Sauveur, who was a lieutenant-general and cordon rouge. His own people plundered his property, but he remained hid during the *terreur*, and afterwards retired to live at St. Sauveur, upon the wreck of his fortune. He is a chief justice of the peace, and now rules and punishes his former vassals, in a

more severe and summary way than he ever could have done under the old regime.

May 20, 1797.

We dined yesterday at the Chateau de Beuvron. It belonged to an officer of the guards of that name, who sold it for assignats to the Notary Le Fevre de la Boulaye, and now is at law with him to regain possession. All the wood had been cut down before the sale. As Beuvron discharged all his debts with the assignats paid him by Le Fevre, he appears to have had a fair price, whatever his creditors may have had.

To-day, Lady Rodney and her daughters, with the De Mauldes and myself, dined at the Hermitage de Franchard, where there is a good spring among the rocks, though the stream looks as green as cabbage water. The situation and rocks are very romantic. The church is now a forest-keeper's house. On the wall is the figure of a hermit. There is a dripping stone down below, and the water is reckoned good for various

disorders. The peasants still preserve their superstition. This chapel was, I think, founded by Philippe le Bel.

The Vallée de la Solle (a large circular plain surrounded by ridges of woody rocks) is replete with beauties. It has many noble beeches, and groups of oaks; the timber is remarkable for its size, and height, which is prodigious in the part called La Tillas. I measured an oak seven feet in diameter at one foot from the ground. Along the Gorges de Muines, the rocks are thrown together in long piles and mountains. The situation and formation of these freestone and sandy rocks are curious subjects of conjecture. They are narrow, and point from north-west to south-east, as if a flood or river channel had run for ages in that direction. The Mont de Montagu is a lofty, round, mountain-wood, covered with large blocks of stone, and, what is remarkable, those on the top are all indented and marked on their outsides with squares or lozenges, like the rippling of waters. These rocks extend many miles. The largest piece is *le long boyau.*

I have found in my perambulations many cu-

rious orchisses, and other beautiful wild flowers; white campion, low creeping broom, red geranium, globularia, orange-leaved euphorbia, anthericum liliago, pink restharrow, white cistus, Solomon's seal, lily of the valley, the maritime rose, and a small yellow rose, sweet-scented violets, blue milkworts, heaths, broom, &c.

June 7, 1797.

Your letters are come, with a load of despatches of importance, and letters of all sorts. I was in such a hurry to do everything that was necessary to prevent mischief, repair the neglect of others, &c., that I scarce found time to read and answer yours. I am now a little more at leisure, though by no means quite rid of the load of public correspondence which is come in a lump, and is very heavy. Besides, at the same time the "commission des échanges" has given me a very voluminous parcel of memoirs to examine, palliate, refute, &c., for I am *le grand médiateur des deux côtés.* Both parties believe

me, and yield to my arguments; but they are always complaining, always ready to pull caps, and I am continually running about with my pen *pour mettre le holà.* I have got quite the knack of it, and have a great deal to do to persuade both parties that they are quarrelling about absolute nonsense. I have sent duplicates of my letters, about business, by different channels; therefore I hope all will be pacified.

Think of our old friend Barthelemy having been unanimously carried up to the vacant seat among the Directory. His brother the medallist* is gone to overcome his *nolo episcopari*, and bring him to Paris.

The De Mauldes left me last week.

M. Perregaux writes me word that a report has been made to the minister about my return, and by him to the Directory; so that I presume my stay here will not be much longer. Meanwhile I make the most of my time; for I rise early, and take large strides across the divine forest in every direction. It is so delicious, after clambering over rock and traversing sandy

* Author of Les Voyages du Jeune Anacharsis.

plains, to enter arched dark walks of miles long, cut through groves of the noblest beech, birch, and oak, so cool, so silent, so much my own.

I this morning walked straight from the obelisk (erected to Maria Antoinette's four children, now defaced and crowned with a red cap, in its turn out of fashion and rotting,) to the very extremity of the forest, seven miles or better, by a route famous in being called after the name of De Vidosson, who was killed in it by Zarnet in 1608. I then turned down to Moret, drew the view, walked home, and am now quite fresh, writing to you. You see how the climate agrees with me.

The Grand Lama Maniaduc's death did not surprise me, except as far I had completely forgotten to think about him.* The consternation must be prodigious. Where will they cast the anchor of their faith now?

The Serenissima has made a rude *casada*.† Never was a government so easily overthrown and dissolved. As to Austria, it looks as if

* A disciple of Cagliostro, and a great magnetiser, much in vogue at that time.

† Genoa.

money or disaffection had settled much of the contest.

I have an answer from Madame de Talaru, so cautiously worded that it is unintelligible; but I suppose one may surmise that it is satisfactory, so you may copy it out, and send it to the poor old man. I have informed her that I sent him a draft for fifty pounds, which I make no doubt will be repaid.

Everything now seems to take a turn towards tranquillity and sociableness.* Many revolutionary laws are on the point of being repealed, and the new Director's speech breathes peace. He is perfectly at home, they say, in his new

* The reaction had commenced, and all persons panted for a return to the sociability and courtesies of former times. Social amusements, so long exiled, were revived and eagerly sought after. People commenced to breathe a new air. Hope awoke in their hearts, and that politeness, which hideous cynicism had abolished, was regenerated. Some *Salons*, amongst others that of Madame de Montesson, aunt to Madame de Genlis, were reopened; and although men still addressed each other as *Citoyen*, they saluted women with *Madame*. One curious fact merits record, viz. at no period were so many theatres open in Paris, and never, according to official returns, were they so much frequented as from 1793 to 1798. The number amounted to twenty-five, of which nine gave operas.

clothes, and the country appears satisfied with him.

Perregaux informs me that M. Barthelemy recollects me with infinite pleasure, and promises to speak immediately about the absurdity of my being *relégué* at Fontainbleau. He also says that Reubel is more pleasantly inclined than he was.

The ministre de la marine has, through the commissioners of exchange, desired me to exert myself in obtaining from the King a pardon for Captain Long, an Irishman born, but married and settled these twenty years in France, taken in the command of a privateer, and to be tried for his life. I have, as desired, written on the subject.

We had a comedy last week acted by ladies and gentlemen, and Bourdon was the "Nigaud" in *Le Sourd.* I dined yesterday at Montgermont, the seat of Monsieur de Gontaut, who is, but does not now call himself, Duc de Biron. He married a financier's daughter of vast fortune, a Mademoiselle Palerme, a woman of wit and taste. The house is quite a palace, with a shrub-

bery laid out round it *à l'Anglaise.* The acacias in flower are beautiful. Adjoining to her bed-room, and open to her bed, is a noble gallery or conservatory. At its further end is a very good marble copy of the Apollo of Belvedere, which Gontaut brought from Rome. The conservatory is kept in a most slovenly manner, and has nothing in it but flowerless lilacs.

Gontaut's wife was rendered very unhappy by his conduct in the revolution, and by her own losses. He has been courting the daughter of a famous Madame Case, who once was a great beauty, and made a great noise; but his nose has been put out of joint by his son.*

* Madame d'Esparbes, a near relation of this lady, was once an inmate of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, and was so capricious and immoral in her *liaisons*, that Louis XV. at length lost all patience, and rebuked her, saying,—"How, madam, can you expect me to have the slightest regard for you, when I know that you are in love with half my subjects? What excuse have you?"—"Ah, sire!" replied she, pretending to blush, "I am so kind-hearted."—"Why, there is Choiseul," continued the king. "He is so powerful, sire," replied she. "Well, then, there is Richelieu." "He is so clever and agreeable, sire." "Good—but there is Monville, who is dull as an owl." "But he is so handsome, and has such a beautiful leg, sire!" "I grant that," rejoined Louis; "but what ex-

June 28, 1797.

Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Maulde are returned to spend a few days with me, which will enliven my evenings should the rain continue; but in fact they have brought back the sunshine.

I know not yet when I am to remove to Paris. Barthelemy sends me word to apply to the Directory, which I have already done.

We spent a day with the Princesse de Bergues (formerly one of the queen's ladies) at her house on the river, which was built for the king's *pressoir*, being originally the place where his grapes were pressed and his wine made; and both François premier and Henry quatre were very fond of it, and with great reason. The house is not much raised above the meadows; in fact, the ground story is close to the rocks, out of which several streams of water flow into all parts of the building. From each end runs out a noble terrace, under which are the orangery and the kitchen garden, in different levels. The rocky mountains, covered

cuse have you for the Duke d'Aumant, who is as ugly as a monkey, and as ill-shaped as a parenthesis." "Ah, sire!" responded Madame d'E. with a deep sigh, "he is so devotedly attached to your majesty!"

with fine trees, rise almost perpendicularly behind the house. The whole range or park is immense. The river sweeps along in front for some miles, forming a large crescent. Moret, and many villages in the distance, scattered among groves of fruit trees and vineyards, seem one picturesque street. All this is backed by the rich mass of forest, which appears to have no bounds. I scarcely ever saw a landscape equal to this in the same style, for the hills are bolder than about Richmond, and the culture more varied.

The lady of the house (a Castelanne by birth) is a cheerful, sensible woman, extremely fond of the place, and very well satisfied with having saved such a remnant of her fortunes. A great deal of the fine timber has been cut down for the support of life.

Did I ever tell you Monsieur de Castillon was alive and well? He has refused being chosen a deputy, having given up the world since his misfortunes, among which the greatest blow was his son's being guillotined.

Think of Cosway's friend, David the painter! Before the 9th Thermidor he came to Fontain-

bleau, took a minute, and made the list of about eight hundred persons to be murdered, and settled everything for their execution on a certain day. I have met the monster in the passages of the Louvre, but he hangs his tiger-head and face, and turns aside.

Dominick Meade and Lynch came here to visit me, but the former ate so much fruit that he was obliged to hurry back to Paris, not to be out of reach of his doctor.

Paris, with all its faults, must have wonderful attractions, for I am pestered by correspondents, such as Madame Martinville, Chevalier Jernyngham, &c., who are dying to come in. I am sure I cannot tell what they expect to find, and I advise them to wait patiently until there is a peace.

If I am here when the season serves, (which I dare say I shall, for any negotiation by Lord Malmesbury seems to me a farce,) I will take care to send you the pomponne roses.

What an event, your plants of lady's slipper blowing! I had long given them all up. *Apropos*, at the Pressoir the other day I found the

most beautiful bee orchis I ever saw. I meant to have painted and sent it to you, but an old hag of an abbesse *defroquée* took it to look at, and broke it all to pieces.

July 11, 1797.

You that know the people here so well (and they are not much altered) will not be surprised, but I am sure highly-diverted, with the *escapade* of my little friend Eugenie, which I am going to transcribe from her own letter, received the day before yesterday. It is quite in your own way, and I think may make a curious figure in the annals of the Republic a thousand years hence, like the Clelias, Egerias, &c. of Rome. You must first take one thing for granted, that I never gave her any commission to say or do anything for me; it was all zeal and *gaieté de cœur*. Pray take notice that this smart young lady of twenty-two is alone with a *fille de cuisine* at Paris, while her mother is at Liege.

" J'ai été au Directoire, non avec les deux per-

sonages que vous connoissez depuis longtems, quoiqu'ils me promettoient monts et merveilles. Lasse de tout cela, j'ai songé à un autre, dont je suis sur de la discretion quant à la démarche ; car pour le reste il n'a rien entendu. Il y avoit comme d'ordinaire séance publique, et c'etoit Barthélemy qui présidoit. Je me suis avisée, après l'avoir bien examiné, etant près de lui, de retourner dans la première antichambre, pour lui ecrire qu'il etait prié de se rappeller de vous, et pas autre chose absolument. — Je lui ai remis mon ecrit dans la main. Il me dit, 'Soyez bien sûre, Madame, que je ne l'oublie point, mais il y a malheureusement des difficultés ;' et il disoit cela avec un air pénétré et plein d'amitié pour vous, qui m'a charmée.' 'J'y pense,' ajouta-t-il, 'soyez en sûre.'

"Il avoit son entourage de messagers d'état et de secrétaires, et il dut s'en tenir là. La séance étant finie, il passa dans la salle d'audience particulière, et ce fut là où l'on m'introduisit pour parler à Carnot. Barthélemy y etait, et me reconnut. Il vint à moi, et me demanda si je vous connoissais. Je lui répondis que oui. 'Je ne

cesse d'y penser,' dit il; 'je sais qu'il s'ennuye beaucoup, et cela est tout simple.' Je lui dis combien vous étiez enchanté, ainsi que Madame S. d'apprendre sa nomination. 'Ah!' dit-il, 'j'en suis persuadé; est-elle ici?'—'Non; dans l'incertitude des choses on ne peut guères faire voyager une famille nombreuse.'—'Sans doute: se porte elle bien?'—'Oui, au moins dans les dernieres lettres.' 'Je suis bien faché de le voir là—il devrait réclamer.' 'Il a fait une petition au Directoire.' 'Je n'en ai pas encore entendu parler—nous est-elle envoyée?'—'Oui, monsieur.'—'En ce cas nous en parlerons.' Cela fut prononcé avec l'accent de l'amitié. Carnot pendant ce tems donnoit audience à quelques personnes; lorsque mon tour fut venu, il m'a reconnue, et me reçut fort bien," &c.

After all, it is a fine thing for every citizen to have the liberty of seeing and accosting the chief of the state, and laying their grievances at the fountain head. They may not be redressed, for that must depend upon various causes and combinations; but you are at least sure they are made known, and not smuggled by intermediate

officers. It is an art which all monarchs have practised, that wish to be popular; but they soon grow tired of it, and the people of them; for when the lower classes find it leads to nothing, they begin to see through the bubble.

We are preparing to-day to receive the Turkish ambassador, who is to stay three days here, and to be harangued by the municipalité.

I should not talk of the beauties of Fontainbleau, if I thought they would tempt you to infidelity. They do not *me;* I see no dunghill like my own, no trees, no water, no rocks, no moon—I dare not say sun—comparable to ours; but, with that exception, *tota Anglia mihi sordet;* I prefer France. You will laugh at my neighbourhood. On one side I have les dames de St. Cyr, from Versailles, with twenty pensioners singing litanies all day long. On the other, in the ci-devant Comte d'Artois' stables, is a regiment of cavalry, who trumpet every hour for something or other, or play upon flutes, and oftener sing and swear. But they are civil people and inoffensive, except when I am troubled with a headache. This place has all along been very moderate, and

no blood has been shed here, notwithstanding the endeavours of that monster David.

I dare say the Tesica* will go in her turn. At present, Spain and Austria support her, but when the old scarlet lady drops, it will be a bad day for little Januarius.

Au Colombier, July 24, 1797.

I am writing from the house of Monsieur Cumpelzaimer, Perregaux's partner, with a name as soft as any of those in Duten's story,† where I came yesterday to meet Mademoiselle Perregaux and a party of friends. It is near Arpajon, an antique villa surrounded with moats, charmilles, and gardens. The little river Remarde runs by the edge of the garden, under shady bowers, very rural, and probably rheumatic. I crossed the country from Fontainbleau by Males-

* Naples. The scarlet Lady, Rome.

† A German gentleman complained to him of the harshness of many Italian names, and said German ones were softer to pronounce, such as Schwartzenburg, &c.

herbes, to see Mereville Laborde's place. The house, in the revolution, had every bit of furniture taken away and sold. It is now magnificently re-furnished. The place has great beauties.

You will laugh to hear that part of our company here consists of Monsieur and Madame Despréaux; the latter better known to you by the name of Mademoiselle Guimard.* They are both extremely agreeable, *faisant des couplets pour l'occasion*, inventing games, acting proverbs, &c. They remind me of M. and Madame Texier at Brandenburgh House, being the same sort of personages.

Perregaux writes me word that I may perceive the revolution has not annihilated the gaiety of the country, and he is preparing a magnificent fête for his daughter, who will return without knowing anything of the matter. I shall, at the same time, go back to my *moutons* at Fontainbleau, where I fancy I must stay quietly till the preliminaries of peace are signed, or not signed; for I find my friend can do nothing for me, and

* A famous dancer.

his attempt to serve me has miscarried. I must, therefore, endeavour to make myself as comfortable as I can incomplete apathy.

I am utterly unable to serve Jerningham; my interference would injure his cause. Perregaux thinks Charretié gave an impression of me at first as a dangerous man, which my cautious, exemplary conduct has not been able to do away. But he and Charretié hate each other; so I do not give full credit to his suspicion. Barthelemy is of very little consequence, and probably not able to procure my return; indeed, by all accounts, the whole set are by the ears.

I had a letter yesterday from Lord Malmesbury's secretary, who says great attention had been paid them on the road and at Lille, where they are lodged at l'Hôtel Bourbon. I know nothing of the negotiations at Lille, and it would be impossible to distinguish the truth from the different reports made me.

August 7, 1797.

I have just received a letter from Lord Malmes-

bury, who makes use of the following remarkable expressions: "I am sorry we are placed at such a distance from each other as to make our meeting for the present very unlikely. I think it, however, most probable that you will soon return to Paris."

I conclude you have got my letter with an account of Eugenie's visit to the Directory. You will see that Barthelemy is not bad, but he is not strong. All his life he has *filé doux*. I little dreamt I should ever become a suspicious person, who have passed my days *en jasminant*. I suppose I am kept away now for fear of my giving a lift to the negotiations, by intelligence, &c.

I have had a letter from Mr. Vernon, to recommend the captain and crew of the Dolphin packet, in which he and Lord Berwick were taken. The French consul has liberated the passengers, and they are gone on to Rome, to fetch the Misses Hill. What a time to go to Rome, which is certainly on the eve of liberty! This old lady dead, there will be no more, at least with power. What an age to live in!

Benincasa is delighted with the ruins of hierarchies, inquisitors, nobility, &c. The margravine has sent me, by Madame Gaspari, a lock of her hair, in the clumsiest frame I ever saw, exactly like some fashionable knockers at doors: a flaming letter accompanied it.

I now copy out the account of Eugenie's second visit, with her mother, to the Directory.

" Nous avons eu un gros quart d'heure de conversation avec votre connaissance. Il s'est exprimé sur le compte de notre ami de Fontainbleau avec la même liberté et franchise; ce n'est pas sa faute s'il ne vous prouve pas son amitié ; il l'a deja fait, mais on lui a campè au nez, pour principale raison que votre fils ainé avoit été dans l'armée de Condé ! Jugez quelle platte calomnie ! Il nous a demandé si cela était, et nous avons répondu, comme vous l'imaginez bien, selon la vérité. Il nous conseilla d'aller tout de suite chez le nouveau ministre, pour dementir hautement la chose, et que cela suffiroit; qu'ensuite au premier moment favorable il reparlera de vous. ' J'ai dit que je le connaissais,' dit-il, ' que

son caractère étoit celui du plus honnête homme, et qu'assurément il faudroit qu'il fut bien changé s'il savoit tromper,' &c. 'Enfin cela serait à l'infini si je vous disais tout ce que nous nous sommes mutuellement dit sur votre compte, et sur celui de votre famille. Maman le toucha au vif en lui disant qu'il y avoit de la dureté d'en agir ainsi, tandis que c'étoit un petit dédommagement des pertes enormes que vous aviez faites aux Isles. Il le sentit, et baissa la tête, les yeux presque mouillés. En vérité il vous aime. Dites lui,' continuat-il, 'qu'il ne se presse pas de retourner, car l'on m'assure qu'il a demandé son rappel en Angleterre.' Nous l'assurâmes que c'étoit de toute fausseté—'qu'il ne s'impatiente pas,' dit-il—nous lui dîmes que vous étiez d'une grande tranquillité, et que nous faisions à votre insçu ces démarches d'amitié."

If the ex-bishop of Coutances is wise, he will not think of returning to Paris. It is too hot yet: your furze bush may easily take fire and burn to ashes, for the firemakers mismanage sadly.

The Cisalpine or Milanese republic has united with the Cispadane or Bologna. That looks like business. I suppose we shall soon hear of the Ligurian, Paduan, and Venetian joining it, and then comes old Rome itself again, and perhaps Italy will once more be *liberata dei Goti.* I suspect the little man, (Napoleon,) whom you admire so much, has some such intentions.

De Maulde's daughters have bestirred themselves so much, that I think he will get something in the diplomatic line. What a fine thing *charlatanerie* is! You need only say boldly you know a thing, and the world believes you; your reputation is made. *Pour lui,* he is no more attached to republicanism than you are, except as far as he expects to get something from the Jacobins.

To-day we walked out at six in the morning, *per apricum et solem,* to the river, got a boat, and let ourselves fall gently down it in all its windings for about six miles. Then we crossed the forest eight miles, six of which were luckily in complete shade, and got home and made a delightful repast under our *berceau* in the garden, in the true *far niente* style.

But you have forbid my making your mouth water by my descriptions, or saying anything about Fontainbleau. Yet how can I avoid talking of my exile—my hermitage?—Cicero would think and talk of nothing else but his. To be sure, I do not complain and blubber as he did, and I endeavour to make the most of "*my most filthy bargain.*"

You must have had our great thunder-storm the day after we had it. I had no notion it was going any further, or so far, or else I would have begged it to take a message for you. It played about us, singeing our oaks and apple trees, and illuminating our rooms so long, that I could not suppose there was any viaticum left for a jaunt across the sea.

Barthelemy, it seems, told Eugene that Truguet, late minister of the marine, had always been an enemy of mine. I should not have suspected it, nor can I imagine why, unless it were from my being so anxious and troublesome in applying early in behalf of Sir Sidney, who, I am told, is very obnoxious to him—*poco m'importa.*

Aug. 20, 1797.

One of the commissioners of exchange is come to inform me men and opinions are so much changed that I may now get Sir Sidney Smith released, upon our government ratifying the preliminary convention for a general exchange. I am most happy to see my ideas and hopes realized, and shall not be surprised if I am recalled to Paris, as the business cannot go on otherwise. I wait for an answer from England.

Eugenie writes me word she has seen Barthelemy again, who told her there was not the smallest complaint against me of any kind, but everything arose from *le tems qui courre*, which makes it dangerous moving any way. Perhaps Fontainbleau is safer soil; for Paris grows red, and quivers like the soil of a hill near Naples. Lobsters of a sky colour abound, and stretch out their claws; everybody wonders when they will pinch.

I find M. de Maulde spoke well of me at the Directory, and said I was above soliciting my re-

turn, and have so many resources within myself that I can never be ennuyé.

The emperor's peace is signed. Portugal has made a separate one, so we are left alone

I will now read over and answer some of your questions. I wish the hedge continued as near the house as possible, to seclude our walk and gardens from intruders. Has the yew taken, that was planted over the wall? The whins* here are very hard to rear, though I do not think the birch trees † overshadow them at all. There is a species of bloody whin ‡ that is likely to spoil the whole plantation. In this season it is very much heated, and those that have thorns§ will overpower the rest: if so, the whole nursery will fail, and all be rooted out.

The revolution has swept away the literati and the monuments. I have been to Moret, but do not know any means of giving information concerning kings and kings' children.‖

You will find both Colombier and Mereville

* Republic. † Royalists. ‡ Jacobin. § Troops.

‖ A negress, daughter of Louis XIV. and his queen, was shut up at Moret.

in Cassini's maps. The former was a seat of Monsieur de Gouvernet's.

Mademoiselle Du Thés' Lees were Lit de repos, Lit de parade, and La fleur des Lis. She herself may have been *Lie du peuple.*

The French expect an immense emigration from England at the peace, driven out by taxes and discontents, and tempted by the sale of national property.

How long did Dutens stay with you?—I must say for the French, that they are infinitely less given to forget a friend, to pay him court or to neglect him on account of his "*actions*" being *rehaussés* or *abaissées*, than our John Bulls. I have always observed that you may fascinate the most proud and sensible Englishman with a good dinner.

You will not suppose old age is creeping upon me very fast, when I tell you that I walked this morning (being our idle day) to Melun and back again, near twenty miles, and I do not feel tired in the least. It is such pleasant walking; a hard sand or mossy turf, and there are such varieties of wood and rock.

I have been entertained with reading a journey in the Pyrenees, Barèges, Bagnières, &c. It dwells rather too much upon lithology, which is quite the fashion now, and very tiresome it is. A man shall travel you fifty miles, and all you shall learn is, that for so many miles it is clay, so many schist, so many granitoid; and then perhaps he has been happy enough to see a piece of a primitive rock or granite tumbled into a valley. But the description of a country where I have passed so many happy hours is, with all its faults, extremely pleasing to me. I am glad that other people have been struck with what delighted me; and though I laugh at their vanity at having climbed up a rock or a mountain, I read with satisfaction the panegyric of Campan and Grippe.

I think one of our hobby-horses is not very far from being saddled and bridled. I mean that Greece seems likely soon to cast off the Ottoman yoke, and resume something like liberty. I thought once that the Empress of Russia would deliver it; but I now believe its liberty will come from France, a quarter from whence, *Dieu sait*, it was little to be expected ten years ago.

Aug. 28, 1797.

I stumbled yesterday on the finest inland view I ever saw in my life—(you will say I am like the cat and the mouse in the fable.) We set off early to take a long walk into an unexplored country, and accordingly stretched through the forest till we reached the three leagues' stone. There we sat down to our breakfast of bread and a pear, basking in the sun. We then wandered on the banks of the Loire and the Canal de Briare, peeped into a grand chateau where nature did much, and art has undone everything. A large rocky stream runs through the woods and gardens, and the tasty owner has trained it up in a triangular pond and a moat round the house, and for its discharge has placed two horrid falling mills in the garden, at the edge of the stone head. We rambled up the high hills that run between the Seine and Loire, and returned to a full view of Moret, near an ancient mound, probably of Roman work. From thence the view was divine;—the distant hills of the Orleannois bounding the horizon, the Loire mean-

dering like a snake through a long reach of meadows; on each side gentle eminences and villages, with clumps of poplars; and in a bold semicircle of hills the large chateau and park before mentioned. Then the Canal de Briare falling into the natural bed of the Loire, which comes down from the numerous arches and mills at the gates of Moret, where it tumbles down several cascades, and reflects the large old castle and church, with the crumbling walls and turrets of this little fortified town, in the most beautiful manner.

But I am ashamed at catching myself *jasminant de cette force.* Let us return to our *moutons*—at least to our *bêtes.* Barthelemy has written me a note, hoping I do not suppose it his fault that I am still in these quarters. However, nothing seems to be said of my return from exile.

The report is, that peace is made. It is said a telegraph has announced to the Directory that preliminaries are signed at Lille; but Perregaux, who must know, writes word that everything there is dormant, and Mr. Ellis gone to England,

not to return. The council has decided that all priests may re-enter France, and live unmolested.

We have a great abundance of fruit, and make a glorious consumption of it, for I am grown like the king of Prussia, with some constantly upon the table. When I return home, I shall be obliged to send the children out for blackberries and bilberries.

Tourine, upon hearing Barthelemy was without a wife, began immediately to work and build plans, and wrote to Pilgarlick to beg he would recommend one of her fabrication to him; adding, "*on fait ces choses là bien lestement aujourd'hui.*" You may imagine how Pill laughed!

I have written Benincasa an epitaph, on the apoplectic fit of the Serenissima.* I am afraid the Adriatic will soon be no better then one of the wicked, and forget her venerable husband.†

Sept. 1797.

M. informs me our ministers are displeased

* The fall of Genoa.

† Alluding to the Doge of Venice wedding the Adriatic.

with me for having, at the positive and official request of the Directory, written to beg mercy might be extended to an Irishman, (Long,) captain of a French privateer captured, and to be tried for his life, as by our law he has no chance of escaping conviction. This man has been twenty-five years established in France, has children, and served all last war against us; for at that time the penal laws prevented Catholics being employed in the English service. We have pardoned fifty in this and the last war, under similar circumstances; nay, we have forgiven all the Americans, and were they not English subjects?

I made use of these arguments, and urged the absurdity of a law which must have more exceptions than rules; for what becomes of emigrants' children born in England, if ever they hereafter serve against us on returning to the country where their property lies?

I also mentioned that if Long suffered, it was probable retaliation might ensue.

How could this statement offend? But I will bear all very patiently, and if I am recalled, shall

return to my plough with the satisfaction of having done my duty. Perhaps, as the negotiations are begun, and the prisoners likely soon to be released from all parts of France, my presence here will become less necessary.

Fontainebleau, Sept. 15, 1797.

I have not written lately, for reasons which you will have learnt from the public papers.* Walter Boyd and Mr. Ker are packed off with every species of emigrants. Barthelemy is on his way to God knows where. I am extremely hurried by the number of letters my prisoners write to me, in dread of the cartel not being ratified, and their being left without pay or clothes.

On the 4th, by a particular arrêté, a commissioner was sent here to offer me the release of Sir

* On the 4th of September a revolt had taken place, from a conspiracy for restoring royalty being found out, in consequence of which the Director Barthelemy, the Deputies Barbé Marbois, Tronçon, Ducoudray, Ramel, Carnot, and others, were condemned to transportation to Cayenne.

Sidney Smith, if I would sign their proposals *conditionally*. This I did directly, as it was no binding engagement. However, the great events of that very day have probably engrossed the thoughts of government too much to get this matter finished, and I wait with impatience for further communication. The Admiralty has stopped the cartel, and forbidden the release of any more French prisoners, because it has received information, I know not from whom, that the British prisoners had been taken out of the cartel ships at Nantes, and that Major Hull and another officer, though provided with passports and their baggage on board, had been disembarked and thrown into close confinement. Now it happens that I this day received a letter from Major Hull, to inform me that he and his fellow officer, &c. had sailed some days before. I had, however, applied to the commissioners at Paris on the subject, and was assured there was not the slightest truth in the report.

Sept. 21, 1797.

You will learn, before this letter reaches you,

that I am recalled. No reason is stated, but I conclude I shall have further intelligence shortly. The ministers do not seem willing to avow their motives for displacing me. It is impossible that Nepean can be ignorant of the cause of my recall, of my enemies, or of the manner in which my business has been concluded. There are no steps taken for the acceptation of my successor, or even for the release of Sir Sidney. I am overwhelmed with letters. The exchange is in jeopardy, and our prisoners are sent up from Nantes to Angers.

Eugenie writes that she has at length determined to give her hand to Monsieur de la Verriere Montreuil, who has been soliciting it for several years. He is unfortunately upon crutches, but that is of no consequence to a French wife. He has a handsome fortune, is an excellent man, and his father was a premier president of some chambre des comptes or des aides. They are to keep house for her mother and her father too, if he chooses. Eugenie says he shall have his apartment, and a door of his own, and even his fat mistress, if he wishes it, *en toute liberté!*

These are *principes à la Française* in all their perfection. If I had staid and resided at Paris, I was to have had their principal floor, and to have kept house with them.

Benincasa is at Paris, on his way to Italy, where he expects to be Director of Modena. Ciccaporée came over here to spend a day with me.

Fontainebleau, Oct. 8, 1797.

I did not expect I should still date from this place, but I am here in a state of suspense and uncertainty. Not a line from ministry or anybody. You may judge that I am amazingly tired of my situation, and nothing but my good health, the beauty of the weather, and purity of the atmosphere, keep up my spirits.

I have transmitted to the ministry a letter I have received from the Commission des Echanges: it is as follows:—

" Le Directoire a pris un arrêté, dont le premier article laisse au Capitaine Smith la liberté de correspondre avec vous. Cet officier jouira

d'un cautionnement, dès le moment que votre gouvernement aura ratifié le concordat. Il sera definitivement renvoyé en Angleterre aussitôt la rentrées en France des 4,000 hommes, &c. Les evénemens du 18 Fructidor ont empechés que le Directoire se soit occupé de votre retour à Paris, ce qui peut vous convaincre et vous prouver que le gouvernement desire que nous puissions continuer *avec vous* l'operation des échanges. De-là son silence sur le compte de votre successeur ; il n'a pas voulu délibérer sur son admission, et il n'est pas question de lui dans l'arrêté. Croyez moi que nous ferons tout ce qui dépendra de nous, pour vous conserver ; nous le devons à la loyauté que vous nous avez toujours montré ; nous le devons à l'humanité, dont nous sommes chargés de défendre les droits ; et nous sommes convaincus que personne ne peut mieux que vous nous aider dans cette tâche glorieuse."

I have since received the arrêté about Sir S. Smith, who is now put on the footing of a prisoner of war.

It was very fortunate for me I was kept here.

I might otherwise have been involved in the Barthelemy business, and perhaps walking about with Carnot.

I learn that all the ci-devant nobles are to be banished till after the peace.

How tired my short specimen has made me of ministers !—though I like the kind of business exceedingly, and do it with pleasure and a light hand. I have got into the French style of diplomacy so well, that I can now write a whole page, of which scarcely an expression is to be found in the Dictionnaire de l'Académie !

I have dined at different country-houses lately, and generally walked. Yesterday we had a long stretch, nearly thirteen miles, before dinner, and as much at night ; but it was like walking upon velvet. I wish I were playing so.

Oct. 22, 1797.

Still in the wood, as you see, and not a line from England ; consequently nothing altered in my most disagreeable position. Time steals on.

Am I then to complete my year in the service? If so, I ought afterwards, like a pauper, to be entitled to a settlement.

There is a greater dearth of matter for a letter than I ever experienced, for the style I live in is more eremitical than you can imagine. Yet the poorest hermit had a garden to cultivate, and I have nothing of the kind.

Our weather is stormy, with an hour or two of sunshine every day, and the golden forest is in high picturesque beauty; but, alas! it gives the unpleasant feeling of desolation and winter. I make long stretches across it every day, after working at my desk two or three hours. After dinner I go and sit sometimes with Lady Rodney and her two daughters; but in general I remain by my fireside and read Voltaire's correspondence, which is very entertaining, though I should like it better if there were less of Voltaire in it.

Mesdames d'Anglures and Talaru are coming to see me, but cannot move till the decree is fixed concerning the ex-nobles. The consternation was general while the motion remained unaltered; but the movers have withdrawn it, and

proposed another, by which the ex-nobles will stand in the predicament of foreigners.

I have a letter from Sir S. Smith, who thought I was gone, and wrote to me at the Admiralty, from whence it has been forwarded to me. In it he expresses himself in the highest terms of gratitude and approbation.

I long to have this delay and suspense put an end to, and look forward with ambition and eagerness, though scarcely with hope, to spending the remainder of my days in literary and other amusements, or employments, (call them what you will,) on my own dunghill, *oblitus obliviscendus!* . . . . . No letters!

I am told by my correspondent at Calais that no vessel has appeared from Dover for a considerable time. Our winter is begun.

Nov. 9, 1797.

I have as yet no answer from the Directory, no news of my passport! What can occasion the delay? I think they will not refuse me leave

to stay a week at Paris; but there is no knowing. I long much to get away at any rate: not that I expect any clear explanation or justice from our ministers.

Sir Sidney has at last acknowledged to me that he has frequently written against me to his friends in England. He says he only complained of my indifference; and now that he has such proofs of my activity and attention to his interests, he apologises, and regrets having done so: but what good does his *palinodie* do me now, after he has been impressing Lord Grenville, &c. with hostile ideas against me? All he can say would not make them change now, or recant and acknowledge an error. How will one thoughtless word thus unintentionally destroy the welfare of another!

Probably other circumstances and calumnies have had their weight at home, and I dare say, some day, I shall be astonished at the baseness of those whom I do not think now of suspecting.

Meanwhile, everything relative to the exchange of prisoners is going to the dogs. Animosity and pique are revived, and hostilities in that line

are as warm as in the worst times. Our officers are deprived of their parole, and confined. Probably the French are treated in the same manner.

Pour dissiper nos ennuis, we went yesterday four leagues and more to Nemours, examined the works of the intended bridge, climbed up a high rock to view the country, ate our loaf of bread, and returned home to our dinner without stopping, untired and comfortable. I think, when I get to England, I must offer myself for a two-penny post or exciseman.

Nov. 10, 1797.

I have received Bourdon's letter, who says he deferred writing till he could learn from his colleagues whether the Directory will or will not receive my successor; and nothing is yet decided. He says: "S'il est possible de finir avec Coles, nous le ferons; mais je ne vous le cache point;—les dispositions dans lesquelles il était lorsqu'il a quitté la France, le ton de hauteur avec lequel il parlait de toutes nos institutions

républicaines, la morgue qui se remarquait dans ses discours et dans ses actions, tout me fait craindre qu'il n'apporte ici des préventions qui pourraient nous empêcher de faire le bien."

Nov. 11, 1797.

I had got so far when my man announced the arrival of Madame d'Anglures, Madame de Talaru, and Cesarine, who have taken a trip to see the hermit of the forest. Your ears must have tingled, as we talked for hours of you and yours. They send you a thousand embrassades. Lavie is gone to Switzerland. His daughter is at Paris, endeavouring to procure the definitive expunction of her father and husband's names from the list of emigrés, for, in fact, they never quitted France. But during the reign of terror, wherever you had an estate and happened not to reside upon it, the kind vassals or peasants set you down as emigrated. Many persons did not know this till the other day, but they were not

the less obliged to quit the republic, as having incurred the penalties of emigration.

Perregaux writes me word my passport is ordered, and I am to be allowed to stay ten days in Paris,—so this disagreeable suspense will soon be at an end. Adieu for the present.

Calais, Dec. 4, 1797.

I staid eight days at Paris. The reception I met with from the commission was very flattering. Mr. M. will send you a French paper containing the speech the minister made me on my taking leave of him, which was very friendly and polite. I am informed that, on my account, the whole business of the general exchange is knocked on the head; no further proposals will be made or listened to about Sir S. or the thousand prisoners, but all be looked upon as void, undone, or as *non avenu.* Yet all was in such a fair way. *Peccato!*

Charretié is recalled, and Senovert, or Gallois,

a friend of Talleyrand's, will succeed him. I carry over £4,000 for the French prisoners, and, what will interest you more, *des roses pomponnes*, carnations, &c., safely packed

Perregaux was all kindness and friendship. I shall never forget the cordiality and regard of all the commissioners of the exchange, nay, of all their clerks. They crowded round me when I arrived at Paris from Fontainebleau, and again when I came away. The universal testimonies of esteem I met with were quite overpowering.

Talaru was at Paris unknown to me, but was recognised and obliged to fly to Spain.

I hope in a few days to be in London, where I shall first exclusively occupy myself in bringing my political business to an explanation and an end; finish with the board; and then make the best of my way home, and there remain quiet till the peace enables us to make a definitive arrangement with regard to the West Indies, &c.

Dover, Dec. 1797.

After a most boisterous passage I landed in a boat, for the ship could not make the harbour, and was obliged to go to the Downs; so that I have not even a bundle with me. The vessel ought to come up this tide about eight in the evening, but the wind is strong and the weather foul. I have sent to Deal to desire the collector there will take out the boxes that contain my papers; but I am half afraid the ship will be under way before my messenger arrives; so my situation is very disagreeable and uncertain.

But, at all events, I saved myself the horrors of a stormy night at sea, and have at least had a good night's rest.

I will now mention some particulars of the last part of my stay in France. An official letter from the marine informed me that they had waited day after day for the *Arrêté du Directoire*, which, by its answer to Mr. Dundas, was to remove all uncertainty about the fate of the prisoners, but had not received it, therefore begged I would not wait any longer, but hasten to convey the remittances to Charretié.

The same post brought me a long letter from Cottrau, full of the warmest expressions of friendship, and a promise that, at my request, General England should not be sent to prison by retaliation, even should there be a general order for it.

A friend wrote to me from Paris that he was afraid the handsome things thought and said of me there *me feroient du tort chez nous.* Can I help being liked?

I found a Captain Davies, of Hull, at Calais, who had made his escape from Arras; and as I happened to be well with the people there, the magistrates and commissioners made no opposition to my putting him down as a servant of mine, and I have brought him over.

The De Mauldes have suffered great losses by speculating in the Caisse d'Escomptes.

Perregaux writes me word that his daughter is asked in marriage by a man past forty, and she *d'accord.* This is the youngest Barthelemy. It is an awkward circumstance at this time, when the elder brother is on his way to Cayenne. The rulers cannot like Perregaux's forming such a connexion.*

* This marriage did not take place.

London, May 7, 1798.

All London was yesterday in a hubbub, on the sudden arrival of Sir Sidney Smith from Portsmouth. He got off from Havre in a fishing-boat with Lieutenant Wright, and a little Frenchman of the army of Condé, who managed his escape. The above is the whole account he gave me, in a short interview I had with him soon after his arrival. But I have since learnt that an order being given by the Directory to remove them to another prison, a great mob had assembled to see them. When they came into the middle of it, friends properly placed caught hold of them, pulled them into the thickest of the crowd, and carried them off to a private house, where they lay concealed till night; they were then conveyed by cross-roads and bye-ways to Rouen and Havre, from the house of one royalist to another.

As I have been suspecting for some time, by the accounts I have received from Paris, that his escape was preparing, I was not much surprised at it; but I cannot yet take upon me to affirm whether the Directory connived at it, or who

were the persons bribed; for money must have been distributed. Sir S. said they were obliged to cut the Gordian knot. He received me with great cordiality and many expressions of gratitude. God knows what effect this will have abroad in the treatment of other prisoners. M. says there will now be no difficulty in ratifying my convention of February 1797, and releasing the parole prisoners.

The way I learnt Sir Sidney's arrival was singular: I was asked by Madame d'O. to a little music in the morning, where Angelletti and Benelli were to sing. I found the rooms full of French dukes and duchesses, &c., and other émigrés, waiting for the arrival of the Dukes de Bourbon and Berri, who came about three. As soon as they entered the room, the Duc de Bourbon crossed it, and came up to me. "*Je crois,*" said he, "*que vous serez enchanté de savoir que le Commodore Sidney Smith est arrivé; je viens de le voir—il s'est sauvé du Temple par le moyen d'un officier de l'armée de Condé, avec un faux ordre du Directoire.*"

The Duc de Berri is very little and stumpy,

with thick lips and rather a *figure ignoble*—not so fat, but like Mr. Heneage. He stands first upon one leg, then on another. Like all his family, he is very unassuming and polite. The Frenchmen never sit down when he is in the room.

I hear from authority that the captain of the Hercule is to be sent over immediately, in exchange for Sir S. S. That looks like an escape by agreement, either settled, as some say, for three thousand pounds, or by Bergeret when last over. Some say he lay hid eight days at Rouen. General England is confined in the citadel of Aire. I make no doubt Sir Sidney will explain my matters to his friends, and render me justice. I enclose a letter from him.

TO H. SWINBURNE, ESQ.

Portsmouth, July 26, 1798.

My dear Sir,

On my arrival here I find the annexed letter from Lord Grenville, which I lose no time in transmitting to you. If there is any step you

wish me to take to procure a satisfactory explanation from the other department, I beg you will command me.

I beg you will be kind enough to tell me what I am in your debt for Spanish books and disbursements to John M'Cann, &c., in order that I may pay the same wherever you may direct.

Accept my heartfelt acknowledgments for all the trouble you were so good as to take on my account, and believe me,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful, humble servant,

W. SIDNEY SMITH.

(*Enclosed in the above.*)

TO SIR SIDNEY SMITH, &c. &c.

Dropmore, July 19, 1798.

My dear Sir,

I have just received your letter, enclosing one from Mr. Swinburne to you on the subject of his conduct in France. As Mr. Swinburne was employed under the direction of two other

departments of the king's government, it does not belong to me to pronounce upon his conduct. At the same time I have no difficulty in saying, that I am not aware that there is the least ground for doubting the perfect rectitude of his intentions, though he does not appear to me to have always judged properly as to the means of giving effect to them.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Most truly and sincerely yours,

GRENVILLE.

London, Jan. 3, 1801.

I have seen Sir William Hamilton, and the famous Emma.* He is just the same in looks as when we left him at Naples. She is very large, with a handsome face and bad figure. Her hair is very black; but she wears sometimes an auburn or a fair wig.

They have told me many things of Naples which will interest you. Sir William has given me a list of all the people executed upon the re-

* Lady Hamilton,

turn of Cardinal Rufo and the king, notwithstanding the capitulation. I enclose you a copy of it, by which you will see, as Sir W. says, that almost every man of worth and learning is destroyed or fled from Naples.

He showed me the English letter poor Cyrillo wrote to him for his interference, but which Marshal Pignatelli took care should not be delivered to him till after the unfortunate petitioner's execution. It is manly, and simply affecting.

The Duke of Cassano was put to death, and his wife would have been so likewise, but the queen had her life saved, because it was known she hated her, and she thought her death would be ascribed to personal vindictiveness. The infant son of young Gensano was executed, and his father near dying of grief in consequence, but now he is thinking of marrying again.

The Duke of Andria went to revolutionize his estates, and upon the people there refusing to plant the tree of liberty, he set fire to all the farms and villages. He has since been beheaded. Don Domenico Caraffa continued loyal.

The king likes Palermo, and will probably never forgive Naples; nor can the queen, for they hooted her, calling out "*fuora la Messalina!*" and she met with no kindness, when she went to Vienna, from her daughter the empress, who soon got tired of her, and at last treated her quite ill. But the queen never had intended to remain there. She took her three daughters with her; Christina is to be married to the Duc de Berri,* and she wishes to give the next to the Archduke Charles.

Mr. Coutts tells me Sir W. lost a good deal of money at Palermo. You may remember he was always fond of play, and played like a child. His estate does not give him above 1,000*l.* a year; add to this a pension of 2,000*l.*, and that will not keep up their present establishment.

Paesiello is still at Naples, in disgrace for having composed a fine hymn for the tree of liberty, when the French were there.

When Abbé Galiani was dying, nobody could get him to be penitent; the queen therefore undertook it, and wrote him a long preaching let-

* Afterwards Queen of Sardinia.

ter, entreating him to repass in his mind all the infidelity and *peccati* he had been guilty of throughout his life, for which he ought now to make *amende honorable.* He sent her a sealed answer, which on opening put her into the greatest rage, for it was her own letter, taken out of its envelope, and put into another which he had directed to herself, having altered two or three things in it.

Lady H. showed me a very kind letter she had received from the queen, in which she says nothing can be more degraded than the house of Austria, and she does not know what to expect. Lady Hamilton talked much in praise of Harry's beauty, and said he was run after by all the ladies at Naples. She lamented his refusing to marry the Marchesa Moscate, which would have been a splendid match in point of fortune.

I was much amused by a curious account she gave me of what passed when Madame d'Osmond arrived at Naples. The queen would not see her or any French, but Madame d'O. applied to Lady Hamilton for the purpose, who at last prevailed upon the queen to receive her.

The queen was seated on a sofa on the same side as the door. Madame d'O. was dressed out like the mourning bride, and stepped in quite in a theatrical way; as soon as she got a glimpse of the queen, she screamed out, and raised her hands, then threw herself back in a convulsion—(Lady H. acted it admirably for us)—then approached, stared, and fell back again, sobbed and struggled in hysterics, crying out, "*Quelle ressemblance!*" At last down she bounced on her knees at the queen's feet, and began an apostrophe—"*Adorable ressemblance de mon incomparable maitresse! de mon angélique amie!*"

The queen was quite petrified, and reproached Lady Hamilton afterwards for having brought her such a tragedy queen. When the d'Osmonds went away, the queen complained that she had brought on her a terrible corvée, as she was pestered with letters from her, all lamenting her poverty, and begging relief, which the queen frequently gave.

The Duke of Portland and l'Evêque de St. Pol de Leon will not suffer any priests to return to France, to any province where submission is re-

quired. They allow of their going to Bretagne, where none is exacted. The pope's legate, Spina, will soon settle all that matter.

The Duc d'Orleans asked kindly after you yesterday. Madame de Genlis's "Mères Rivales" is her own and Pamela's story dressed up *à sa guise*, and more absurd and immoral than any of her preceding works, but well written.

There is a correspondence published of the late Duke and Louis-Seize, Maria Antoinette, &c. in 1789. It is authentic. Speaking of our regency he says: "*Si la régence s'établit, l'Angleterre est à nous, pourvu que nous n'epargnons pas l'argent.*"

France is, I hear, perfectly quiet. Perregaux writes that his daughter is returned covered with laurels, having never left her husband.*

By-the-bye, Miss Wesley dined some days ago in company with Mr. Nellemont at Dr. Gregory's, and he said to her that the foolishest thing ministers had ever done was to recall me, who had the art of being a favourite with the French govern-

* Marmont, afterwards Duc de Raguse.

ment without betraying my own, *et toujours de la fumée pour toute nourriture!*

It is said everywhere that Pitt has resigned on account of the king's refusing the Irish emancipation, and that the Speaker is prime minister. There arrived somebody about noon to-day at Lord Grenville's office, upon which the cabinet was assembled directly. I met "the *late*" Lord Chatham hurrying down about four o'clock, which was very expeditious for him.

I am told there is a great jumble in the ministerial pot. The king taxes Pitt with duplicity; the Pittites complain of the Speaker, &c. Never was this or any other nation in such a hobble. France at liberty to turn her victorious arms towards us; a northern confederacy; our allies all cowed; the Egyptian expedition probably failed; the ports of all the world shut against us; a French fleet out against either Egypt or the West Indies; Ireland full of inflammables;—a weak administration:—this is only a partial sketch of our present situation.

The East India Directors, it is said, are going to vote Mr. Dundas a pension of five thousand

pounds! But nothing ought to surprise us now.

In the city they think that all this has been settled with Buonaparte, because he could not treat with Pitt, nor Pitt make the proper concessions he had scouted. So peace is now to be made, and then Pitt will resume his station; and this ridiculous folly keeps the stocks up.

I am uneasy at not hearing yet of Harry's arrival in Jamaica, though various persons conversant with those seas laugh at my fears.*

Feb. 2.

Another Jamaica mail arrived this morning, which left the island on the 21st of December, at which time no account had been received of General Knox. They are very low at the Admiralty concerning it. I have been all the morning in the city, hunting for informa-

* He went out as secretary and aide-de-camp to General Knox, commander-in-chief at Jamaica: the ship was never more heard of, and must have foundered between Martinique and Jamaica.

tion; but there are so many contradictory reports and conjectures, that I returned just as I went, except feeling my spirits depressed by the fatigue.

I assure you I keep nothing from you, nor palliate nor exaggerate; *spero contra spem.* I do all I can to resist the weight of despondency, but indeed I am cruelly alarmed, and prepare myself for the worst. I cannot pretend to bid you keep up your spirits, or hope or despond; for I know not what to do or to say. My thoughts are on the rack about your health, and the improbability that your shattered nerves should be able to resist such a blow as this may prove Colonel Barry sits all day over the fire crying, and is angry if one suggests a hope. He quite kills me.

I had got so far when Mr. Higgins came in, who declares upon his honour he would not buoy me up with false hopes; but his opinion is not the least altered by the arrival of this packet, nor will it till we hear from Honduras. There is nothing so common as ships driving past Jamaica, and being lost for months; Admiral Parker was so for four months.

Feb. 6.

Barry has quite got up his spirits, but I fancy from no reason but Higgins's persevering in his opinion, or perhaps from forcing himself out into the fresh air. How often have I admired and felt the force of the Marquis of Ormond's exclamation about his dead son! Ours, if gone, is gone "without a blot upon his fair fame." How time runs on!—every day sinks so much of my hopes, that I feel myself unmanned by every desponding expression or look of other people.

Feb. 12.

I write to save the last post. We had just dined when a letter came from Colonel Barry, enclosing one just received from the General, the date of which was the 25th of October, from Martinique. They had arrived, after an agreeable passage in a good ship, the day before. They were to re-embark that evening for Jamaica, where the General expected to be landed about the 1st of November. His letter is written in uncommon spirits. He says they were all well, but that he

keeps Swinburne so busy he has no time to write, and therefore begs Barry to acquaint his family that he is safe and well. It was almost too much happiness to bear when these tidings came amidst all our anxiety, and we were quite overcome at such unusual ways of digestion.

Feb. 21.

I breakfasted yesterday with Mr. Pelham, whose post in the cabinet is not ascertained, as Lord Auckland encourages his son-in-law to stick to the war secretaryship, as a place, I suppose, where he himself can take an active post behind the curtain. Lord Pelham is to be Earl of Laughton in Sussex, near Lewes. The king keeps Sussex for one of his sons, and Lord Moira would set fire to his house were he to take the title of Hastings, of which Lord P. is the lord.

Pelham has spoken to Nepean, and was to see Lord St. Vincent to-day, not having found him at home sooner. Nepean and Lord St. Vincent have had some conversation concerning me, but they cannot take the business under considera-

tion till matters of greater importance are settled. Nepean is most zealous and friendly.

Higgins says there is a letter arrived to a Mr. Miller, announcing the safety of all the crew of the Babet. By that I should imagine they have been shipwrecked. I care not, so he is safe.

Feb. 24.

Nepean has just written to me in a style you must like: "I am a father, and can therefore participate in your feelings on the news of your son's safety; long may he live! I am sure he will be an honour to his name."

The King is very ill; it is reported he is mad, and that Willis attends him. We are in a strange situation, half a ministry in, and half another out. Pitt and Dundas are said to be overwhelmed with debt.

Feb. 25.

It is certain that Dr. Willis is with the King.

The Prince and Pitt were together, and the Prince said to Pitt,

" You are still minister."

To which the other replied, " I hope, if a regency is requisite, your Royal Highness and I shall agree better than the last time."

" Oh !" said the Prince, " I see things now in a very different light from what I did then."

So the ministry is now finely mottled. St. Vincent and Hawkesbury are installed, and perhaps Eldon—the rest not. I can scarce flatter myself Lord St. Vincent will return me my old situation, as Messrs. Pitt and Dundas remain.

Feb. 27.

The King's fever is leaving him, and he is just now as he was when he began to mend twelve years ago. They say his illness was brought on by his taking a most extraordinary dose of James's powders of his own accord. If he does not make haste and recover, there will be a regency established upon the resolution entered into in 1789.

Nepean informs me, that Lord St. Vincent has had a second talk with him about me, and he assures me, upon his honour, that he did not know why I was recalled; it was resolved upon at a council at which he did not assist. I am glad to keep the thing alive, and hope at least to have an opportunity of justifying myself.

I met Lord Nelson at the Admiralty, but we had not time to say much to each other.

Think of the emigrés! The Comte de Coigny had returned to Paris, and had got back great part of his property, and lived unmolested under Buonaparte's government. Meanwhile he was carrying on Monsieur and the Evêque d'Arras's plot to blow up the whole Opera-house, and then made only a partial explosion in the street. He had got away from France before it blew up.

Feb. 28.

This morning I hear the King's life is in danger, and some talk of his not getting over the day; but as these are not the most loyal of his subjects, I cannot trust to their intelligence.

March 2, 1797.

The King is recovering fast, both head and health, and there will of course be no motions made in the House about his situation. This may perhaps make some favourable turn with regard to me.

Another month begun, and yet no satisfactory accounts of my dear son! My hopes and fears are exactly what they were, and I wait in silence and sullen patience the accounts from Jamaica.

March 4.

How charming was the country this morning, the sun bursting upon one in every corner as I passed through the Hammersmith gardens! I have done your commission with the Loutherbourgs. If I am to write or go to them again, I will the first opportunity; for I would at any time, and more now than ever, pay at your orders a visit to the Witch of Endor, ancient or modern, *n'importe qui.*

I have received letters from Padre Minasi and

Abbé Campbell. The latter says he never met with such a *testa squaiata* as our friend Minasi, who is stark-staring mad about politics.

Campbell lives entirely with General Acton, and is going to Naples with the Prince Royal. He says, Sicily enjoys tranquillity and plenty. You had better not write to Minasi, for the ports of Naples and Sicily will soon be in the possession of the French.

When the latter were driven out of Italy by Suwarrow, Benincasa fled from Milan, where he was something, and lay hid for many months at a farm-house near Modena. He has probably returned before this, and may be a great man by this time.

It is supposed that Buonaparte has agreed with Prussia to make the hereditary Prince of Orange first consul of the Batavian republic.

Last night Madame M. had a musical party, which, from the small size of the room, and the black dress of the company, and the long pianoforte in the middle of the apartment, must have been the exact representation of the harlot's funeral in Hogarth.

Lady A. and Mr. W. are separated. He, the most knowing man of the town, marries a woman for her jointure, and finds himself immediately beset with a host of creditors to an enormous extent. Her first husband carried her out of town, (to which she never returned in his lifetime,) upon Madame Le Brun sending him in a bill of five thousand pounds.

This strong south-west wind might have blown some ships in from Jamaica. I dare not say I long for their arrival.

March 28.

Every day takes away part of our hopes; there are letters by the Jamaica mail, and accounts have been received from Honduras and other parts of the island. They have seen nothing of the unfortunate Babet; so that little opening remains but the chances of capture, which I am afraid would have been known before now. The Knox family and Colonel Barry give it up as a lost case. I write illegibly, for my eyes are dim, and every letter appears double.

Can it be that the Almighty made my Harry so good, so perfect, and protected him through so many perils, to take him away so early? I cannot believe it, till compelled by time and circumstances. I will still hope, till hope itself shall turn to despair.

Pray look among my papers for all his precious letters, and put them carefully together. Happy is the farmer whose son learns to plough his land, and remains with him till his dying day!

T. has written to you, but you want nobody's counsels or exhortations to keep up your fortitude under this severest of all trials. I think I shall be able to bear it, and not break down, though the mask I am obliged to put on, and the efforts I am forced to make, not to annoy those I see, are an amazing strain upon my heart.

April 10.

I must write, though I have nothing to say, except that your gentle, soothing letter has in

some measure calmed my agitated mind. That you are resigned to the will of the Almighty I thank Him, and I will hope that time will teach me to be patient and devout like you.

If Pelham would but get into office, and give me something to do, it might be an occupation, if not an amusement, to me now. I could post the ledger of an apothecary or a haberdasher; I could feed pigs, or dip a water-dog; but I cannot sit down to my own business without pains in my head and eyes that overcome me in a moment. I cannot draw, I cannot compose, or revise my old MSS., from physical as well as moral causes, and I see no end to my misery.

The papers inform you of all that passes, for I cannot bring myself to have the attention necessary for the perusal of a newspaper.

I will write to Minasi, but his correspondence ceases to give me pleasure, for the subjects he treats of no longer interest me; indeed, "man delights not me, nor woman either." The only idea I can form now, not of happiness but of quiet existence, is to sit by your side all the time my health and duties do not require absence.

Poor Charles Townley is gone; but I know not what were his religious feelings *in articulo mortis.*

April 16, 1797.

I will transcribe for you what I remember of Lord Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton, which she has just been reading to me and others, as they contain many curious details not in the gazette, and which one may like to refer to at a future period. At the same time it employs me, and may you also, for a little while, in something less distressing to our thoughts than our own feelings. Though I do not mean to say it is a frivolous subject, God knows it is a dreadful one to many a tender parent, wife or child.

Lord Nelson writes several letters. The first gives an account of the negotiation with Colonel Stricker, about passing the castle of Cronenbourg. He puns upon the name. An aide-de-camp of the Crown Prince came on board—(admiral Parker writes a *Danish* jakanapes). He

wrote something down, and finding the pen bad, threw it away, saying, "Admiral, if your cannons are no better than your pens, we need not fear you much. To-morrow you will pass the Sound; we shall give you a warm reception. What are the names of the commanders?"

All the captains were then mentioned to him. He started at the name of Nelson, and exclaimed, "Ha! Nelson is here? then I suppose you mean to do something."

The second letter gives an account of the passage of the Sound, which was accomplished without loss, as not a single shot struck the ships, though a tremendous firing was kept up from the Danish forts and batteries.

The attack was very severe and bloody, as he had every floating battery and gun-boat to destroy or silence, before he could get at the men of war and the great batteries. The hereditary or Crown Prince was present, and very near being killed.

After four hours' hard fighting in the good old way, our brave, skilful tars took, sunk, or burnt, eighteen sail of men-of-war, seven of the line.

In this letter there is much mention of his trust in God and his protection, &c. He also inserts, very unaffectedly, that he hopes Sir William's pictures sold well. In the preceding letter he had sent his compliments to the Duke of Queensberry and Lord William Gordon, and begged the latter would not be making songs about them till they had done their work well.

He laments the loss of his captains and the grief of their families. In the last letter he says the Danes immediately sent off a flag of truce, to desire an officer of rank might come ashore to treat with the Prince, or that a Danish nobleman might be allowed to go on board; and that an armistice might be granted for a short time.

Lord Nelson complied with great pleasure, for his ship, the Elephant, was aground in a bad position. He went on shore and conferred with the Prince, to whom he says he told more truths than he probably had ever heard in his life, or perhaps any sovereign ever heard. The prince asked him "why the British fleet had forced its way up the Baltic?" He answered, "to crush

and annihilate a confederacy formed against the dearest interests of England." He pointed out Bernsdorf (who was present) as the author of the combination, and answerable for all the blood which had been spilt that day, and added, that if they had not had beating enough, he was ready to return on board, and lay Copenhagen, its shipping and arsenal, in ashes. The Prince was exceedingly agitated and terrified.

Unfortunately Lady H. was called away, and I did not hear the end of that letter.

It is very singular that when Nelson landed, he was received with huzzas and shouts of triumph, and escorted to the palace amidst the acclamations of the admiring multitude. The capitulation of Copenhagen is expected hourly.

The death of Paul I. occasions a variety of reports about its cause and manner. Those that will have it he was poisoned, say that the chemists are now able to extract an essential oil out of peach stones, which, when rubbed upon the lips of a sleeping person, will prevent his ever waking again. For my part, I conclude he died of the *maladie du pays*, viz. strangling.

Woronzow* resumes his functions, and is expected in town to-day. He was to have gone this very day to Calais, all his fortune in Russia being confiscated by Paul, to answer for the extra expense the Russian fleet had put the emperor to by remaining too long near England,—which, he said, was done by Woronzow's orders.

Paul's death has just saved him, and probably the news of it gave him the same sort of feeling the prisoners at Paris experienced when apprized of that of Robespierre. It is very remarkable (as I learnt from him) that there is a lady or woman (I do not know who she is) who, whenever she was employed to do anything for Woronzow, or to go and see him, was always followed by some lucky event.

I had to-day a long conversation with some "down-yonders,"† who made me almost long to go to St. Vincent's. Such fine fish and fowls,

* Father of the Countess of Pembroke, and a near relative of the celebrated Princess Daschkaw, whose autobiography has just been given to the world under the editorship of Mr. Bradford.

† West Indies.

such beautiful woods, rocks, plants, and a crater of a volcano, &c.

The French bishops, I hear, mean to resist the despotic order of the pope, which forces them to betray their flocks, renounce their allegiance, and empower Buonaparte to fill their sees with all sorts of *mauvais sujets*, without assigning any motive, or in any shape benefiting religion. They may add, and without holding out the least temporal advantage to them, for their places are already filled, no pension promised, much less secured. There—there's the rub! I do not know who is in the right—*non nostrum est inter tantos.*

I met General Moore for the first time yesterday. He avoided all mention of his departed friends,—but I interpreted his looks. Pelham is everything that is kind and friendly. I love him as my incomparable son did. He has an excellent heart and a good head.

I have seen in the Morning Herald a flaming advertisement of Axwell Park to be let. What would old Sir Thomas say, were he to pop his red face out of Wickham churchyard? Ignorance of what passes on this mole-hill, or at least

a total indifference about it, seems necessary to our quiet in the next world. Indeed, as these things can only affect our senses and passions, which depend, in part at least, on our material organs, there can be little doubt of the apathy of the *trépassés*.

June.

In answer to your questions I reply, that we are descended from the first writers in the Paston letters, I believe; for Sir William, to whom several of them are addressed, had several sons. The eldest was the ancestor of the Earls of Yarmouth; the fifth Sir Thomas was the source of the Pastons of Appleton and Horton in Somersetshire, whose heiress (daughter of Edward) married Sir Henry Bedingfield, my grandfather.

The King is so well, that he is come to the Queen's house to assist at a court.

Lord Nelson married a widow in the West Indies. He has but one arm; he cut his own meat, as well as I can recollect; but, for aught I know, Lady Hamilton may have helped him.

I dined with the Loutherbourgs on Saturday; they talk of taking a house near Beverley, as they hear much of the pleasures and cheapness of that neighbourhood. In these days of taxation and severity, I conceive there is much less difference than there used to be between one part of England and another.

I was prevailed upon last evening to go to the opera. It was anything but an amusement to me. It is the place of all others to annoy me most; for it brings so many things to my recollection. It was there *he* was so happy, so amused, for you know he doted upon music; and how pleased I felt in seeing him so fêté, so agreeable. *Oimè!* nothing on earth, I believe, now can afford me pleasure. It is impossible I can ever cherish a project or build a castle more!

I send you enclosed some verses Barry has brought, which a friend of his (Miss Trefusis) has written on the loss of the Babet.

I am told nothing can exceed the King's animosity against Pitt.

The D'Osmonds are quite rejoiced at getting possession again of their daughter, with 1,500*l.* a

year to spend, from De Boigne.* Did I ever tell you, that in a journey to Winchester or Salisbury (I forget which) D'Osmond and his wife knelt down at the tomb of Osmund de Seez, Lord Chancellor and Bishop in 1072, as *a relation ?*

LINES ON THE LOSS OF THE BABET.
BY MISS TREFUSIS.

Benevolent and brave! bright Honour's child,
Himself unerring, yet to others mild.
Wise, yet unconscious of superior powers,
Fair Science culled for him her choicest flowers,
And playful Wit her proudest tribute brings,
Gives all her graces, but withholds her stings.
A form enriched with many a manly charm,
A mind expansive, and a bosom warm.
Large in direction, in performance bold,
In courage youthful, in experience old;
With deep discernment, yet with graceful ease,
He lent instruction, whilst he sought to please;

* General de Boigne, a Frenchman by birth, who first entered into the Russian service, and afterwards into that of the East India Company. He subsequently became general-in-chief of Scindiah's army. He amassed an immense fortune in India, and on his return to Europe married Mademoiselle D'Osmond.

His public with his private virtues strove,
Which our respect should claim, and which our love.
Such once was Knox! the valiant, wise, and good,
Now deeply buried in the silent flood!
More deeply buried in the British breast
His treasured virtues lie. Oh! noblest, best,
Where, where was Albion's genius when her pride,
The high-soul'd Knox, her boasted hero, died!
Nor for *his* loss alone Britannia mourns,
While the proud deep a Swinburne's corpse inurns.
With wit to charm, and virtues to endear,
With manners gentle, and a heart sincere;
Youth of fair promise! had thy rising day
Equalled the lustre of the morning ray,
By Knox distinguished, by his virtues led,
With gathering honours clustering round thy head,
How proudly had thy happy parents smiled,
How gloried in the glories of their child!
Loved pair, adieu! if great the public grief,
Oh! what to secret sorrow yields relief!
To private friendship, which would proudly boast
Those heaven-born virtues now to friendship lost;
But that the swelling sigh, the bursting tear,
Tells only that they were, and were most dear.

Benham, July* 17.

I took my destination on Wednesday to come to this place for a few days, in order to break the

* The county residence of the Margrave of Anspach.

uniformity of my life, and dissipate my gloom by varying the scene. I am afraid I have not succeeded, nor am likely to succeed, in shaking off the black goddess or god, I know not which, from the crupper, where it is fixed like the old man in Sinbad's story. But, at all events, the jaunt will benefit my health, and kill that now bitter enemy of mine, Time. Alas! till now he and I were on better terms. I remember when we were such friends, I was always sorry when he ran from me, and lamented that he fled so quick!

About eight o'clock I arrived with my portmanteau at the Gloucester coffee-house, and finding room in the Bath mail, put myself into it, and at four yesterday morning arrived at Newbury, where I slept on a greasy chair by the kitchen fire, surrounded by crickets and black beetles, till about seven, when I was wakened by a ploughboy burning cheese at the fire for his breakfast. I thought the strong smell that woke me proceeded from the burning of a house, or at least of my boots and clothes.

About nine I arrived at this place, just as the Margrave was coming down to breakfast.

Nothing can be more friendly and attentive than he is to me, except that he has not offered to lend me a horse. I understand he is invariably niggardly in that respect; so, as the soldier says in some farce in answer to his friend, who asks him if he does not travel in his own coach—"*Moi et mon sergent nous profitons de la commodité du chemin, et nous voyageons à pied.*

This is a beautiful place, and an excellent new house, fit for any kind of gentleman. The architecture is like all that of Mr. Holland—that, in short, of an ignorant man, who takes bits out of his books, and talks *humano capiti cervicem equinam.* But, as it is plain, *cela ne choque pas.* It has nine windows in front, and a projecting colonnade of four Ionic pillars in the centre. You enter the south side by a large hall or billiard-room. The apartment on the right is the Margravine's, behind the principal staircase, and on the north front the Margrave's. There are a drawing-room, dining-room, and library—the bed-chambers excellent.

The park lies on each side of the house, occupying the face of the steep southern declivity, crowned with fine timber. There is a flower garden behind the house, and all the hill behind is covered with shrubs and noble wood. The view to the south toward the Hampshire downs is extremely rich, including a view of Lord Craven's park. There is no account of the Margravine having left Calais. Her famous ship was stranded and very near being lost, and was also nearly captured by some French fishing-boats.

Mr. Merry was received on the quay at Calais by the commander of the troops, the commissioners, &c., and forwarded to Paris. I suppose they think he is going to negotiate, or rather to sign peace.

Lord W. B. saw Robert Swinburne at Vienna,* about two months ago, very well, being able to use his arm enough to hold a bridle, and hoping to recover its use entirely. He had been offered a company in the guards, but preferred his present situation as more active service.

* Afterwards commandant at Milan.

Oct. 2, 1797.

I send you poor Comte d'Alet's letter: this may be tinsel, but it is a little oil poured on the stormy sea of the mind, and soothes one for a moment.

A gazette extraordinary informs us that the preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and the French republic were signed last night, by Lord Hawkesbury and Mr. Otto. Menou has accepted the capitulation for Alexandria. Upon this Buonaparte gave way, and sent over moderate terms. All I can guess is, that Malta will be free, either given back to the Order, or a republic. Tom will be upon the pavé, but safe, which is now what I care most about.

Nov. 3.

Alas! just so it blew this day twelvemonth. It is a perfect hurricane—tiles and chimneys tumbling about.

I have received yours, in which you advise me

to apply to my friend *Dick*—I suppose you must mean *Nick;* for I declare I know of no Dick but Sir John, and I could not expect anything through him.

Lord Pelham wrote me yesterday a most kind letter, to say he had had a long talk with Lord Hobart concerning me, who is very much disposed to serve me, but, until the colony is settled, he can give no absolute promise. It must therefore *trainer* till after the definitive treaty.

Mr. Jackson, who was to have gone ambassador to Constantinople, but was prevented by Lord Grenville, (in order to favour Sir Sidney Smith's brother,) is going minister to Paris. I presume this Otto is to remain minister here; and yet it seems odd that neither we nor Bonaparte should have something more showy to represent upon a peace. All the world is going down to the house, to hear Mr. Windham abuse the peace. *Cui bono?* I doubt the Duke of Norfolk's going yet to claim the props of Cardinal Howard.

Nov. 17, 1801.

I have had a very pleasant interview with Mr. Sullivan to-day. He advises me by all means to accept the vendue master's place at Trinidad, which he says must be good. I find that island, not being yet sufficiently inhabited, is not to be put on the footing of our other colonies.

The commission given to the governor makes him almost despotic; he can choose, change, and act, without his council. There is to be no house of assembly; the Catholic religion is to be the established one, and all Catholics are eligible to anything upon taking the Quebec oath. Government wishes to keep as near as possible to the Spanish establishment; and therefore, as there was a vendue master under the Spaniards, there will be one under us.

Everybody agrees that purchases in Trinidad would answer; for it is the finest soil in the world, has scarcely any mountain, and is as large as Jamaica. I hear it is a very healthy island, beautiful and curious in every respect, and of great extent, so that my soul and body

will have elbow-room. The place allows of a deputy; therefore I trust in a couple of years, or less, I may return to pass the remainder of my life in content at Hamsterley.

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* *Funchal Roads, Jan.* 14, 1802.

We sailed from Portsmouth on the last day of the year. Our frigate is a fast sailer, but rolls a great deal. We are above three hundred and eighty people on board, and sit down generally a numerous party. The general and I occupy the cabin, where our berths are rather gloomy, and not very quiet; but I have never been ill, and find, as usual, the good effects of my education and travels, in not wanting any attendance or help, and being able to put up with inconvenience.

The utmost attention is paid me, and all our society is good-humoured and civil; but we

* Mr. Swinburne had been appointed commissioner for the restoration of the Danish islands to the forces of that nation. He went to the West Indies on board the Danish frigate which conveyed General Waltershoff and suite.

cannot enter into their Danish conversation. There is plenty of eating and drinking, books, &c.

We are just arrived in Madeira at the beginning of the rainy season, after nine months' drought, which threatened destruction to the island. To-day the thermometer is at 46, which makes it the coldest day any inhabitant of Madeira ever felt. The mountain tops are covered with snow.

Jan. 15, 1802.

I came on shore with General Waltershoff, and lodge at Mr. Murdoch's, a wealthy merchant. The beauties of the environs of Funchal resemble those of Naples and Ischia. The houses are all white; above the town the villas are white also, and scattered about the declivity. The colour of the slope is now very brown, being almost all in vines. Orange groves everywhere intersect both country and city. The whole mass is pumice stone of a dark purple hue, and black and red lava, and the beach is all puz-

zolana. I could have fancied myself at Naples, *et proprius ardere puteolos.*

We landed at some distance from the town, and had a long walk between gardens and vineyards, supported as they are in the mountain sides of Capri and other Neapolitan places. The oranges we have tasted are very sweet. There are bananas, but the number of palm-trees is small. In a month this must be a paradise. General Clinton and our troops are here.

As Madeira was quite uninhabited when discovered in 1411, and covered with woods, there is no accounting for its arborisation, as a volcano, but by supposing it the fragment of a continent, and that the eruptions were prior to that continent being sunk by earthquakes. There is a complete crater on the mountain.

Jan. 20, 1802.

I made the most of my time, whilst in Madeira, walking about and examining. I had not time to get up beyond the cultivated country, where nature displays more curiosities than she does

below. I principally should have wished to see the variety of plants she produces spontaneously on those mountains, in a more southern latitude than Spain. As the island is volcanic, I was not surprised at finding a forest of chestnut trees above the vineyards, as that wood rejoices in a fiery soil.

The houses are whitened with lime brought from Porto Santo or Canary, and picturesquely scattered among the gardens, which makes the views resemble the slopes of Posilipo and Ischia; only the roofs are tiled, and not flat: the tiles dark brown.

Mr. Murdoch, at whose house we were entertained, is a man of great information, and had visits from the Portuguese governor and bishop. The people of Madeira are ugly; most of them of that kind of Portuguese feature that consists of a broad face, snub nose, and wide mouth, with good eyes and stout persons, like our friend Susa.* Very few have Jewish features, high foreheads, and aquiline noses.

I saw two or three pretty young women. The

* The late Count Funchal.

men are thin and amazingly active—a laborious, hardy, patient race. The dress of the peasant men is a small blue cap, blue jacket, white trousers, and gaiters or boots of ill-tanned goatskin, but oftener barefooted; a long pole, with an arrow point in his hand, and a coat hanging over it. The women delight in gaudy colours, but all wear the blue bonnet, a white handkerchief over their heads, chin, and neck; a short blue cloak, and boddice laced loose before. The town women wear men's round hats, and cloaks down to the ground.

The roads up from the city are paved with sharp slippery stones, which are more painful to descend than to mount. People use small horses, which go up and down in a canter, with a peasant behind, who carries the traveller's portmanteau on his shoulder, beating them on.

Mr. Murdoch resides at an elegant villa *à l'Italienne*, up the mountain, where, at great expense, he has laid out a beautiful garden, not only of the best productions of the island, but also of trees brought from all parts of the world, which all thrive there. Magnolias, as large as

the oaks in our park; weeping cedars from Goa; bread-fruit, and the Alexandrian laurel, which covers the walls; palms of various sorts, and the whole tribe of agrumi mimosas, real acacias. The hedges are composed of pomegranate and myrtle, and the banks kept up by the aloe and opuntia. A kind of heath grows upon the mountains, like a tree several feet in circumference. I measured one eight feet round in the stem.

There is a church, our Lady-del Monte, conspicuous over all the south side of Madeira, three miles above the city, to which I climbed with great fatigue. The view from it is fine. A cascade of water in the adjoining wood is a great ornament to a villa made *à l'Anglaise* by Mr. Murray, our late consul, at the expense of twenty thousand pounds, which in spring must be a delicious situation.

It does not seem that people live to a great age in Madeira; consumptions and rheumatisms are common. The street of Funchal is narrow, no carriages being used, but little sledges for the wine, drawn by two little oxen. Water runs through the streets, which are all upon a

declivity, and this, with the help of the pigs, keeps them clean.

The ladies are carried by two men in palanquins, and few ever walk. Balconies and venetian blinds give a pretty appearance to the upper stories. The ground floors are all warehouses.

We are now running S. W. at an uncommon rate, with a refreshing breeze and a quiet sea; we shall not enter into the trade-wind before we reach lat. 23°.

South of the Tropic, Jan. 24, 1802.

On the 21st, at midnight, we passed the tropic; but as it is cloudy, we have not had it very hot yet. The thermometer stands at 72, and it is delightful; but I see no beautiful skies, rising or setting suns.

I am very tired of being locked up so long without seeing any of the varieties of nature, and in a ship full of company, where one can apply to nothing whatsoever. I long to be in the wilds of Trinidad; for wild nature is the only thing I

can look to, as capable of creating a distraction in my mind from melancholy recollections.

Among Mr. Murdoch's plants are the avogado pear, the mammee, sugar-cane, tragacantha, coffee, cork, and camphire trees.

Our sailors have been this morning celebrating the passage of the tropic with a thousand mummeries and rough jokes.

Jan. 26, 1802.

Yesterday was hot, but our sailors danced away till it was dark; for we have a band of music on board, consisting of two trumpets, that summon us to dinner, two clarionets, and a drum. The soldiers sing in the evening an endless German song, and the sailors *impromptu* in Danish, of which the wit is lost upon me. We have seen some flying-fish, but no tropical birds. Our deck is covered with an awning, which makes it very pleasant.

Jan. 27, 1802.

The thermometer is risen to 99. Everybody is beginning to take shower-baths of salt water.

Feb. 4, 1802.
Fort Royal, Martinique.

We landed here yesterday morning. My old friend Sir Thomas Trigge was very happy to see me, and has taken us all into his house. We are a large party, and many of the officers I find here are old acquaintances. The weather is not disagreeably hot, though last night, at a ball where the general carried us, I confess I thought a little of the black hole at Calcutta.

I have begun my operations, by restoring a Danish brig-of-war that was lying here.

I behold with some pleasure the vast variety and novelty of cultivated nature around me; but am better pleased with the sight of the extraordinarily beautiful wild flowers and shrubs. This is a most charming island, with woody mountains and varied scenery.

Feb. 9, 1802.

I have been two days at St. Pierre, where General Keppel entertained us. We had also a

grand dinner at a merchant's house. We went and came back in canoes, a charming trip along the coast, which varies every minute. The rain prevented my riding into the picturesque environs of St. Pierre, which are more precipitous and wilder than those of Fort Royal, though more cultivated. I have experienced no inconvenience from the climate.

St. Croix, Feb. 14, 1802.

I came here yesterday morning, but we found General Fuller had not prepared for his departure; and as the British troops are not withdrawn, General Waltershoff remains on board. By pressing and official threats I have brought the evacuation to be fixed for Tuesday morning.

The rejoicings seem to be universal on the return of the Danish government, though the English troops are much liked. I shall have a fine overhauling of accounts, and much roguery to detect and defeat, if half of what I hear be true.

We left Martinique on the 11th, had a view of Dominica, passed Guadaloupe in the night, and saw St. Kitts at a distance. St. Croix does not look well from the sea, for want of wood; but when near, it is neat, and cultivated up to the tops of the hills. Christianstadt is a regular town, upon very uneven ground; many of the houses with porticos before them, both on the ground floor and above.

I don't know whether I mentioned to you the serpents of St. Lucia and of Martinique, which are dreadful, and many negroes are destroyed by them every year.

Feb. 17.

Our troops are embarked; and before this goes, the fort will be given up. There now blows the finest cool breeze I ever felt, with a clear sky, and the warmth is not more than a good summer's day in England.

I rise at the firing of the morning-gun at daybreak, and ride out. I find it delicious, espe-

cially in passing hedges of strong-scented jessamine. There are few gardens, the island being all cane or cotton ground. No trees are left but fruit-trees about the houses.

The town is on hilly ground, and divided into regular squares. Each house has a few cocoa and palm trees behind it, which makes something of a landscape; but, after Martinique, one's taste is too refined. The great pity is, that in that island there is no botanizing, or penetrating into the woods and bushes, for fear of the snakes. At St. Lucia, an English officer and his family were sitting at breakfast, and his son, a boy of ten years old, ran with a servant through the orchard to fetch some fruit from a tree. He passed through a tuft of long grass, in which lay a serpent, that fastened so violently upon his leg, that it was with great difficulty shaken off and killed by the servant. In spite of all that could be done, the child died in a few hours.

When the canes are cut in Martinique, the negroes cut round and round till a small clump is left in the centre, into which all the snakes

have gradually retired; this is surrounded by armed negroes, and set on fire. The snakes are burnt or killed; but the immense extent of woodland renders it impossible to destroy the breed of this horrid reptile.

Though St. Croix, from its bareness and cultivation, is not a good field to search in for wild plants, still by the road-side, and in the hedges, is a great variety of pretty herbs and shrubs. The waste part of the town is covered with the four-leaved cruciform plant, called four-o'clock.* I don't know its botanic name; it is in all the hot-houses in England. I gathered to-day a handful of Jumbee beads. The colours of the weeds are brilliant, especially the blues, of which I found a beautiful water-plant.

When the British troops departed, the interim between the hauling down our flags and raising the Danish ones (before which the Danish troops could not enter) was so long, that my reign as king of St. Croix was of a length to form an epoch in history; for I stood with all the keys of the fortress, magazines, and treasure, &c., in

* A species of passaflora that shuts up about that hour.

my hands on the great staircase; and as the Danes had no artillery, the business of my receiving the royal salute was so long, that King Stephano or Trinculo might have done many acts of royalty.

When General Waltershoff arrived by land from the other end of the island where he landed, he proceeded to the fort, where he received the principal people. Numbers of free negroes shook hands with him. We then marched in state to dinner, surrounded by hundreds of negro wenches singing and dancing. The effluvium was not very agreeable. One of these ladies (they all carried little red flags with a white cross) found it convenient to lean upon my shoulder, and stick her flag-staff into my collar. Danish colours were hung out in all parts of the town, which had a pretty effect.

I had always heard there was no twilight in the tropics, but it is not the fact. The moonlight is delightful.

St. Thomas, Feb. 19.

Upon the night we left St. Croix, we drove about fifteen miles through a fine road, amidst cane-fields and cocoa-tree avenues, to the west end of Frederickstadt, where ships of war lie in safety, and embarked in our frigate. We sailed in sight of many islands, and in six hours came to St. Thomas, a mountainous one. Its woods have been much destroyed: the harbour is fine, and being enclosed by lofty heights, all green or built upon, is extremely picturesque. This morning our troops here went on board, and the Danes took possession.

We are going to St. John's, partly on horseback, partly in a boat, and return at night. The business of restoring the island was performed pleasantly here, and we return to-morrow to St. Croix, to enter upon money transactions. The inhabitants complain of *cold*. We have a round of fêtes, and among others a French opera comique.

I am not much delighted with the fruits here, and people have got so much into European manners and habits, that I have not yet had a

single West Indian dish, or pepper-pot, &c., except "floating island."

This is a fine port, but on account of the number of bays, lagoons, and high impending mountains, a very unhealthy place in summer.

St. Croix, March 18.

Much of my intricate business is finished, and I hope to get away soon, as the frigate is to come down for me in a few days. I enjoy the best health and spirits, rise early, take moderate exercise, and work hard till dinner, and play at cards in the evening. This is a most hospitable place, for the principal people live in the town, and I have not once dined at home.

I find the weather delightful, though the wind is too boisterous; but it tempers the air so well, that although the thermometer at the window marks 80, I do not feel greater warmth than in our moderate summer weather. In the evening it is really cold, and a cloth coat very comfortable.

The conversation here is generally of Toussaint Louverture and St. Domingo.* The last accounts from thence say, that General Leclerc has published a proclamation of Buonaparte to the inhabitants, full of equality and fraternity. Toussaint has retired into the Grandbois mountains, and probably much bloodshed will ensue. If pacific measures are adopted, there will scarcely be a probability of keeping the blacks in the other islands quiet. Here the planters perceive a growing spirit, and restless talk about liberty, in the young slaves.

The estates here are fine things when the master resides upon them. I went the day before yesterday to a planter's, and wandered about his fields and works. He has a fine grove of cocoa-trees close by the shore, and a house in the most beautiful marine situation. He tells me there is a famous cocoa-nut tree walk at

* Toussaint Louverture. This extraordinary man, who rose from a common slave to the highest dignities in St. Domingo, was eventually inveigled, or rather carried off to France, and was thrown into prison, where he died in 1803, not without suspicion of having been poisoned.

Trinidad twenty miles long, which is said to originate in a bark laden with nuts having been cast ashore. The nuts produced trees, the trees nuts, and so they were propagated along the shore.

April 5.

The Danes are very inveterate against the English, and have put into prison some persons who accepted employment under our government. The inhabitants of the town of Fredericstadt gave a most sumptuous ball and supper on the 2nd, in honour of the battle of Copenhagen, and *the defeat of the English!* I did not attend it.

May 5.

The weather is much hotter, about eighty-six to ninety. I continue to enjoy good health. We occasionally make agreeable parties into the country, and went last week to dine in a wild, foresty situation by the sea-side, where the fishing-boats attended, and supplied us with good

fish. I have had delightful rides in the east part of the island, which is more woody and mountainous.

Here are some plantations built quite up in the nooks of the valleys, and call to mind the dear *sites* of Bagnères. The beauties of this climate, with respect to flowers, lie mostly in the creeping and climbing tribes. There are in the woodlands here large cream-coloured, yellow, red, purple, blue, and scarlet trumpet flowers and convolvoluses; but I expect more variety in the less cultivated islands.

I have met with numbers of the friends and acquaintances of our dear Harry and his good friend, which has been many a dagger to me. The most knowing seamen here think the unfortunate Babet was wrecked upon the almost unknown Isles of Aves, to the southward of this place.

May 13.

Admiral Totty has sent down the Plover sloop of war, Captain Galway. The Aimable was de-

tained by the mutiny at Dominica, and I have been a month idle here. We shall go early to-morrow to a country-house on the north side, among the mountains, where a large party is to meet us, and next morning breakfast on board the sloop at Fredericstadt, from whence we shall take our departure at noon. We stopped to dine and sup at St. Thomas's, next day dine with Mr. Georges at Tortola, then to St. Kitts.

Tortola, May 20.

I write to save the packet, lest anybody, or the papers, should inform you that the Plover sloop of war was wrecked the night before last on the Anegada reef. About four hours afterwards, I, with eight more, came off in a boat to procure assistance; and after a most perilous row of three leagues, wet to the skin and fatigued, not knowing what land it was we saw, nor how to get over the reef, we met a boat that took us into North Sound, Virgin Gorda. Here I procured several small vessels, and have since

heard that not only the lives of all are saved, but all the baggage and stores.

We passed a hermit's life yesterday, having nothing but one empty room of a fisher-house for our accommodation, and nothing to eat. At last, by exertions, we procured some milk and cassada, and slept on the floor, our coats acting as bolsters. This morning we came here.

May 22.

I begin to think my life will make a good second edition of "Robinson Crusoe." I will now give you a more detailed account of my adventures. On Friday last I quitted Christianstadt, with a very large party, and slept at a gentleman's plantation in the Northside Mountains, which are beautifully romantic. Saturday we proceeded to Fredericstadt, where the Plover rode at anchor. General Waltershoff and Mr. Hagen met me to take leave, with every mark of respect, salutes from the fort, &c.

We breakfasted on board, then landed for a prodigious grand dinner at a Mr. Foster's, where all the Danish and English captains met and caroused till night.

We embarked at ten to set sail at six next morning, nobody but myself bestowing a thought upon the possibility of any danger; but I have been taught so severe a lesson that it is never out of my mind; and I calculated that our captain and everybody on board were strangers to these seas, and not very well provided with good charts; besides, the being in constant sight of land is apt to betray one into a dangerous security, and to make one steer by the eye rather than by good astronomical and nautical combinations.

We reached St. Thomas for dinner, and spent the day with some friends ashore.

On Monday, by daybreak, we were under way, after weathering the east point of St. Croix and St. John's. About noon, Tuesday, we were close in with the south side of Virgin Gorda, or Spanish Town Island.

After an immense deal of tacking, about a

quarter before midnight, the ship struck upon a horse-shoe reef, which extends a vast way east from the island of Anegada, but shows no mark above water, whereby its shallow rocky bottom can be known.

We were all awakened with the shock; some thought it an earthquake. I felt very little emotion, but dressed myself and came on deck, where I saw little hope of saving the ship. The moon shone bright, the wind was moderate, and the sea calm. The round mountain of Spanish town, which I had sketched the preceding day, appeared to the south-west, at a great distance.

We cut away our mainmast, and threw our guns and ballast overboard. The ship remained immovable, and the anchor carried out could not bring her off; but she made no water.

We went off, as I told you, in the jolly-boat, to procure assistance, not knowing where to find inhabitants, or what rocks and shoals we might meet with; but violent squalls came on, and we durst not hoist our sail. Drenched with rain, our men harassed, and our boat filling with

water, I almost lost the hope of escaping our selves.

However, after many hours' labour and slow progress, we reached land; but an iron reef prevented our landing, and neither man, beast, nor habitation, appeared in sight. The sea ran mountains high, and the rain drowned us.

Happily we saw a boat standing towards us, and making signals. It conducted us through a channel into North Sound, Spanish Town, a beautiful large bay crowned with high mountains, covered with cotton bushes, but very few houses. At one of these we landed, and as soon as possible sent off boats and sloops to the man-of-war.

We luckily had brought some biscuits and rum, or else we should have starved, for the poor fishermen had nothing to offer us. We slept on the floor as well as we could, and our clothes dried in the sun on our backs, but not one of us has suffered, though it is reckoned dangerous in this climate.

About midnight a boat came from the ship, with baggage and some of the crew. Early next

morning we saw from the hill that the ship was dismasted and unmoored; but she seemed to be turned round, which was indeed the case.

The inhabitants of Spanish Town are a fine tall, hardy race of men. They are supposed to be the descendants of the buccaneers, and have the reputation of being savage and lawless, and accustomed to subsist on the spoils of wrecks. They were very good-natured to us, but their planters gave us neither assistance nor food. The blacks were eager to supply us.

The number of inhabitants of this large island does not exceed a hundred, mostly collected at the west end, in a kind of town, with a church.

We came to Tortola the day before yesterday, and in the evening a boat brought us word that the Plover was off the rocks, and moored in safety. I immediately sent off a large sloop with water and provisions, and the sailors we had brought hither.

I have written to General Waltershoff for a Danish frigate to carry me up to St. Kitt's. I am at Mr. Georges', whose house is on the most beautiful bay in the world.

May 27, at Sea.

At noon, on the 24th, the Danish brig-of-war, Longax, arrived with Mr. Hagen, one of the commissioners, and at night we embarked. We have been becalmed ever since, and have made little way.

Before I left Tortola, I rode over a large proportion of the island, which is very mountainous. In many parts the sugar plantations are carried up to the summit of the hills. Some of the best houses are also on the heights, and enjoy fine air and admirable prospects. Their gardens lie in some sheltered gully, where there are springs of water. The ways up are narrow, rugged, and steep; but the horses are so accustomed to them that no accident ever happens.

The flowering shrubs are beautiful, and the large aloe, in full flower, is a noble plant. Tortola is a very beautiful island. Mr. Georges says he saves four thousand a year by residing on the spot.

Fort Royal, Martinique.

I am just landed from the Danish brig. We went to Montserrat; where Mr. T. Meade, and the gentlemen of the island, received me with great hospitality. I like its *locale* wonderfully, especially Streatham, Meade's house, which is surrounded by romantic scenery, and as temperate as Madeira.*

Port of Spain, Trinidad, July 9.

As the town is hot, and reckoned not so unwholesome as the country, I have taken a small cottage consisting of a hall and three bed-chambers, on the crown of a hill, and a mile and a half from the town, across a plain half environed by woody mountains, and commanding the most beautiful prospect in the world, for the range of hills continues on the left in a sweep behind the town, and ends in the sea.

The plain, which is thus enclosed like a solid half moon by the hills and sea, exceeds my powers of description. It is as minutely and as

* The intervening letters are missing.

richly cultivated as the Brompton nurseries, and interspersed with all sorts of large timber trees. There are some habitations, barracks, &c., and one or two groves of tall trees that remind me of Chiswick and Ham.

On the left the eye ranges over the town, and beyond it the immense forest which encircles the gulf, and is lost in the horizon. To the right it commands the shipping, and to the north the mountains which form the Bōcas.

I am told that the deer, wild fowl, parrots, and monkeys will come about the house when all is quiet. The deer are small and very elegant. I have already seen a great variety of beautiful birds, one this morning, very small, of the brightest black and white plumage imaginable. In the town the streets are wide and paved.

August 1.

I have removed to the village of St. Juan, four miles from Port of Spain, eastward, close to the mountains, overlooking the small tract of

cleared lands, and then the boundless woods of the Casony; and, at many miles distance, the gentle, woody eminence towards Raporina.

A fine river flows from the mountains, and waters the foot of the hill we live upon. The high road to St. Joseph crosses the little plain before us, between hedges of lime trees. The road up hill branches off in the middle of a lofty grove, the underwood of which is the cacao or chocolate tree. You then descend a pretty winding road, cross the water, and ascend a gentle eminence, on the flat top of which the village of St. Juan is marked out in squares, so disposed that each house (made of mud, covered over with cane leaves) has a square round it for offices and a garden.

The padre, or Spanish curate, inhabits a large house at the head of the green; and behind all are his church and churchyard. Beyond rise lofty peaks, covered with the thickest woods.

A French family still occupies our ground floor; but when they are gone we shall be *magnifique*. But my stable is not yet built, so my two horses and mule *dorment à la belle étoile*.

The mornings and evenings here are exactly like those of the finest summer in England. The verdure is brilliant, and the distant hills form a light blue ridge along the horizon.

The fourteenth regiment being quartered at the city of St. Joseph enlivens our prospect, as some scarlet coat or other is always galloping along our lemon hedges, which hedges smell divinely when clipped, especially in the nights and mornings.

The other day I wandered up a neighbouring opening in the mountains for a mile or two, crossing our river Aracagua, or some such name, and, winding through the forest, came to some plantations of sugar, coffee, and cotton. The features of the view are gigantic, and sublimely beautiful.

I have begun a Flora Trinidadensis, and have already got five flowers in it. There are more flowering shrubs here than low plants, but still great varieties of the latter. Everything is enormously dear here: nine guineas a month for our wooden house, three shillings for a hen, and so forth.

The flat land in view belongs to Governor Picton, who comes out every Monday, and we are going to dine there to-day. Trinidad is what I fancy Britain to have been before the Romans came;—forests opened in strait lines, rivers choked with trees, and savages cultivating, in the small open spots of the woods, sufficient vegetables for their subsistence. The distant hills and the verdure look like the general face of England.

When I go to the town I dine with the governor, where I have a general invitation, or at one merchant's or another. We live a great deal upon soup of rice, fowl, beef, and eggs, and now and then pigeons from a dovecote. Fruit, except oranges, is not to be thought of; for although in this island the forests are full of fruit, individuals raise none worth mentioning. The avogada pear is a fine thing, like marrow spread on bread. I have eaten *one* excellent pine apple; the rest were not *à mon gout.* The bread-fruit is a good kind of potato as to taste. When the season grows dry I shall move about more, and be more entertaining.

La! what an ambassador Sir J. W. will make! His ribbon and his wife will do very well, but the νους is wanting, though perhaps he has enough for Alexander.

The chaplain or rector of the church here, in conjunction with a commissary, gave a ball the other night, at a mulatto woman's tavern. I hear it was brilliant—all British, the governor at the head.

Every day we have tremendous showers and very alarming lightning, which put an end for the present to my hobby-horsical excursions in quest of flowers, prospects, or natural history.

I have painted above thirty flowers, and now begin to find it difficult to get new ones as the season advances.

Sept. 19, 1802.

The weather has been very hot, but not at my dear St. Juan's; no, there the cool breeze blows so hard, that I was obliged to shut my windows: at

this moment it is troublesome, and I am sitting dressed exactly as I should be at Hamsterley, and not a bit too warm, but am even obliged to take a glass of wine to cheer the cockles of my old heart.

I am here perfectly well with all parties, and I am very sure that I am one of the most unexceptionable men that could be fixed upon for any office here—excuse my trumpeter being dead.

There is no Chartreux leads a quieter life than I do, barring *les jours de fête*. I read, walk, work, write till dark, and at eight I am in bed and *bon soir*. A sweet little bird, that warbles like a nightingale or a lark, roosts under our roof, that is directly over my mosquito net;—and the sweet little fellow sings deliciously to me at the early dawn.

There are many charming singing birds here. I was offered yesterday a cage of forty beautiful little parrots, the prettiest thing imaginable. I was tempted to buy them to send after a flock of their fathers and mothers, chattering and flying over their heads, but too high even to distinguish their colours.

The other day I went out to see the officers hunt deer. The animal is of a small size, and easily run down by the dogs of the country.

Oct. 11, 1802.

So you have quitted our *dulcia arva !* and your removing to the *penitus toto divisos rure Britannos*, whilst I am gone to the *Sitientes Afros*, makes you an exile like myself. To go on with Melibæus, I often say aloud and in my heart, " En, unquam patrios longo post tempore fines, mea regna mirabor ?" my trees, woods, and walks ! I am grown of late very melancholy, very *ranz de vache.**

I have begun to make my stables, but it does not interest me—yet I am in good health, but grown thin and looking old. But what does it signify ? you will be glad enough to see the bag of bones return safe to you.

* " Ah," said an English lady of our acquaintance, who had travelled in Switzerland and heard of the disease which absent Swiss call *mal du pays*—" Ah, I pity those poor Swiss, they suffer so dreadfully from that horrid *ranz de vache.*"

I am surprised at Sir Walter Raleigh's name not being given to any town, river, or street, in the island. In the Port of Spain we have streets called after kings and princes, as also after Duncan, St. Vincent, Nelson, the late governor Chacon ;—and why not Walter Raleigh? as much superior a genius to those men as they are to the cabin boy; for he was great in more than one profession. Get some general collection of voyages, and read the original narrative of the conquest of Trinidad.

What fools people are to flock here, as to Eldorado, without any previous inquiry! There is quite a rage for possessions here. Mr. Lushington at first sight gave £30,000 for an estate at Nagravine, which the owner acknowledged to me that he had cleaned and spruced up, which had its effect: he gave £9,000 for it five years ago, and has taken away twenty of his best negroes.

The rainy season continues dreadfully; yesterday our river overflowed a vast tract of country.

I am convinced there is danger in acquiring property here for many years to come. I regret

I did not find a spot nearer the town for my grant, because gardening is the most lucrative of all trades, when the carriage of fruit and vegetables to market does not sink the profits. I am told an acre of land produces £1,000 a year to Dr. O'Meara, who has a neat garden of a less size in the skirts of the town ; it may, however, not be so salubrious.

Jan. 26, 1803.

I am just returned from a three days' excursion to the heart of the island, in company with the new governor, Colonel and Mrs. Fullarton and suite. Our object was to attend the feast of St. Paul's Conversion, at Orima, the settlement of the Indians. We set out by daybreak, on Monday ; the Fullartons in their sociable, with yellow curtains and scarlet postilions ; then a landau ; and for fear of accidents, as we had reason to doubt the state of the roads, then three or four whiskies, and a large cavalcade of gentlemen and black grooms with General Picton.

We reviewed the 14th regiment at St. Joseph's barracks, and breakfasted with the commanding officer's wife and other ladies.

This ancient metropolis of Trinidad stands on a beautiful rising ground over the deep vale and winding stream of the same name. The mountains rise boldly behind, and a little over the town stands the venerable strong fortress wherein Sir Walter Raleigh surprised the Spanish governor in his bed, after rowing up from the gulf with sixty men.

This antique castle, the former dépôt of the archives, and from which all public acts were dated, is now in a perfect state of repair, and not the least dismantled, or worse than it was under the Gran' Rey Philip II. It is built of wooden frames and wattles, covered over with mud and lime; the whole thatched with sea flags and rushes. The view from it is of a whole continent of wood, where orange-coloured blossoms tinge the forest with the colours of our fading beech in autumn.

We proceeded to the extensive plain of Tacarique, planted in canes, and dined at Mr. Nihel's, an airy situation on the first rise of the mountain.

We sat down thirty to table. As I had engaged a bed some miles further at a gentleman's plantation, in order to be better accommodated, and to ease my horse for next day, I quitted the company with my Sancho, and rode a couple of hours in the dark.

The proprietor had given me as a direction the new English name of Springfield, a language which no one understands in that part of the island; so all my inquiries of the negroes I met amounted to an assurance that there was no such place. I began to think I was to pass the night in the wilderness, which is not quite so wholesome as it is in La Mancha,—when I luckily recollected some one had told me this longed for abode was beyond the river Arouca on the right. I then remembered to have seen a path leading that way soon after I had crossed the water; so I ventured into it, and soon came to a light, a negro line of houses, and a mansion where several people were moving about, and they came to meet me.

I inquired if this was Springfield. "Ah, no!" nor did they ever hear of such a place." "Let the place be what it would," I said, "I would

go no further, and must beg room for me and mine;" at the same time expressing my astonishment and vexation at the gentleman sending me such a wild goose chase.

At the mention of his name, they exclaimed I was right, and this was the place. I here found two of my acquaintances upon the same round, and we made the best shift we could; but our generous landlord had sent no provisions and no orders, except to let us in; all we had was an egg a piece, a bottle of wine, one bed, (a hammock,) and a mattress on the floor, which we tossed up for, and slept very well.

Next morning we resumed our journey, and preceded the great cavalcade; it was three miles to Orima, the road broad and green, cut through the forest. Remark that none had ever been before in that place, unless Columbus drove about in his curricle. When we arrived we found all the Indians in gala, going to high mass, and carrying in procession a statue of St. Paul, which from its beauty must have been one of their old pachacamaes new painted, and armed with sword and crown.

The village is large, has three or four streets, and a large square neatly built. On one side is the church, on the other the king's house and the market.

The Indians seem an innocent peaceful people, quite submissive to the priest, fond of their long hair, and whiter than the Spaniards. They received the governor with a flag, and a dull, hopping, or rather limping low dance to the sound of a drum, guitar and gourds full of pebbles or seeds.

We had an abundant breakfast at the curate's, and Colonel Fullarton gave a trunk full of gold trinkets for the women, a gift of government. Then their women danced for us, but so sheepishly and dully, that we were glad when it was over.

In a street by themselves reside the widows, wives, and daughters of the black Charibs of St. Vincent's, who destroyed your estates there, and whose bones still lie blanching on the rocks of Becuya, where they were carried, or on the sands of Rattan. They are very much like negroes, and well behaved. They speak English and French.

One called out, on seeing Mr. Gloster (the Attorney-General) with us, "Dere Liar Gloster!"

The Indians have their plots of cultivation scattered in the woods where the ground is good. I returned and slept about seven miles off at a friend's house, on a large estate purchased by a Frenchman; the mansion-house of mud walls thatched, and divided into three rooms.

Feb. 10, 1803.

The dry weather is set in, and the climate is charming. Light clear air, and coolness morning and evening, and pure sun in the middle of the day; but the change is trying to many constitutions. There are two men-of-war coming through the Bocas, which are supposed to bring Commodore Hood, the third *rex Brentfordiæ*—so we shall have more firing and feasting.

Three days ago I rode up one of our largest valleys, to look at some estates on sale, and was out all the morning, walking among canes, coffee, and cocoa trees, looking at the Spaniards fishing in

the river, and gathering flowers for my painting, without feeling more inconvenience than in a fine summer's morning in England. Every hour came a small sprinkling from a mountain cloud, which refreshed everything.

We then adjourned with a couple of friends to my new stable at St. Juan's, not yet inhabited by Houhonyms, and made an excellent dinner on fowls boiled to a consommé in rice soup; then sauntered to town with the setting sun.

I saw one curious estate. A native of Grenada, a common peasant, possesses one side of the mountain, from the rivulet to the summit, containing one hundred acres; he has cleared twenty-three, and covered fifteen of them with fine four-year-old canes. The rest is in pasture, and near the bottom are coffee plantations, &c. He has eight mules; he is established in a good house, which he built, with his family, and a few negroes. We found them all making sugar.

March 22, 1803.

I took advantage of the fine weather to make

a tour with two gentlemen, Mr. Grant the collector, brother to the Master of the Rolls, and Mr. Macdonald, who has an estate in partnership with General Picton. We sailed early on board the Leviathan, Captain Brice, who brought out all my things, with a fair gentle breeze, that wafted us as on a fresh water lake along the coast of Trinidad.

We breakfasted and dined on deck when we came to an anchor, enjoying the delicious cool air, and the view of every estate and improvement, marking the names on the map. At two we anchored off the round hill of Naparisma, before the little village of Petitbourg, which is the shipping place of many fine estates, with which it communicates by means of a very fine road.

After dinner we went into a boat, and entered the river Guaracaro, which empties itself through thickets of the mangrove-tree, the low boughs and roots of which are loaded with oysters, very delicate in taste.

We rowed up a mile in a deep channel, darkened by huge trees, and at low water impassable,

from those which have fallen into the water, and which sometimes form a foot-bridge over it.

We ended our day's voyage at Union, Mr. Macdonald's estate, a pleasant thatched house and garden, embosomed in woods at the foot of gentle eminences, and exhibiting the promising appearance of progressive improvement.

The next day I spent with profit to my Flora. The day after, we embarked on our river, in a three-oared boat, with each our little bundle, and proceeded along the coast in a south-west direction, under the Mount of Naparisma, which is like a little Vesuvius, wooded up to the summit, but has no volcanic productions.

We skimmed part of a high insulated rock, where some ships were at anchor waiting for sugars, and along the shore, which is not unlike Devonshire, as the hills are cleared towards the sea, and backed by forests on a much larger scale.

We landed at a gentleman's estate managed by an emigré of St. Domingo, who received us with great politeness, but *un peu trop à la Française;* for the dirt predominated. The great

hall, which, like the cobbler's hall in the song, served for many purposes, was open and free to a vast variety of animals, visible and invisible, such as turkeys, geese, pigeons, flamingos, Muscovy ducks, common ducks, hens, chickens, dogs, cats, black and yellow children, &c.

He is a pleasant sort of man, and his mulatto lady very polite, but he is *le premier des gesticulateurs.*

We did not fare or lodge *à la Sardanapale,* but did well on the whole, and sallied forth next day before sunrise.

We continued our voyage to the point of Brea, or the pitch lake, near the western extremity of the island. A line of breakers thundering over a sand-bank stopped us at low water, and our boat could not proceed; so we stripped and waded ashore, in spite of sharks and alligators, and walked two miles on a fine sandy beach, under the shade of the mangroves which line several miles of this low coast.

We then climbed up a rock of solid pitch, and wandered to a kind of wild village of French mulatto people; found a place to get a breakfast

of eggs and coffee, among gardens of pine-apples and fruit-trees, which had been the original object of the settlers before they thought of making sugar.

The soil, or rather the floor, of all these plantations, paths, and house, is nothing but sheer pitch, not harder than a tub of common pitch left in the sun.

This is quite a narrow peninsula, formed by a bituminous lava, flowing about two-thirds of a mile from a vast lake of the same materials, considerably elevated above the level of the sea. It is some miles in extent, surrounded by woods and estates of no great importance. The ground is hard everywhere, but intersected by cracks and ditches, full of clear cold water, all communicating together; and near the centre is a pool of about forty yards circumference, of deeper water, with islands of bushes upon it. It is the best entrance to the infernal regions the poets could have had, and much more characteristic than the pretty Pisena or Cyane, near Syracuse, through which Pluto carried off his wife.

Near the lake I found two large rocks of the

same scoria as I have seen at Vesuvius, and that is the only volcanic substance I could see. We returned to the estate we had left in the morning, and there slept. Next day we went up the Separi, a fine navigable river, the banks of which are covered with woods as far as the embarcadero of Mr. Hall, who has a noble estate, quite a territory.

The Union was our next place of rest. We then procured horses and mules, (very indifferent ones,) and rode through woods, in tracks almost impracticable, into the high country, to a noble property of Brice, reckoned the best land in the island, and thence to the Indian Mission of the Savana, where we breakfasted with a Spanish curate, and saw his three hundred very neat active Indians: they live in a large village on a hill lofty and airy, in a woody pasture thirteen miles diameter.

We came back by Petitbourg, through a most beautiful country, full of plantations of sugar and coffee. I never anywhere have seen so rich a tract of land.

We came to Port of Spain yesterday, partly in

a boat and partly in a sloop, where we passed the night very uncomfortably. There ends my pilgrimage, and *Dieu merci!* I never was better in my life. I think I ought to have made my tour more wonderful, and told you we landed one day at Otaheite, and another day at Buenos Ayres.

March 25, 1803.

Colonel Fullarton has asked me to go with him in a tour round the island, in a fine government schooner, on a party of surveying and curiosity. We shall probably stretch out to St. Vincent's. Nothing would suit me better. We are to depart in a few days.

I was amused at your fancying me low-spirited for want of H.'s company. Bah! I was born of a convivial turn, and nobody can keep up the ball longer than I do in society, because long acquaintance with the world has created a kind of equanimity, which fortunately unthinking people seldom acquire. I seldom join a party of a few days but the company are surprised at my

flow of spirits, indifference, and self-denial; much arising from an ironness of constitution hammered when red-hot by adversity.

To return. H. is little resource to me. He is a clever, fidgeting, company-seeking man; I can be very happy alone.

All illnesses here are cured by lime and lemon-juice. I was in a cruel state, from the insects called *les bêtes rouges;* my sleep interrupted, and the itching intolerable. At last I was advised to rub the swelling with lime-juice. I did this, went to bed, and never heard any more of the business. I have frequently cured inflammations from heat in the same manner.

The quarrel between our governors is come to such a pitch, that yesterday Colonel Fullarton moved in the council an accusation against General Picton, for various illegal acts, condemnations, and executions, during his government, before the commissions came out, which must be sent home; and ministry have no choice; they must order Picton home for trial.

Commodore Hood, who read the motion, took a warm part for Picton, and said it was a libel

against government, and he would not have read it had he known what it was—that he would write home to be relieved from his commission. To this Fullarton said, "As he pleased."

If this brings an old house upon Picton's head, it is his own doing, and he may repent not following my advice. When he received Lord Hobart's official letter, stating his appointment, he showed it to me. I said, that were I Alexander, I would write to his Majesty, that I was bred a soldier, had accepted the command of a conquered country, which I had governed *à la militaire* for five years; that I knew nothing of civil affairs, therefore was a very improper man to act a secondary part, and begged leave to resign the commission. This would satisfy his enemies, and for ever lay all quarrels to sleep, and he would have a ribbon or a regiment.

He acknowledged that I was right, but he had private reasons for seeing them out, as they call it. I wish he may not say, O Cassandra!

March 31, 1803.*

Our tour is put off, if not entirely, at least for some time, as things are very serious, and Colonel Fullarton cannot be absent. He was afraid of committing me by taking me with him; but I told him I had already informed General Picton that I was going.

The accusations against the latter are to be sent home. Commodore Hood says he will resign; so I suppose Colonel Fullarton will remain on the field of battle, unless a new governor is sent out. These fracas and quarrels are very unpleasant, although one has nothing to do with them.

My house at St. Juan's is almost finished. I have made it very convenient, and it would hold you all very well, if you liked to come; but I have not here *des objets majeurs* to justify the expense of bringing you, or endangering all your healths. To me, Trinidad is a delightful climate, and I can ride in its sun or sit on its waves with the same unconcern that I did near dear Istria

* Mr. Swinburne died on the 1st of April.

and Capri ;—but that is no reason why it should be so for others.

Were I a man to consult my own pleasures, I should undoubtedly be delighted to have you all here ; but many reasons militate against the voyage. The expense is great ; the dangers of the passage something ; of the climate more.

As to what you say of sincere friends—*who* has many ? Pleasant acquaintances—yes, one has plenty of those, that like the sweet buds of spring, enchant, enliven, and attract you, and then, with the first puff of adversity and frost of misfortune, drop off and fade before you. How few can boast of possessing the steady, hardy evergreens that stick by you through winter, and share the storm of ill fortune!

I am not one of those who think ill of human nature. I have lost friends, some perhaps by my own fault and want of punctuality ; but others have started up most unaccountably to replace them. One must never be in a hurry to take umbrage, and look upon friends as ungrateful, treacherous, or inconstant. Give them time, they may come round—if they do not, let them go !

If you feel the want of my society, think how I must feel the want of yours. Nothing interests me, nothing but thoughts of distant home occupies my mind! I shall soon be like what we read of the Indians and Africans, that think when they die they shall be transported back to their native groves. I wish I could think so.

Adieu! God bless you all!

ERRATA TO VOL. I.

Page 16, line 16, *for* dancers *read* dances.
16, — 19, *for* dances *read* dancers.
30, — 12, *for* Angloires *read* Anglures.
44, — 23, *for* Costello *read* Crutelle.
46, — 18, *for* Chastroses *read* Chartreuse.
52, — 18, *for* Austh *read* Auch.
96, — 22, *for* Carorina *read* Carolina.
108, — 27, *for* Buonotiro *read* Buen Retiro.
124, — 20, *for* auy *read* ugly.
127, — 7, *for* Camaldoln *read* Camaldoli.
131, — 4, *for* d'empero *read* d'impero.
132, — 5, *for* in contracto *read* in contratto.
141, — 26, *for* Castein-mare *read* Castell' a mare.
143, — 13, *for* Solfaterra *read* Solfatara.
149, — 11, *for* pascin *read* pascun.
177, — 6, *for* Furneo *read* Fusaro.
181, — 22, *for* Genovese *read* Genoese.
187, — 14, *for* Erota *read* Eryx.
193, — 17, *for* Persin *read* Prezzin.
223, — 10, *for* Roeca's *read* Rocca.
232, — 9, *for* Montario *read* Montorio.
253, — 24, *for* Carcine *read* Caseine.

ERRATA TO VOL. II.

Page 80, line 5, note, *for* IV. *read* XIV.
146, — 2, note, *for* noir *read* noire.
148, — 23, *for* voynit *read* voynis.
149, — 1, *for* reconnaitroit *read* reconnaitrois.
177, — 16, *for* republicaine *read* republicain.
194, — 4, *for* constitutionnels *read* constitutionnelles.
277, — 4, *for* rentres *read* rentrée.
315, — note, *for* Indies *read* Indians.

INDEX.

Abbeville, town of, a public defaulter blows up the powder magazine at, i. 2
Abingdon, Mrs., i. 391
Académie, dictionnaire de l', ii. 278
Acton, general, of Naples, ii. 38
Adelaide, madame, i. 12, 19; ii. 21
Adige, the river, i. 326—328
Adour, the river, near Bagnères, i. 54
Agnano, lake, near Naples, i. 127; its exceeding beauty, 176, 206
Agoult, M. d', ii. 55
Agriculture, state of, in France, i. 2, 53; in Naples, i. 144, 313; in Calabria, i. 171; corn of Sicily, i. 192; in Italy, i. 259; in Lombardy, i. 305
Agrigentum, ancient Roman temples at, i. 192
Aiguebelle, site of, i. 275
Aiguillon, duc d', minister of Louis XV., i. 9; dinner at his hôtel described, 13
Aix-la Chapelle, visit to, i. 373
Albani, the villa, i. 216; family, 216; cardinal, 217
Albany, count of, descendant of the Stuarts, i. 253, 254
———, countess of, i. 253; ii. 18, 41, 51, 200
Albert of Saxony, duke, i. 341, 346, 351
Alcano, district around, i. 190
Alexander VII., cardinal Ottoboni, i, 212
Alexandria, town of, near Genoa, i. 266
Alfieri, count, i. 253; ii. 51, 200
Algiers, affairs of, i. 92
Alhambra, palace of the, i. 66, 76. The governor Buccarelli, 67
Allandale, mansion of Whitfield in, ii. 105
Alicant, port and rock of, i. 74
Alicata, and Terra Nova, in Sicily, i. 193
Almond trees, i. 193
Alps, the, i. 267, 273, 275
Alvimar, M. d', ii. 145, 152
Alvinzi, field-marshal d', ii. 133
Amalia, queen, of Naples, i. 179
Amboise, town and castle of, i. 41
———— the counts of, 37, 38
———— cardinal George d', i. 38
America, United States of, travellers from the, i. 61, 393, 394; commerce of, 85
Amphitheatres:—of Nismes, i. 121; of Arles, 121
Anapus, river, i. 197
Ancona, town and harbour of, i. 309
Andalusia, rich plains of, i. 90
Andelau, madame d', extempore verses by, ii. 44
Andria, duke of, beheaded, ii. 293
Anglures, madade d', i. 7, 23, 30, 64; ii. 141, 283
Angoulême, town of, i. 45
Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XII. ii. 61, 62
Anspach, margravine of, ii. 109, 323
Antinous, statue of, i. 216
Antiquities, collections of, i. 120
———— Roman, in architecture, &c., i. 121, 122, 191, 192
Antwerp, city and cathedral of, i. 376; view from the steeple, 377; proposal for opening the port of, 379
Anville, Cannel d', ii. 185
Appia, Via, i. 314
Appii, Forum, i. 314
Apple trees, of Normandy, i. 3; mode of pruning them, 3
Aquapendente, romantic vicinity of, i. 319

Aquila, bishopric of, i. 163
Arabian MSS. of the Escurial, i. 118
Aranda, count d', his mission from Charles IV. to Versailles, i. 9
Aranjuez, court and palace of, i. 100, 103, 113
Arch, triumphal, near Avignon, i. 122; of Septimius Severus at Rome, 212; Trajan's at Ancona, 310
Architecture:—Moorish and Spanish, i. 66, 67, 93, 95, 118; ancient Roman buildings in Spain, i. 72; at Nismes, 121; at Avignon, 122; at Segesta, 191; at Agrigentum, 192; of Rome, 211—213, 221, 231; in Italy, 248, 250
Arco, torrent in Piedmont, i. 275
Arles, Roman antiquities at, i. 121; Elysian fields, or cemetery of, 121
Argyle, John fourth duke of, i. 395
Arno, vale of, i. 253; the river, 253, 257
Artois, count d', personal appearance of i. 10, 147 n.; ii. 12. Boar-hunting by, ii. 10.—See Charles X.
Artois, countess d', i. 11; ii. 12, 13
Assisi, town and convent of, i. 249
Asti, town of, i. 267
Auersberg, prince, i. 343
Auersberg, count, i. 366
Augusta, town and bay, in Sicily, i. 197
Augustus builds the temple of Jupiter Tonans, i. 221
Austria, tour in, i. 365; costume in, 367
Auxerre, town of, i. 283
Avernus, lake, i. 142
Avignon, city of, i. 122; Roman antiquities near, 122
Ayen, duke d', i. 15 n., 154

Bacano, l' Osteria di, i. 315
Bagnères, town of, i. 53; mineral springs of, 55; antiquities of, 59. Society at, 61, 115
Baia, scenery of, near Naples, i. 139
Bailly, mayor of Paris, ii. 82, 85
Balbi, madame de, ii. 12
Ballet, the French, and dancers, i. 16
Balloons, i. 392
Bandon, lord, ii. 72
Bankes, Mr., i. 142
Barbezieux, the property of the Le Tellier family, i. 45
Barcelona, city of, i. 71
Barras, the French Director, ii. 169, 176
Barri, countess du, mistress of Louis XV., i. 11 n., 15—19; her château of Luciennes, 19 n.; guillotined, 20 n.; anecdote of, 42 n, 225; visits Lucienne, ii. 22; her exile predicted, 23, 27; anecdotes of, 51
Barri, William count du, i. 11 n.
Barri, count John du, i. 11 n.
Barré, colonel, ii. 300; letter of, 301
Barthélemy, M., French Director, ii. 1, 70, 219, 245, 248, 271; his exile with Carnot, Ramel, and others, 273
Bastille, the, taken by the Parisians, ii. 83; made a timber-yard, 131
Battoni, the celebrated painter, i. 215, 219; his daughter Ruffina, 215
Bavaria, appearance of the country, i. 367; costume, 367
Beaujolais, count de, ii. 42, 43
Beauveau, maréchale de, ii. 22, 29, 33, 63, 80, 133, 142, 208, 211, 212
Bedford, John duke of, regent of France, i. 5
Bedford, John fourth duke of, i. 286
Bedingfield, Sir Henry, ii. 317
Bedingfield, Mr., i. 366
Beech trees, i. 57, 301
Beggars, of Italy, i. 171; of Flanders, 377; of Paris, ii. 130
Belvoir Castle, i. 293; duke and duchess of Rutland, 293; beauty of the duchess, 294
Benedict XIV, pope, i. 215, 239
Benincasa, count, ii. 184, 261, 271
Bergues, princess de, ii. 250
Bermeja, Sierra, i. 79
Bernis, cardinal de, anecdotes of, i. 214, 228, 246
Berri, duke de, personal description of, ii. 289
Berwick, duke of, ii 34
Bièvre, M. de, a wit, ii. 59
Bigorre, mountains, population and agriculture of, i. 56
Biron, duke de, ii. 248, &c.; called M. Gontaut, 249
Biscari, prince of, 198; his gardens and museum, 198
Biscay, description of, i. 107; bay of, 108
Blois, description of the city of, i. 32; the ancient castle of the counts of, 33; Stephen, king of England, 34. conseil supérieur, at, 34; society at, 33; forest of Prussec, 35, 36; convent of Pont le Voye, 37
Boar, wild, hunts, i. 140, 205; ii. 8, 10
Bohemia, government of, i. 343
Boigne, general de, ii. 319 n.
Bois de Boulogne, at Paris, ii. 215, 217
Boisgelin, madame de, ii. 26
Bolingbroke, lord, his château of La Sourée, during exile, i. 27
Bolsena, lake of, i. 317
Bonaparte, career of, ii. 133, 151, 164, 196, 207, 211, 218, 307

Bonn, city of, i. 371 ; elector of Cologne's palace at, 371
Bordeaux, city of, i. 46 ; its commerce, 46 ; parliament of, re-established by Louis XVI, 47
Borghese, prince, his palace near the ponte Lamentana, i. 228 ; gala at the villa Borghese, 230; picture gallery of the Borghese palace, 3, 230
Boswell, Mr., his anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, i. 392
Botany and Horticulture, remarks relating to, i. 58, 66, 73, 120, 129, 155, 195, 225, 273, 274 ; ii. 240, 252, 266, 356
Botzen, town of the Tyrol, i. 326
Boufflers, M. de, his defence of Genoa, i. 263
———, madame de, ii. 173, 199
———, chevalier de, ii. 29
———, comtesse Amélie de, ii. 186, 199, 221
Boulogne, visit to, ii. 119
Bourbon, duke de, ii. 289
Bourgoign's Essay on Spain, ii. 129
Breteuil, baron de, ii. 11, 59 ; his administration, 83
Bréze, Louis de, maréchal de Normandie, his genealogy, i. 5 n.
Briare, canal de, ii. 269, 270
Brienne, de, archbishop of Toulouse, his administration, ii. 21, 26 ; his dismissal, 40
Brindini, his works at Naples, i. 160
Brittany, affairs of, ii. 67
Brixen, town of the Tyrol, i. 327
Brookes's club, ii. 76
Broglie, marshal de, ii. 82
———, comte de, i. 45
Bruce, Mr , his ' Travels,' i. 94
Bruges, town of, i. 381
Brussels, city and court of, i. 374 ; Flemish and German nobles at, 374 ; English society at, 375 ; Picture by Rubens in the cathedral of St. Gudule, at, 375
Brydone's ' Tour through Sicily,' i. 187, 190
Bull-fight, Spanish, i. 102
Burgess, Mr., confessor of the Augustine nuns at Bruges, i. 381
Burgos, cathedral of, i. 107
Burgundy, vines and wine of, i. 282; history of the dukes of, 283
Burke, Mr. Edmund, ii. 195, 198
Burleigh, mansion of the earl of Exeter, i. 295
Bury, ruins of the château of, i. 40
Butargo and Caviar, i. 195
Butera, prince, i. 160
Cadiz, city of, Mr. Henry Swinburne's letters from, i. 70, 79 ; hotels, theatres, and society at, 86 ; its superb bay, 87
Cagliostro, count, ii. 1
Calabria, account of, i. 157, 171, 189, 200
Calais, description of, ii. 116 ; embargo at, 223
Calatagirone, Sicilian society at, i. 193, 194
Calonne, M. de, his administration of finance, ii. 19 ; is exiled, 20, 23, 27
Cambaceres, [afterwards second consul,] ii. 195, 201, 202
Cambray, approach to, through lines of Lombardy poplar, i. 298
Campagna of Rome, i. 215, 315
Campan, madame, ii. 22, 38, 62, 268 ; her celebrated school, 151, 197
Campania Felici, the, of Naples, i. 144
Campo, marquis del, ii. 140, 174
——— Formio, peace of, ii. 236
Canterbury, cathedral, and St. Augustin's monastery at, ii. 69
Cape of Good Hope, ii. 394
Capri, excursion to the island of, i. 149 ; its fine fruit, 149 ; Villa of Tiberius, in, 150 ; Carthusian convent, in, 150 ; caper bushes of, 150
Caraccioli, at Paris, ii. 224
Cariati, prince, family of, i, 205
Carmelachi, or razor-fish, i. 161
Carnot, M., his talents and influence, ii. 167, 273
———, madame, ii. 208
Carolina, la, detail of the colonies formed in the Sierra Morena at, &c., i. 96—99
Caroline, queen of Ferdinand IV. of Naples, i. 124, 131—137, 145, 153—160, 206, 351 ; ii. 38, 294 ; her letter to Mrs. Swinburne, i. 227
Carondelet, M., his marriage with Miss Plunket, ii. 40
Carthagena, port of, i. 74 ; the galley-slaves of, 74 ; the coast described, 75
Caserta, palace and park of, at Naples, i. 124, 140 ; the boschetto cut, for constructing a small fortress, 143 ; the peschiera at, 143 ; a conversazione given at, 207
Cashiobury park, i. 385
Casiri, Arabic librarian to Charles III, i. 118
Cassano, duke of, his execution, ii. 293

Casteldama, and the river Teverone, i. 222
Castel Vetrano, wines of, i. 191; vale of, 191
Castellana, duke of, i. 185
Castillon, M. de, ii. 251
Castries, marshal de, ii. 11
———, marquis de, ii. 35
Catalonia, tour in, i. 71
Catania, description of the city of, i. 197
Catherine de Medicis, interesting prediction recorded, ii. 61
Catherine II, the empress, ii. 3, 28, 47
Cenis, Mont, i. 274
Cervantes, i. 96, 104, 106
Chad, Sir George, ii. 172
Chalons, town of, i. 282; costume of the peasantry, 282
Chamberlayn, Mr., anecdote of, i. 294
Chambery, visit to, i. 276; waterfall near, 276; Pass of La Grotta formed by Charles Emanuel of Savoy, 276; frontier of France at Les Echelles, near, 277
Chambord, vale of, i. 40; castle of, 40
Chantilly, its gardens criticised, i. 287
Charente, the river, i. 45
Charles I. of Spain, [the emperor Charles V. i. 76, 110, 171, 172
Charles III. king of Spain, i. 101, 105, 113; the royal family described, 101
Charles IV. of Spain, reign of, i. 9, 101
Charles X. of France, [count d'Artois] described, i. 10; fond of hunting the wild boar, ii. 10; and of gambling, 12, 20, 24. Anecdotes of the count, 14, 40, 51, 68
Charles of Lorraine, prince, i. 375, 377
Chartres, duke de, ii. 43
Châtelherault, town of, i. 43
Châtenay, count de, i. 167
Châteauvillard, M. de, his mansion at St. Brian, ii. 241
Châtillon, duchess de, ii. 44
Chaumont, town of, i. 38; castle of, 38
Chaupy, abbé, i. 222, 224; ii. 33
Chenevix, Mr. ii. 189
Chestnut trees, i. 198
Chevalier, M., ii. 186, 199, 221
Chevreuse, duchess de, ii. 65
Chiclana, residences of merchants of Cadiz at, i. 83
Chimay, madame de, ii. 42
Choiseul, Etienne François duke de, i. 229; his château of Chanteloup, 42; ii. 46; his exile, i. 42.n.; ii. 47
Christina, archduchess, and duke Albert of Saxony, i. 341, 346
Churchill, the poet, i. 399
Civita Castellana, i. 240; its castle, 240
Clagenfurth, capital of Carinthia, i. 329
Clair, river, near Poitiers, i. 44
Clarke, general, i. 120
Clary, countess de, i. 334, 338
Clavering, George, anecdote of, ii. 96, 104
——— Mr. Thomas, ii. 103
Clement, XI., cardinal Albani, i. 217
——— XIV., pope, i. 318
Climate: of various provinces of Spain, i. 73, 81, 82; of Naples, i. 127, 138, 151; of Rome, i. 224, 229; of Piedmont, i. 272
Clitumnus, sources of the river, i. 248
Cobentzel, count, i. 353
Coblentz, city of, i. 371
Coigny, count de, his conspiracy in favour of Louis XVIII, ii. 305
Collar, count, Hungarian vice-chancellor, i. 343
Colloredo, prince, i. 355
Cologne, city of, i. 372
Colonna family, the, i. 181; the constable Colonna presents the Neapolitan tribute of white horses to Pius VI., 217
Commerce of Spain, i. 85
Conflans, marquis de, ii. 65
Conti, prince de, i. 20
Convents, i. 28, 36, &c.; at Naples, i. 126; at Lyons, 280: at Verona, 324; at Paris, ii. 161; of St. Cyr, 256
Copenhagen, Nelson at the battle of, ii. 311, &c. &c
Cordova, city and mosque of, i. 94
Correggio, paintings by, i. 305, 306, 307, 349
Cortona, town of, i. 252
Cosenza, town of, i. 201
Cossé, duchess de, ii. 14
Cottrau, M., ii. 172
Cowper, earl and countess, i. 254
Craven, earl of, ii. 323
Craufurd, Mr. Quintin, ii. 4
Cronenburg, castle of, ii. 311
Crosne, M. de, lieutenant de police, ii. 47
Cubières, M. de, ii. 182
Cumæ, ancient vestiges of, i. 142

Cuma, town of, i. 308
Cyane, fountain near Syracuse, i. 197
Cyrillo Dr., his drawings of Calabria, i. 148
Czartorinski, prince, ii. 41

Damien, Robert François, execution of, ii. 5
Danish islands in the West Indies, &c. ii. 327 n., 336, 352
Danube, river, i. 354, 365, 367
Daschkow, princess, autobiography of, ii. 28, 315 n.
Dauphin, the, i. 10. See Louis XVI.
David, French historical painter, ii. 251
Denis, St., abbey of, i. 7; its treasury, 7
Denon, baron, ii. 32, 223
Desfriches, M., landscape painter, i. 30
Devonshire, duke and duchess of, i. 287
Diano, plain of, described, i. 201
Dieppe, port of, i. 3; high white cliffs of, 3
Digentia, the brook, of Horace, i. 223
Dijon, town of, i. 283; statue of Louis XIV. at, 283; bishop's palace at, 283
Dillon, archbishop of Narbonne, ii. 19, 56, 57
——— Mr. Edward, . 50; colonel in the French army, 302
——— Mrs., i. 115
——— Miss, (marquise d'Osmond,) i. 50, 155
——— count Arthur, ii. 57
——— abbé Arthur, ii. 57
——— Mr. Robert, ii. 162, 206
Dionysius of Syracuse, his dungeons or *Ear*, i. 196
Discus, game of the, i. 221
Domenichino, paintings by, i. 322
Dordogne, river, i. 45
Dorset, John Frederick, duke of, i. 8, 10, 22; ii. 35
Drumgold, Mrs., ii. 205
Ducrest, Cesar Marquis, *chancelier* to the duke of Orleans, ii. 36, 43
Duncan, sir William, and Lady Mary, i. 385
Dupaty, M., ii. 7, 56
——— madame, ii. 147
Durand, abbé, ii. 191, 192
Dutens, M. Louis, i. 182, 213; ii. 267, &c.

Eden, Mr., his mission to Versailles, ii. 7, 32, 73
Edgcumbe, Mount, earl of, i. 295
Ehrenbreitstein, flying bridge over the Rhine at, i. 371
Elliot, Mr., English minister at Brussels, i. 296
Elmsley, Mr., i. 386
Emigrés, French, ii. 279, 283, 305, &c.
Englefield, sir Henry, ii. 3, 4
English company at Paris, i. 22; ii. 7, 35, 49; at Marseilles, i. 123; society at Naples, i. 124, 128, 139, 141, 145, 204; society at Rome, i. 210, 213, 218, 237 n.; at Florence, i. 253; at Vienna, i. 332, 357; at Brussels, i. 375
Ens, town of, i. 365
Entelles, M. des, his translation of Milton, ii. 169
Entraigues, count d', ii. 20, 51
Eon, chevalier d', i. 387—389
Errington, Mr., i. 289
Escurial, palace of the, i. 104; elegy written in the royal vault of, 109; MSS. of the library of, 118
Esparbes, madame d', ii. 249 n.
Esterhazy, princess, i. 333
Etna, mount, i. 192, 193; snows of, 198; chestnut trees of, 198; the Centi Cavalli, 198
Eu, in Normandy, lofty hill near, i. 3

Farren, Miss, i. 391
Fayette, marquis de la, career of the, ii. 20, 85, 89
Ferdinand IV., king of Naples and Sicily, i. 124, 131, 151, 158; his character, i. 134, 177; fond of shooting and hunting, i. 140, 205; his manners, i. 147; further allusions to, ii. 294
Ferrieres, mademoiselle de, ii. 241
Fiesole, villa at, i. 254
Figs of Italy, i. 156, 172
Filberts of Naples, i. 156
Fiorito, the Col. near Tolentino, i. 311
Fitzherbert, Mrs., i. 309, 396
——— Mr., minister at Brussels, i. 374
Flanders, tour in, i. 297, &c.; revolution in Brabant, i. 358
Fleury, cardinal de, i. 228
Florence, English society at, i. 253, 254; cabinet of medals, 254; revisited, 321
Fogliani, viceroy of Sicily, i. 186
Foix, M. de St., i. 174 n., 387
Foligno, town and vicinity of, described, i. 248
Fontainebleau, palace of, described, i. 224; ii. 234, 256; the gallery of stags, i. 284; death of Monaldeschi at, 285; the chapel, 285;

tapestries after Le Brun's battles of Alexander, 285; council room at, 286; forest of, 286, 302; hunting the boat at, ii. 8; theatre at, 9
Forcalquier, monsieur de, anecdote, i. 13, 14
——— —— madame de, i. 13
Fouquet, M., disgraced by Louis XIV., i. 174 n.
Fox, right hon. C. J., ii. 77, 78
Francavilla, prince, i. 131, 143, 179; his stud, 144; his villa in Ischia, 155
Francavilla, princess, i. 125, 141
France, journeys through, i. 1—64, 104—124, 279—287, 297—304, 383 n.; ii. 5—68, 116, &c.; agriculture of, 2, 45, 53, 56; dispute of Louis XV. with the parliaments, 42 n., 47; state of the finances of, under Necker and Calonne, ii, 19—21; parliaments and courts refractory, 25, 26, 53; manners and customs in, 13, 29, 41; disputes and alarms antecedent to the French Revolution, 53, &c.; taxes, 23, 24, 54 n.; the Etats Généraux convoked, 79; double representation of, 81; progress of the revolution, 83, 87, 89, 109, 245; the directory, and missions of lord Malmesbury and Mr. Swinburne to, 121, 155, 175, 193, 227; expedition to Egypt defeated, 324; peace of Amiens, 324
Frankfort, city and fortifications of, i. 370
Frederic II., anecdotes of, i. 347 n.; ii. 27
French diplomatic language, ii. 278
Fresco paintings, i. 258
Fronsac, duke de, anecdote of the, ii. 13
Furaco, lake, wild-fowl shooting of, i. 177

Gabriel, don, infant of Spain, i. 101, 103
Galiani, the abbé, at Naples, i. 155, 158, 166, 173, 180, 238; ii. 294; his anecdotes, ii. 170
Gall, major, ii. 118, 125, 145, 146, 162, 172, 213
Galway, Mr. Harry, i. 52
Gaeta, Mola da, i. 245, 246
Gambling, anecdotes relative to card-playing, &c., i. 22, 128, 169, 373; ii. 12, 49
Garigliano, ferry of the, near the ruins of *Minturnæ*, i. 245
Garonne, river, i. 46
Garrick, David, anecdotes of, i. 397
——— Mrs., i. 396
Gascoigne, sir Thomas, i. 52, 62, 68, 116, 120, 124, 203, 209, 236, 240; Mr. Swinburne's letters to, ii. 96, 107
Gatti, cavalier, physician, i. 182, 208
Gem, Dr., ii. 132, 158, 184, 209
Geneviève, Ste., relics of, i. 21 n.
Genlis, count de, ii. 37
——— countess de, [de Sillery,] ii. 33, 36, 43, 56, 297
Gennaro, Monte, or *Lucretilis*, i. 223
Genoa, noble families of, i. 181; approach to, 261; port of, 262; palaces of the nobles, 262; fortifications of, 263; expulsion of the Austrians from, 264; vicinity of, 265
Gensano, Neapolitan, i. 138
Geological observations, i. 59
George III., petitions by the House of Commons to, i. 398; wounded by Margaret Nicholson, ii. 4; his malady, 72; regency and ministry, 73; his recovery, 75; the queen's drawing-room, 75; again insane, 303, 305; his partial recovery, 317
——— IV., anecdotes of, when prince of Wales and regent, i. 345 n., 385, 390, 396, 399; ii. 72, 77, 305
Germany, journeys of Mr. Henry Swinburne through, i. 330—373; electors and states of, 368; the golden bull of Charles IV., 370 n.; war with the French Republic, ii. 133—236
Ghent, arrival of Joseph II. at, i. 379; his discourse with Mr. Swinburne, at Ostend, on the peace, 378
Giannone, history of Italy, by, i. 180
Gibraltar, visit to, i. 83, 88; the garrison, 88
Girgenti, in Sicily, i. 192
Gluck, his opera of Orphée, i. 16; his style of music, 16, 362
Goitres, i. 275, 329
Gontaut, M. and madame, ii. 249, &c.
Gordon, lord George, ii. 3
Gower, George Granville earl, ambassador at Paris, ii. 158
Grammont, duchess de, ii. 26, 33, 46
Grande Croix, la, plain near, remarkable for botanical productions, i. 274
Grant, the abbé, at Rome, i. 209, 212, 318; his account of the rebellion in Scotland, 210

Grantham, lord, i 100, 113
Grapes of Naples, i. 142
Greek church, at Rome, i. 219
Grégoire, abbé, ii. 87
Grenada, city of, i. 75; palace of the Alhambra described, i. 66, 76; the generaliffe or Moorish king's palace, at, 68; the river Xenil, near, 69, 75; the Sierra Nevada, 75
Grenville, William baron, ii. 227, 281, 291
Grimaldi, marquis de, of Naples, i. 100, 113
——— duke, of Rome, i. 237
Guarini, at the court of Naples, i. 137.
Guido, paintings by, i. 232
Guienne, province of, i. 46
Guillotine, the, ii. 118 n., 206, 207, 215
Guise, Francis duke de, shot by Poltrot, i. 28
——— Henry of Lorraine, duke de, murder of, i. 33
——— Louis, cardinal de, assassinated in prison, i. 34
Guyer, the, mountain torrent, i. 277

Hadrian, the emperor, villa of, i. 216; supposed bust of, 230
Hall, Mr., his six months at Paris, i. 22
Hamilton, sir William, ambassador to Ferdinand IV., at Naples, i. 182, 205; ii. 292; his fondness for play, ii. 294
——— Emma lady, her arrival at Naples, i. 182, 204, 227; ii. 292; Lord Nelson's letters to, 311, 313; letter from the queen of Naples to, 295
——— Mrs., sister-in-law of Sir William Hamilton, i. 390
Hanau, mansion of the prince of Hesse Cassel, near the town of, i. 369
Hanoverian troops, the, i. 88
Harcourt, duke d', governor of the Dauphin, ii. 17
Hastings, marquis of, when earl of Moira, ii. 302
Hautefort, M. d', ii. 183, 196
Havre, duke d', ii. 27
Helvetius, posthumous book of, i. 13, 337
Henry IV. of France, ii. 170
Hesse Cassel, landgrave of, i. 369, 370 n.
Hoche, general, ii. 198
Horace, his villa described, i. 222, 224; MSS. of, 238
Houdetot, countess d', ii. 213
Howard, Mr., the philanthropist, i. 218
Hungary, state of religion in, i. 343
Hunting of wild boars, shooting, and field sports: of Italy, i. 140, 176, 205; by the royal family in France, ii. 8, 10, 14. 18

Infantado, duke del, i. 103
Innocent X., cardinal Pamfili, i. 212; his sister-in-law, Donna Olympia Maidalchina, 218
Inscriptions, ancient, i. 59, 143
Ionic order, volute of the, i. 225
Irish society, i. 218, 219
Iron Mask, the mysterious prisoner named the, i. 173, 174 n.; ii. 61
Ischia, island of, i. 155; its climate and odoriferous shrubs, 155
Isnard, député, ii. 195, 201
Italy, republics and affairs of, during the French Revolution, ii. 263, 307. *See* Bonaparte
Ivernois, Sir Francis d', ii. 32

Jacci, prince de, at Naples, i. 125
James II., his court at St. Germain, ii. 34
Janni, prince de, his villa of Resina, i. 148
Jansenists, the, i. 26
Jesuits of Naples, &c., i. 169; suppression of the, 229
Jews of Turin, i. 272; of Frankfort, 370
Joan of Arc, statue of, by Marie duchess of Wurtemberg, i. 5 n.; statue of, at Orléans, 25
Joseph II., the emperor, account of, i. 339, 347, 350 354, 357, 358, 363, 382; his journey through Flanders, and anecdotes of, 378—381; peace of Campo Formio, ii. 236

Kaunitz, prince, interesting details relative to the Imperial prime minister, i. 333, 334, 336, 338, 360
Keelder, lord Percy's castle at, i. 288
Keith, sir Robert, at Vienna, i. 332, 334, 342
Kenmure, lady, i. 41
Keralio, mademoiselle, her translation of Mr. Swinburne's travels, ii. 238
Kingston, duchess of, i. 218, 372
Knight, lady, and miss, i. 220
Knox, general, lost at sea, ii. 299, 308, 319

Konigsegge, elector of Cologne, i. 371, 372

Laborde, M., at Rome, i. 225
——— M., garde du trésor, ii. 15; his house at Ormesson, 21; his death, 168, 207
——— madame de, ii. 132, 133, 136, 177, 207
——— M., of Choisy, ii. 31, 86, 168
La Cava, anecdote of Charles V. at, i. 172
Lacelle, college of, ii. 30
La Croix, Charles, his refusal of lord Malmesbury's proposals of peace, ii. 127, 178
La Fayette.—See Fayette
La Luzerne, French minister at the court of St. James, ii. 75, 79
Lally Tollendal, count de, ii. 85
La Mancha, plains of, i. 90
Lamarck, madame de, ii. 35
Lamballe, princess de, ii. 8, 10, 42
Lambesc, prince de, ii. 78
Lamoignon, M. de, ii. 56
Landes, the, or heaths of Guienne, i. 45
Langlois, Mr. Benjamin, i. 382
Lansberg, Matthieu, his almanac, ii. 23
Laudohn, marshal, i. 346
Lauzun, duke de, ii. 46
Lava, volcanic, i. 127, 138, 159, 197
Lavoro, Terra di, i. 313
Lazzaroni, of Naples, i. 162, 178
Le Menil, Mr. Swinburne's house at, ii. 6, 29
Lentini, lake and trout of, i. 194
Leon, don Ferdinando di, 178
Leopold, grand-duke, i. 361
Le Moine, M., ii. 125, 126, 148, 165, 237
Liancourt, duke de, ii. 46
Licenza, vale of, i. 223
Liege, city of, i. 374
Lintz, on the Danube, i. 366
Locust tree, described, i. 73
Loire, river, at Blois, i. 32, 35, 302, 303; at Chaumont, 38; excursion to the banks of the, ii. 269
Loiret, banks of the river, i. 27; Bridge of Olivet, where de Guise was shot by Poltrot, 28
Loménie, M. de, cardinal archbishop, ii. 51
London, Mr. Swinburne's residence in, i. 384; ii. 292, &c.
Long, Mr., captain of a French privateer, his case, ii. 272
Lorenzi, chevalier, anecdotes of, i. 255, 256
Loretto, the casa santa of, i. 310; pilgrims to, 310; the treasury, 310; plundered by the French, ii. 212
Louis XIII., ii. 61, 62
—— XIV., i. 174 n.; ii. 45 n., 62
—— XV., his court at Versailles described, i. 9, 12, 20, 302; his levee described, 10; his daughters, 12, 18, 21; anecdotes of, 12 n.; ill of the small-pox, 15; his death, 17—20; his lying in state, and obsequies, 21; affair of Damien, ii. 4; allusions to, 23, 249
—— XVI., when Dauphin, his figure and character, i. 10; he re-establishes the parliaments, 47, ii. 7; his court described, ii. 8, 13, 39, 42, 53, 59, 66; the corps diplomatique, 11; the king's habits and character, 13; the young duke de Normandie, ii. 16, 57, 81; Louis banishes the parliament of Paris to Troyes, 25, 53; agitations on account of new taxes imposed by, 23—26; his political difficulties, 81, 82, 84; his death, 141, 188, 193
—— XVIII., description of the count de Provence, i. 10; ii. 12; design of proclaiming him by Poly, abbé Brotier and others, i. 201, 202, 203 n.
—— Don, infant of Spain, i. 101, 102
Louise, madame, Carmelite nun, [daughter of Louis XV.) i. 18; ii. 39
Louvre, gallery of paintings of the, ii. 150
Lubomirska, princess, ii. 27, 28
Lucan, earl and countess of, i. 218, 220; the ladies Bingham, 220
Lucca, city and republic of, i. 258; society and manners at, 259; Costume regulated by sumptuary laws, 260; present condition of the duchy of, 260, n.
Lucciano, duke of, i. 218
——— duchess of, i. 135, 178, 218
Lucrine lake, the, i. 139
Luke, St., i. 231, 322
Luynes, duke de, ii. 50
Lynch, Isidore, ii. 152, 154
Lyons, city of, i. 279; Place Louis le Grand and its statue, 279; silk manufactures, 279; hospital of la Charité, 280; the walls and ramparts, 279, 280; convents, and antiquities, 280; martyrdom of St. Irenæus at, 281; aqueduct, and ancient city *Lugdunum*, 282

Macartney, earl, his embassy to China, ii. 110
Macauley, Mrs., i. 357
M'Kenzie, Mr., his equatorial, ii.69
Madelona, duke of, at Naples, i. 128
Madonna di pié di Grotta, at Naples, i. 167 ; Madonna di Fiorentini, 179 ; of Loretto, 311 ; Madonna della Guardia, 822 ; paintings of the : by Guido, i. 232, 305, 311
Madrid, city of, i. 100 ; society at, 102 ; palace of Buonretiro, 103
Maintenon, Madame de, ii. 25
Maitre, M. le, sent to the Bastille for an extraordinary prophecy relative to Louis XVI., ii. 60, 143
Malaga, town of, i. 65, 78; bay of, 78
Malaria, in Sicily, i. 195 ; of Rome, 226
Malines, town of, described, i. 377 ; high steeple of the cathedral at, 377
Malmesbury, lord, negociations of, ii. 114, 125, 127, 147, 153, 157, 169, 204, 260 ; ordered to quit France, 175, 252
Mandela, the *pagus*, of Horace, i. 223
Mann, sir Horace, i. 253, 254
Manna of Italy, i. 313
Mantes, town of, i. 7
Marbœuf, madame de, ii. 216
Marforio, statue of, i. 211
Marie-Antoinette, the dauphiness, her charming manners, i. 11, 12, 351 ; ii. 10, 13, 16, 39, 48, 78, 89, 91 ; her death, 141, 246
Marie Louise, queen of Charles IV. of Spain, i. 100
Maria Theresa, the empress, her court, personal description and anecdotes of, i. 229, 341, 347, 350, 364; her charity, 352
Marigni, marquis de, i. 30
Marsais, du, anecdote of the grammarian, i. 255 n.
Marseilles, visit to, i. 119
Mary, queen of Scots, picture of, i. 377
Mass, high, celebration of, by Pius VI., i. 208
Massa, woods and convents of, i. 150
Matignon, madame de, ii. 11
Mattei, duke, i. 232
Maulde, M. de, and family, ii. 233, 239, 263, 265, &c.
Maurata, city near Loretto, i. 311
Maury, abbé, ii. 57
Maynard, lord and lady, i. 204, 206, 237
Mazarin, duchess de, i. 13
Meade, Mr., ii. 148, 252
Medals, cabinet of, i. 120, 130, 185, 220, 237, 254, 323, 360
Medina Cœli, duke of, i. 94
Melons of Naples, i. 156 ; water melons, 160
Menars, château of the marquis de Marigni, i. 30
Mengs, paintings by, i. 216
Mentelli, author of 'Cosmographie élémentaire,' i. 376 ; ii. 164
Mercy, count, ambassador at Versailles, ii. 31
Messina, city of, i. 119 ; port of, 199 ; the Faro, 200
Metastasio, personal description of, i. 346
Merlin de Douay, ii. 179, 204
Meulan, château of the Bignon family in l' Isle Belle, near, i. 7
Mirabeau, count de, i. 82
Mirandola, la, deserted appearance of, i. 323 ; castle of, 323
Mirepoix, maréchal de, ii. 26
Modena, city and cathedral of, i. 307 ; hotel or albergo of, 322 ; the arsenal, 322
Molinists, the, i. 26
Molino, ponte, the Venetian frontier at, i. 324
Monaco, prince of, ii. 75
Monasteries, abbeys, and convents ; at Orleans, i. 26 ; at Blois, 36 ; of La Consonne, 45 ; of St. Ildefonso near Seville, 93 ; of Capri, Massa, and Naples, 150, 168, 176 ; of Girgenti, 192 ; of Catania, 198 ; of San Cosimato, 223 ; of Spoleto, 247 ; of Assisi, 249 ; of la Grande Chartreuse, 276 ; of Lyons, 280 ; Camaldolin convent of Calemberg near Vienna, 353 ; Benedictine abbey at Molck, 365 ; abbey of Kloster Neuberg, 354 ; abbey of St. Emerand, 368
Monmouth, duke of, said to be the *Iron Mask*, i. 173
Monnoie, M. de la, ii. 58
Montagu, mont de, ii. 243
Montague, Mrs., her essay on Shakspeare, i. 392
Montefiascone, village of, i. 317
Monteleone, town and vicinity of, i. 200 ; duke of, at Naples, i. 148
Monterolendo, duchess of, i. 131
Montespan, madame de, ii. 45
Montesquieu Fézenac, marquis de, his château of Maupertzs, ii. 31
Montesson, countess de, ii. 26, 36, 247 n.

Montmelian, wine of, i. 276
Montmorency, baron de, his marriage with Mlle. de Matignon, ii. 41, 59
Montpellier, botanical studies of Mr. H. Swinburne at, i. 120
Montreuil, M. de la Verrière, ii. 275
Montserrat, rocks and hermitages of, i. 71, 72
Monuments and tombs: of cardinal d'Amboise, i. 4; of John duke of Bedford at Rouen, 5; of Richard Cœur de Lion, 5; of the maréchal de Saxe, 7; of Joan of Arc, 25
Moore, lieut.-general Sir John, ii. 316
Moors, of the kingdom of Grenada, i. 67; the Moorish kings, 76; mosques built by, 94
More, sir Thomas, his Utopia, ii. 196
Morellet, abbé, ii. 177, 221
Morena, Sierra, i. 97
Morillo, celebrated Spanish painter, i. 105
Moulins, town of, and river Allier, i. 303
Mounces on the moors, residence of the Swinburne family, i. 288; ii. 96
Mozzi, cavalier, i. 255
Mulberry trees, i. 266, 303
Mules, of Spain, i. 83
Muleteers of Sicily, i. 190
Murcia, plains of, i. 74
Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, i. 73
Museums, antiquarian collections, cabinets of medals and natural history, i. 120, 130, 185, 198, 220, 237, 254, 360, 400; ii. 7
Music, Italian, i. 159, 164, 215, 231; ii. 294; German, i. 362, 363

Naples, city and court of, i. 124, 128, 130, 133, 152, 204; revisited by Mr. Swinburne, 312; Ferdinand IV., i. 124, &c.; ii. 294, &c. *See* Ferdinand. Caroline, queen of, i. 124, 131, 135, 145, 153, 158, 160, 206, 227; ii. 294; her favourites, i. 137, 145; palace at Caserta, i. 124, 140; opera at, 125, 159; castle of St. Elmo, 125; the Neapolitan nobility, 126, 181; Spanish nobles at, 161; the Papal families of, enumerated, 181; the Seggias described, 181; knights of St. Januarius, 181; executions of nobles, republicans and others, at, ii. 293. environs visited and described, i. 127, 129, 139, 143; grand cavalcade at, 203; masquerades, balls, races, and festive scenes at, 131, 133, 156, 182, 202, 204, 207; manners and customs at, 153, 156, 162, 165, 179; character of the population of, 138; their mode of living, 175; this city a delightful residence, 145; English society at, 124, 139, 145, 152, 204; Neapolitan army, 157; ecclesiastical affairs of, 163, 180; religious ceremony, the Madonna procession, i. 167
Narni, ancient bridge over the Nar at, i. 244
Navas de Tolosa, i. 99.
Necker, M., his first exile by Louis XVI., ii. 20; again in power on the dismissal of de Brienne, 80; his popularity, 81; banished, 83; his recall, 86; history of the revolution, by, 208, 220
Negro, river, in Naples, i. 202
Nelson, lord, his letters to Lady Hamilton on the victory of Copenhagen, ii. 311, 313; his interview with the crown prince described, 313; anecdotes of, 317
Nemours, visit to the town of, ii. 282
Neustadt and Neunkirchen, i. 331
Nevers, town of, i. 302
Newby, Lord Grantham's mansion, i. 291
Nicastro, hills, forest, and town of, i. 201
Nightingales, i. 245
Nisida, island of, i. 142
Nismes, town of, i. 120; antiquities of, and in its vicinity, 120, 121
Noailles, marshal de, ii. 15
——— comte de, i. 47, 49
——— duchess de, i. 229
——— Charles de, ii 86
Nobles, Neapolitan, i. 126, 161, 181; Roman, 181, 221, 235; French émigrés and, ii. 279, 305
Nola, vale of, i. 141
Normandie, duke de, the dauphin, son of Louis XVI., ii. 16, 57; his death, 81
Normandy, tour in, i. 3
Notables, assembly of the, ii. 27
Novi, town of, near Genoa, i. 266
Nuns, description of the convents at Naples, i. 126, 131, 168
Nuremberg, town of, i. 368

Oak, the, i. 57, 201; ii. 243
—— acorns of the evergreen, esculent, i. 73
Obelisks, celebrated, i. 121

Oginsky, count, i. 389
O'Hara, general, ii. 153
Olivarez, count-duke d', anecdote of, i. 359
Opera, the, at Paris, i. 16, 301; ii. 32; at Fontainebleau, ii. 9; at Cadiz, i. 82; at Naples, i. 125; at Rome, i. 230
Orange, circus, and ancient Roman arch at, i. 122
Orange, groves: of Seville, i. 93; of Palermo, 184, 186; of Mola and Castiglione, 246
O'Reilly, general count, i. 89, 90; his character and political talents, 91; his expedition against Algiers, 92
Orford, lady, at Naples, i. 128, 129, 141; her villa, at Fiesole, 254
Orléans, Gaston d', i. 33
——— duke d', (Egalité) i. 21; kills a deer in the Place Louis XV., ii. 18; is exiled, 32, 48; details respecting this prince, 35, 82, 87; ii. 297
——— road from Paris to, i. 24; description of the city of, 25; cathedral of, 25; the châteaux of the environs, 27, 29
Ormond, marquis of, his allusions to his son, ii. 301
Orsini family, the, i. 181, 223, 224
Osmond, madame d', at Naples, ii. 66, 295, 296
——— count d', ii. 46, 319
——— marquise d', i. 115; ii. 18, 45, 319
Osnaburgh, bishop of, i. 373
Ostend, sands and roadstead of, dangerous, i. 296, 378
Ottoboni, don Marco, i. 131
Oxen, white, of Italy, i. 142

Padilla, Juan de, insurrection of, i. 110
Paesiello, Italian composer, i. 159; ii. 294
Palermo, city and harbour of, i. 183, 184; cathedral of, 185; the archbishop of, 185; orange groves of, 184
Palo, grotto and crystallized spars of, i. 312; paper-mills of, 312
Parc aux Cerfs, at Versailles, i. 20; ii. 60, 249
Paris, Mr. Henry Swinburne's residence at, i. 7, 17, 301; he complains of his hotel at, 22; theatrical anecdotes of, i. 146, n. 301; ii. 6, 58, 67, 128, 160, 206; salon of paintings of, ii. 26; excursions to the environs of, 8, 15, 18, 29, 49, 226, 241, 243, 251, 258; parliament of, 23—27, 53, 56; society at, 35—43, 57, 123, 129, 143, 157, 181, 217, 247, n. 248, 258; agitations which preceded the revolution, 53, 54; festivities, balls, and fêtes at, 59, 188, 215, 216; the Bastille taken, 83; the assemblée nationale, and progress of the French revolution, 84, 87, 89; reign of the Directory at, 121, 144, 155, 175, 193, 207, 225, 253, 261, 286; negociations for peace with England frustrated, 127, &c., 175; changes at, consequent on the revolution, 131, 145, 165; costume at, 155, 159, 173, 181; the Sans Culottes, 170, 235; the Palais Royal, 171; the Jardin des Tuileries, 183
Parma, dukes of, i. 305; palace and city of, 306
Parsons, Mrs., i. 13, 204
Pasquin, i. 211, 212
Paston Letters, the, ii. 317
Patagonia, prince of, i. 186
Paterson, captain, his travels in South Africa, i. 394
Paul I., emperor of Russia, his violent death, ii. 314
Payne, captain J., M.P., pun of, ii. 70
Pelham, lord, ii. 302, 325
———, Mr. Thomas, i. 140, 149, 310
Pellegrini, general, i. 354
Pellegrino, monte, visited, i. 187
Pennicolto, count, i. 154
Percy, Dr., his Reliques of ancient poetry, i. 78
Perignon, M., invitation from, ii. 195, 201
Perregaux, M., banker of Paris, ii. 124, 177, 194, 231, 258, 285
——— mademoiselle, ii. 257, 287
Perugino, Pietro, i. 250
Perugia, celebrated paintings at, i. 250
Pesaro, beautiful environs of, i. 308
Peter, St., his dungeon in the Pallian prisons, i. 222
Philip II., king of Spain, i. 112
—— IV., of Spain, i. 359
—— V., of Spain, i. 93
—— don, elder brother of Ferdinand IV. of Naples, i. 168, 169
—— don, of Parma, his death, i. 305; his son, duke of Parma, 305; the duchess Maria Amelia, 305
Pic du Midi, on the French side of the Pyrenees, i. 53

Picton, lieut.-general Sir Thomas, ii. 357; his trial for the Trinidad affair, 375
Pié di Luco, lake of, i. 243, 244; its trout and other fish, 243
Piedmont and Savoy, tour in, i. 266—278
Pigale, sculptor, his monument of maréchal de Saxe, i. 7; his statue of Voltaire, 8
Pignatelli, marquis, i. 178
Pilgrims, Italian, i. 176
Pinckney, Mr., American ambassador at Paris, ii. 197
Pine-apples, i. 148, 172
Pines, spruce firs, and larch, Alpine forests of, i. 274, 330
Pirratino, prince, i. 235
Pisa, description of the city of, i. 256; cathedral of, 257; the Campo Santo, 258; the old republic of 256
Pisciarelli, the, hot springs near Naples, i. 143
Piscina Mirabile, the, constructed by Agrippa, i. 139
Pitt, right hon. William, i. 387; ii. 3, 304
Pius VI., court of, i. 208, 308, 314; sickness of the pope, 319; political affairs of his latter years, ii. 212, 218
—— VII., pope, i. 212 n.
Planting of forest timber, on, i. 57.
Plym, salmon fishery of the river, i. 291
Po, river, i. 323
Poetry, i. 68, 109, 290, 364; ii. 44, 45 n., 46, 50, 106, 134, 319
Poitiers, city of, i. 44
——— Diana of, duchess de Valentinois, i. 39
Poix, princess de, ii. 49, 177, 211
Poland, affairs of, i. 139, 154, 348, 389; ii. 28
Polignac, marquis de, ii. 11
——— madame de, ii. 16, 17, 48
Pollio Videus, his fish-ponds near Naples, i. 130
Pompadour, madame de, i. 30 n., 229; ii 47, 52
Pompeii, visit to, 140, 312; paintings of the ancient Romans at, 312; description of, 312
Pont de Beauvoisin, on the river Guyer, i. 278
Pont de Gard, near Nismes, i. 122
Porcelain manufacture, ii. 235
Portalis, M., ii. 195, 202
Portici, excavations of, i. 141, 142; palace of, 159; horse-racing at, 156
Portugal, affairs of, i. 359
Posilipo, grotto of, i. 129; the punta di, 142; Virgil's tomb at, 149; the lava road to, 159
Potemkin, prince, ii. 47
Poyntz, Mr., chargé d'affaires, i. 267
Pradelles, madame de, ii. 238
Provence, residence in, i. 123
Provence, count de, Monsieur, personal description of, i. 10; ii. 12
——— countess de, i. 11; ii. 13
Puzzuoli, and the environs of Naples, i. 139, 167
Pyrenees, the, approach from Bagnères to, i. 53

Quinault, music of, 301
Quixote, Don, allusions to the work of Cervantes, i. 96, 104, 106

Radicofani, fortress and village, i. 320; extinct volcano at, 320
Raphael, the Transfiguration by, i. 232; paintings by, 248, 250, 311, 322
Ratisbon, city and cathedral of, i. 367
Reidesel, baron de, his 'Voyage to Sicily', i. 187
Reubel, member of the French Directory, ii. 154, 155, 179, 203, 222
Reveillère Lepaux, Henri la, French Director, ii. 189
Rewitsky, count, ii. 70
Reynolds, sir Joshua, i 294, 295
Rezzonico, prince, senator of Rome, i. 221; ii. 1
——— cardinal, i. 221
Rheims, city of, i. 298; statues at, 299; the cathedral, 300; the St. Ampoule, 300
Rhine, river, i. 371
Rhone, river, i. 280
Ricci, general of the Jesuits, i. 229
Richelieu, cardinal, ii. 61, 63—65; his monument, 170
——— duke de, i. 12 n.; ii. 249; allusion to, by Louis XVI., ii. 14
Rimini, town of, and the Adriatic, i. 308; Malatesta, lord of, 308
Riviera di Levante, near Genoa, i. 261
Roads, accidents in travelling along bad, i. 3, &c.
Robespierre, guillotined, ii. 137, 142, 212; epitaph for, 138
Rocca, prince della, at Naples, i. 126, 165

Roche Aymon, cardinal de la, confessor of Louis XV., i. 10, 18
Rodney, lady, and her daughters, ii. 242, 279
Roederer, M., ii. 213, 216
Rohan, duke de, ii. 212, 213
Romances, Spanish, i. 78
Rome, the papal affairs and government of, i. 163, 164, 180; Mr. Swinburne's arrival at, 208; his second visit to, 312; high mass on Easter-day celebrated by Pius VI., 208; church of St. Peter's, described, 209, 211; illumination of the dome of, 217; various ecclesiastical ceremonies described, 218; the great families of, 181, 221, 235; antiquities, and ancient and modern edifices of, 211—213; English society at, 210, 213; Frescati, 213; Aldobrandini villa, 213; excursions to the environs of, 214, 222, 228, 229, 240; palace on Monte Cavallo, 215; the Coliseum, 215; Villa Albani, 216; Villa Pamfili, 217; Castle of St. Angelo, 217; the Vatican, and its library, 220; Palatine hill, 224; the Circus Maximus, 225; temple of Castor and Pollux, 226; the Irish Dominican monks, 231; the Palazzo Massimi, 333; theatres, and the drama, at, 230, 236; masquerade at, 236; parties and festivities at, 237; fountain of Egeria, 239; Mr. Swinburne's return to, 314; affairs of, during the French revolution, ii. 211
Roquefort, castle of, in Savoy, i. 278
Rose, the yellow, in Spain, i. 66
Rossi, marquis, i. 218
Rossi, first *danseuse* at Naples, i. 131, 134
Rouen, description of the city of, i. 4; its cathedral, and monuments of princes therein, 5; Benedictine abbey of St. Ouen, 5; the archbishop's gothic palace at Gaillon, 6; parliament of, ii. 26
Rufo, prince, i. 181; ii. 224
Rutland, duke of, ii. 3
Sa, M. de, Portuguese minister at Naples, i. 124
Salerno, romantic scenery near, i. 321
Salmour, madame de, i. 348
Sambuca, marquis de, i. 132, 136, 147
Sandwich, earl of, ii. 71
San Georgio, convent of, i. 324
Sangro, donna Teresina del, i. 178
San Lorenzo, prince of, i. 128
Sannazzaro, writings of, i. 173; his tomb, 149, 173
San Severo, duke and duchess of, i. 136
Santo Marco, madame, i. 165, 166, 178, 206, 237
Saone, river, its confluence with the Rhone, i. 280
Sarno, river, in Naples, i. 141
Savoy and Piedmont, mountain roads of, i. 273—278; costume of the peasantry, 274; industry of the Savoyards, 275; the French frontier, 277, 278
Saxe, marshal de, monument of, i. 7, 41
Saxe Hildburghausen, prince of, i. 340
Schwenckt, baron von, i. 9, 14
Schottwien, woods and mountain pass, near, i. 331
Sciacca, in Sicily, the *thermæ Selinuntiæ*, or hot springs of, i. 191
Scipios, tomb of the two, i. 72
Seaton Delaval, festivities at, ii. 98
Segesta, or *Ægesta*, in Sicily, i. 188; temple of, 191
Segovia, cathedral of, i. 106; the alcazar or palace, 106; aqueduct at, 106
Seguier, Antoine Louis de, his cabinet of antiques and medals, i. 120; his library, 120
Ségur, marshal de, ii. 11
Seine, river, ii. 228, 263
Selwyn, George, his prompt reply to the prince of Wales, i. 393
Sennett, the Irish abbé, i. 219
Senovert, M. de, his mission to England, ii. 180
Sens, cathedral of, and its monuments, i. 284
Severino, lady Anne, daughter of lord Derwentwater, i. 128
Severino, San, lords of Ringone, i. 131
Seville, city of, i. 93; cathedral of, 93; the alcazar or palace, 93, 95; orange trees of, 92; climate of, 92; Old Seville, 93
Sewell, Mr., i. 386
Sheridan, Right Hon. R. B., ii. 74, 75, 112
Sibaris, site of the ancient, i. 201
Sicily, nobles and landholders of, i. 126; viceroys of, 146; Mr. Henry Swinburne's tour in, 183—199; productions, and wheat of, 190 192, 193
Siddons, Mrs., i. 390, 391 n.; ii. 77
Sienna, site of the city of, i. 321; cathedral of, 321; the Chizi chapel, 321; paintings of, 321

Siglio, prince of, i. 181
Simolin, Russian ambassador at Paris, ii. 11, 28
Sinzendorff, chamberlain of Maria Theresa, anecdote, i. 345
Skinner, alderman, i. 400
Smith, sir William Sidney, a prisoner in France, ii. 114; affair of his detention in Paris, 121, 125, 135, 138, 145, 149, 153, 204, 225, 265, 274, 276, 231; his escape from the prison of the Temple at Paris, 288, 289; letter of, 290; Lord Grenville's letter to, 291
Smith, lady, i. 204
Snakes of Italy, i. 143
Sobieski, John, king of Poland, i. 349
Solkonski, prince, i. 138
Soreze, college of, near Carcassonne, i. 51
Sorrento, plain of, i. 312
Spa, visit to, i. 373
Spain, Mr. Henry Swinburne's journey through, i. 65, 70, 83; beauty of the Spanish women, i. 77, 96; their habits in society, 101; climate of, i. 73, 81, 82; colonies of La Carolina, Carlotta and Louisiana, in the Sierra Morena, 96; grandees of, 94, 101; arts, science, and printing, in, 118
Spas, and mineral waters:—of Bagnères, i. 55; at Sciacca, in Sicily, 191; Wilhelmstadt, 369.
Spence, Mr., i. 152, 154
Spencer, earl, ii. 168
Spezzia, gulf of, description, i. 261, 262
Spinelli, cardinal, i. 230
Spoleto, town and castle of, i. 246; the Porta Fuga, 247; aqueduct of, 247; convents and hermitages near, 247
Ste. Croix, island of, ii. 337, 339, 342; town of Christianstadt, 337
St. Cyr, convent, &c. of, ii. 256
St. Domingo, expedition under General Leclerc to, ii. 343
St. Foix, his surmise of who was the *Masque de Fer*, i. 173, 174 n.; ii. 195, 213
St. Ildephonso, a convent of Hieronymites, i. 93; St. Ildephonso, glass manufactory at, i. 105; palace of, 117
St. Lambert, marquis de, 'Les Saisons' by, ii. 213
St. Paternion, village of, i. 329
St. Priest, count de, ii. 22
St. Veit, in Carinthia, i. 330
St. Sauveur, general de, ii. 241
St. Thomas, island of, restored to the Danes, ii. 341
Staël, baron de, Swedish minister at Paris, ii. 11
Staël Holstein, baronne de, ii. 52
Stahremberg, prince, i. 374, 375
Stanley, Mr., i. 140
Statues, and sculpture, ancient, i. 121, 216, 238
Staunton, Sir George, Bart., M. P., ii. 110
Stigliano, prince of, viceroy of Sicily, i. 146, 186
——— princess of, i. 145, 186
Stormont, lord, ambassador to Louis XV., i. 8; his negociations, 379, 380
Stratford coffee-house, Oxford-street, company at the, ii. 108
Strathmore, lord, ii. 101, 102
Stuart, Mr., editor of the English Review, &c. ii. 1
Styria, tour in, i. 330
Sutton, Mr., inoculator, i. 19, 20
Swinburne, Mr. Henry: his journey through Spain, i. 65, 82, 114, 123, 287, 390; poetry by, i. 68; his tour in Sicily, i. 183—199; his drawings and illustrations for his Travels, i. 79, 120, 215, 221; his account of his children, i. 105, 207, 209; ii. 109, 112, 147; his loss of a son at Rome, i. 226; his sister Anne, a nun of Montargis, ii. 113; his entertaining anecdotes while residing in London, and in England, i. 384—400; ii. 1, 69—78, 292, &c. &c.; his West India property, i. 387; his mission to the Directory of France for the exchange of prisoners, ii. 114, 134, 147, 164, 203; his success therein, 210, 214, 231, 265, 276; affair of Major Hull, 274—*See* Sir William S. Smith, 121, &c.; our author returns to England, from Paris, 286; death of his son Mr. Henry Swinburne, 309; tour through England, 321; his letters on English political affairs 324, &c. &c.; accepts the place of vendue-master in Trinidad, and sails for the West Indies, 326, &c.; his letters from the West Indies, 333—379; his death, 377 n.
———, Mrs., accompanies Mr.

Henry Swinburne to many of the foreign courts, i. 62, 63, 79, 127, 144, 182, 209, 213, 227, 234, 254, 314, 347, 362; ii. 18, 22, 56; her letters to Mr. Swinburne relative to their son Henry, and description of the Revolution, ii. 78, 91; her return to England, 91, 93
Swinburne, Mr. Robert, ii. 323
———, Mr. Henry, ii. 309, &c.
———, Sir Edward, family of, i. 50; ii. 96
———, Isabella lady, i. 50 n.; ii. 97
Syracuse, population of ancient, i. 193 n.; description of the modern town, 195; of the ancient vestiges, 196; the catacombs of, 197

Tagus, river, i. 100, 113
Talaru, madame de, ii. 146, 247, 279
Talleyrand, prince de, i. 337; ii. 82, 195, 213
Tallien, madame, ii. 139, 183 198
Taormina, ancient theatre of, i. 189
Tanucci, Bernard, minister of Ferdinand IV. of Naples, i. 135, 163, 166
Tarbes, city of, i. 52, 63, 114
Terni, town and vale of, i. 241, 246; vineyards near, 241; Cascade of the Velino, near, 242, 244
Tersan, abbé, ii. 123, 127, 201
Testuccio, monte, view of Rome from, i. 221
Theatres: allusions to the state of the drama in Spain, i. 82, 86; in Naples, i. 125, 131, 152; in Rome, i. 230, 236; in Paris, i. 304; ii. 6, 128, 139, 160, 206; in Vienna, i. 356, 362, 363; in London, i. 391, 397; at Fontainebleau, ii. 9
Theatres, ruins of ancient, visited, i. 121, 198
Thiers, M. de, ii. 67, 68
Thrasimene lake, or Torricella, i. 251; Hannibal's victory, 251
Thun, madame de, daughter of prince Kaunitz, i 333 n., 361
Tilney, lord, at Naples, i. 124, 126, 129, 206
Titian, paintings by, i. 104, &c.
Tivoli, and the temple of the Sibyl at, i. 214, 222, 248; Cascade of, 214
Tobacco: snuff and cigars, manufactories of, i. 93
Tokay, and vineyards producing this wine, i. 343
Toledo, Don Pedro di, former viceroy of Naples, for Charles of Spain, i. 167
Tongères, baron de, his collection of birds, i. 126
Torre del Greco, i. 127
Torremuza, prince, i. 185
Tortola, description of the island of, ii. 346, 352
Tortosa, i. 72
Toulouse, city of, i. 115
——— count of, ii. 34
Tours, city of, i. 43
Toussaint Louverture, account of, ii. 343
Townshend, lord, ii. 77
Tramontana, the wind, i. 129
Trefusis, Miss, her verses on the loss of general Knox at sea, ii. 319
Trent, city of, i. 326; the palace at 326; costume at, 326
Trinidad, island of, ii. 326, 353, &c.
Tropea, bishop's see of, on the Gulf of St. Eufemia, i. 120; chestnuts and manna of the vicinity of, 313
Truguet, admiral Laurent, J. F., ii. 124, 222, 264
Tuite, Mr., i. 22
Turin, king of Sardinia's court and army at, i. 267, 268; the queen, [Clotilde,] 268; the royal family described, 268; the palace and picture gallery, 269; society at, 270; antiquities at, 270; citadel of, 271; description of the city, 231; theatres, 271; second visit to this capital, 304
Tuscany, beauty of the women, and costume in, i. 252; grand duke of, 252; description of, 320
Twiss, Mr. Richard, his travels in Spain, criticised, i. 70, 80
Tyber, river, i. 240, 250
Tyne, head of the, i. 288; the river, 288
Tyrconnel, duke of, [Talbot,] ii. 34
——— lady, i. 118
Tyrol, the, tour in, i. 326, 328

Ulsfield, madame d', i. 349
Unzmarkt, larch trees and firs near, i. 330
Urbino, duchy of, i. 216, 309

Vacuna, temple of, i. 223
Valence, countess de, ii. 185
Valencia, Spanish province of, i. 72; coast of, 72; city of, 73, 74
Vaillant, M., his 'Travels,' ii. 127, 191
Valladolid, Scotch college in the university of, 106
Vallière, duchess de la, i. 174 n.; account of this celebrated lady, ii. 43, 44 n.

Vatican, MSS. of the library in the, i. 220, 238; museum, medals, and papyri of, 220; statues of the, 238
Vaudreuil, M. de, his gallery of paintings, ii. 32
Vaupalière, madame de la, ii. 59
Vega, Lopez de la, i. 118
Velino, the, its junction with the river Nera, i. 242, 243
Velvet manufactories of Genoa, i. 261
Verde, rio, criticism on the name of this river, i. 78
Vergennes, count de, ii. 10; his death, 17
Vermont, abbé de, his advice to Marie Antoinette, ii. 39
Verona, city of, i. 324; academy for poetry and music at, 325
Versailles, court of, in the last days of Louis XV., i. 8—22; court presentations pleasantly described, 10—15; the Parc aux Cerfs, or l'Ermitage, at, 20; court of Louis XVI. ii. 7; queen's ball at, 15
Vesuvius, and its district, i. 127, 141, 142, 143, 148, 314
Vetturino, travelling by agreement with a, i. 256, 304, 315
Viaticum, the, administered to Louis XV., i. 19
Vico, lake of, i. 316
Vida, Latin poet, i. 173
Vienna, approach to, i. 332; English society at, 332, 357; general society and festivities, 339, 354, 362, 364; the Lausgarten, 333; the Hoffgarten on the Danube, 333; the imperial court described, 334, 339, 341, 347, 351; the empress and her family, 341, 342, 344, 346, 350, 357, 361. *See* Maria Theresa and Joseph II.; mansions of the German nobles at Laxenburg, 334; order of la Croix étoilée, 363; the Prater, 339; the Graben, 339; companies and trades, 339; Schönbrunn palace, 343, 344; state of religion in Austria, Brabant, Hungary, and Bohemia, 345, 358 n.; laws and government, 343; excursion to the Calemberg mountain, and environs of the city, 353; the city described, 355; cathedral of St. Stephen's, 355; the suburbs, 357; arsenal, 355; the opera, and German music, 362; the theatres at, 356, 363
Vienne, river, near Tours, i. 43
Villa Hermosa, Spanish ambassador at Turin, i. 269
Vilvorde, prison of, formerly a house of industry, i. 377
Vincennes, park of, ii. 29
Vineyards in France, i. 56, 282; of Italy, 241; of Germany, 343, 368
Virgil, admiration in Italy for, i. 173; his tomb at Posilipo, 149
Viso, monte, i. 267
Viterbo, mountain of, i. 316; town of, 316
Vitruvius, i. 325
Vittoria, built on a hill, i. 107
Viventor, physician of Naples, i. 160
Volcanic district, near the Adriatic sea, i. 311; near Ronciglione, 315
Volcanos: remarks on voldanic districts, Vesuvius, i. 127; Ætna, i. 192
Voltaire, statue of, by Pigale, i. 8; his Siècle de Louis XIV., 174 n.; his works criticised, ii. 279

Wall, general, former Spanish minister, i. 69; his residence at Grenada, 77
—— Mr., death of, in a duel, ii. 37
Wertsee, lake, i. 329
West India Islands, restoration of Ste. Croix, St. Thomas, &c., to the Danes, ii. 327 n., 336, 341; Mr. Swinburne's West India property, i. 387
White's club, ii. 75
Wight, Isle of, visit to the, ii, 110
Wilkes, Mr. John, anecdotes of, i. 387, 397, 399; ii. 1, 71, 73
William IV., when duke of Clarence, ii. 77
Willis, Dr., ii. 74, 303
Wines: Neapolitan, i. 139; Lacryma Christi, 175; of Sicily, 191; of Montmelian, 276; Burgundy, 382; of Montepulciano, 321; Tokay, 343
Woburn abbey, i. 383
Woronzow, count, ii. 315
Wraxall, sir William, ii. 3
Wurtzburg, palace of the prince-bishop of, i. 368; city of, 368; forest near, 369

Yarmouth, lady, anecdote of, i. 395
Yermoloff, celebrated general, ii. 47
York, cardinal, amusing account of this descendant of the Stuarts, i. 213, 214
—— Frederic duke of, i. 373; ii. 77
Young, Dr. Edward, his 'Night Thoughts,' ii. 66

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